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MAKE-BELIEVE

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

ILLUSTRATION BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

STRAYING by the reedy stream, basking in the heather,
Do you still remember, when the day drew near an end,
We would put our play aside, taking flight together,
Sailing through the sunset on the wings of "let's pretend"?

In the witch-wife's garden then we could safely wander,
Where the Queen's pavilion shone sit and feast at ease;
Faery gold was ours to spend, ours to hoard or squander,
When we gathered pearls and rubies from the Caliph's orchard trees.

Splendid destinies we wrought, still fulfilled, reshaping,
Quests in deep enchanted woods, castles to defend—
Toilsome task and dusty town joyously escaping,
What a potent magic was the spell of "let's pretend"!

Let us seek the clew once more, hold it, happy-hearted,
Find our freedom once again, fortunes fair and kind;
Count it but an idle tale that youth and we are parted,
Say the golden haven gleams still to seek and find.

Let's pretend the parting hour never more shall find us,
Dream the heart of spring-tide beats underneath the snow—
. . . . . .

Nay, the Gates of Make-Believe are shut and barred behind us,
Closed and barred and locked, my Dear, long and long ago.

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BLOOD WILL TELL

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN

THE other men in the Broadway office took a different view. As Wyckoff, one of Burdett's flying squadron of travelling salesmen, said, "All grandfathers look alike to me, whether they're great, or great-great-great. Each one is as dead as the other. I'd rather have a live cousin who could loan me a five, or slip me a drink. What did your great-great-dad ever do for *you?*"

"Well, for one thing," said David stiffly, "he fought in the War of the Revolution. He saved us from the shackles of monarchical England; he made it possible for me and you to enjoy the liberties of a free republic."

"Don't try to tell *me* your grandfather did all that," protested Wyckoff. "There were a lot of others helped. I read about it in a book."

Wyckoff dived into his inner pocket and produced a leather photograph case that folded like a concertina.

"I don't want to be a descendant," he said; "I'd rather be an ancestor. Look at those." Proudly he exhibited photographs of Mrs. Wyckoff and three little Wyckoffs. David looked with envy at the children.

"When I'm married," he stammered, and at the words he blushed, "I hope to be an ancestor, but, for the present, I am proud to be a descendant."

David Greene was an employee of the Burdett Automatic Punch Company. The manufacturing plant was at Bridgeport, but in the New York offices there were working samples of all the punches, from the little nickel-plated hand punch with which conductors squeezed holes in railroad tickets, to the big punch that could bite into an iron plate as into a piece of pie. David's duty was to explain these different punches, and accordingly when Burdett Senior or one of the sons turned a customer over to David he spoke of him as a salesman. But David called himself a "demonstrator." He succeeded even in persuading the other salesmen to speak of themselves as demonstrators, but the shipping clerks and book-keepers laughed them out of it. They could not laugh David out of it. This was so because he had a great-great-grandfather. Among the salesmen on lower Broadway, to possess a great-great-grandfather is unusual, even a great-grandfather is a rarity, and either is considered superfluous. But to David the possession of a great-great-grandfather was a precious and open delight. He had possessed him only for a short time. Undoubtedly he always had existed, but it was not until David's sister Anne married a doctor in Bordentown, New Jersey, and became socially ambitious, that David emerged as a Son of Washington.

It was sister Anne, anxious to "get in" as a "Daughter" and wear a distaff pin on her shirt-waist, who discovered the revolutionary ancestor. She unearthed him, or rather ran him to earth, in the graveyard of the Presbyterian church at Bordentown. He was no less a person than General Hiram Greene, and he had fought with Washington at Trenton and at Princeton. Of this there was no doubt. That, later on, moving to New York, his descendants became peace-loving salesmen did not affect his record. To enter a society founded on heredity the important thing is first to catch your ancestor, and having made sure of him, David entered the Society of the Sons of Washington with flying colors. He had gone to bed a timid, underpaid salesman without a relative in the world, except a married sister in Bordentown, and he awoke to find he was a direct descendant of "Neck or Nothing" Greene, a revolutionary hero, a friend of Washington, a man whose portrait hung in the State

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House at Trenton. David's life had lacked color. The day he carried his certificate of membership to the big jewelry store uptown and purchased two rosettes, one for each of his two coats, was the proudest of his life.

At first when he showed the other clerks his parchment certificate, and his silver gilt insignia with on one side a portrait of Washington, and on the other a Continental soldier, they admitted it was dead swell. They even envied him, not the grandfather, but the fact that owing to that distinguished relative David was constantly receiving beautifully engraved invitations to attend the monthly meetings of the society; to erect monuments on battle-fields, to mark neglected graves; to join in joyous excursions to the tomb of Washington or of David Paul Jones; to be among those present at the annual "banquet" at Delmonico's.

In these communications he was always addressed as "Dear Compatriot," and never did the words fail to give him a thrill. They seemed to lift him out of Burdett's salesrooms and Broadway, and place him next to things uncommercial, untainted, high, and noble. He did not quite know what an aristocrat was, but he believed being a compatriot made him an aristocrat. When customers were rude, when Mr. John or Mr. Robert were overbearing, this idea enabled David to rise above their ill-temper, and he would smile and say to himself: "If they knew the meaning of the blue rosette in my buttonhole, how differently they would treat me! How easily with a word could I crush them!"

But few of the customers recognized the significance of the button. They thought it meant that David belonged to the Y. M. C. A. or was a teetotaler.

When Wyckoff mentioned marriage, the reason David blushed was because although no one in the office suspected it he wished to marry the person in whom the office took the greatest pride. This was Miss Emily Anthony, one of Burdett and Sons' youngest, most efficient, and prettiest stenographers, and although David did not cut as dashing a figure as did some of the firm's travelling men, Miss Anthony had found something in him so greatly to admire that she had, out of office hours, accepted his devotion, his theatre tickets, and an engagement ring. Indeed, so far had matters progressed, that it had been almost decided when in a few months they would go upon their vacations they also would go upon their honeymoon. And then a cloud had come between them, and from a quarter from which David had expected only sunshine.

The trouble befell when David discovered he had a great-great-grandfather. With that fact itself Miss Anthony was almost as pleased as was David himself, but while he was content to bask in another's glory, Miss Anthony saw in his inheritance only an incentive to achieve glory for himself.

From a hard-working salesman she had asked but little, but from a descendant of a national hero she expected other things. She was a determined young person, and for David she was an ambitious young person. She found she was dissatisfied. She found she was disappointed. The great-great-grandfather had opened up a new horizon—had, in a way, raised the standard. She was as fond of David as always, but his tales of past wars and battles, his accounts of present banquets at which he sat shoulder to shoulder with men of whom even Burdett and Sons spoke with awe, touched her imagination.

"You shouldn't be content to just wear a button," she urged. "If you're a Son of Washington, you ought to act like one."

"I know I'm not worthy of you," David sighed.

"I don't mean that, and you know I don't," Emily replied indignantly. "It has nothing to do with me! I want you to be worthy of yourself, of your grandpa Hiram!"

"But *how?*" complained David. "What chance has a twenty-five dollar a week clerk——"

It was a year before the Spanish-American War, while the patriots of Cuba were fighting the mother country for their independence.

"If I were a Son of Washington," said Emily, "I'd go to Cuba and help free it."

"Don't talk nonsense," cried David. "If I did that I'd lose my job, and we'd never be able to marry. Besides, what's Cuba done for me? All I know about Cuba is I once smoked a Cuban cigar and it made me ill."

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"Did Lafayette talk like that?" demanded Emily. "Did he ask what have the American rebels ever done for me?"

"If I were in Lafayette's class," sighed David, "I wouldn't be selling automatic punches."

"There's your trouble," declared Emily. "You lack self-confidence. You're too humble, you've got fighting blood and you ought to keep saying to yourself, 'Blood will tell,' and the first thing you know, it *will* tell! You might join the militia. That takes only one night a week, and then, if we *did* go to war with Spain, you'd get a commission, and come back a captain!"

Emily's eyes were beautiful with delight. But the sight gave David no pleasure. In genuine distress, he shook his head.

"Emily," he said, "you're going to be awfully disappointed in me."

Emily's eyes closed as though they shied at some mental picture. But when she opened them they were bright, and her smile was kind and eager.

"No, I'm not," she protested; "only I want a husband with a career, and one who'll tell me to keep quiet when I try to run his for him."

"I've often wished you would," said David.

"Would what? Run your career for you?"

"No, keep quiet. Only it didn't seem polite to tell you so."

"Maybe I'd like you better," said Emily, "if you weren't so darned polite."

A week later, early in the spring of 1897, the unexpected happened, and David was promoted into the flying squadron. He now was a travelling salesman, with a raise in salary and a commission on orders. It was a step forward, but as going on the road meant absence from Emily, David was not elated. Nor did it satisfy Emily. It was not money she wanted. Her ambition for David could not be silenced with a raise in wages. She did not say this, but David knew that in him she still found something lacking, and when they said good-by they both were ill at ease and completely unhappy. Formerly, each day when Emily in passing David in the office said good-morning, she used to add the number of the days that still separated them from the vacation which also was to be their honeymoon. But for the last month she had stopped counting the days—at least she did not count them aloud.

David did not ask her why this was so. He did not dare. And, sooner than learn the truth she had decided not to marry him, or that she was even considering not marrying him, he asked no questions, but in ignorance of her present feelings set forth on his travels. Absence from Emily hurt just as much as he had feared it would. He missed her, needed her, longed for her. In numerous letters he told her so. But, owing to the frequency with which he moved, her letters never caught up with him. It was almost a relief. He did not care to think of what they might tell him.

The route assigned David took him through the South and kept him close to the Atlantic seaboard. In obtaining orders he was not unsuccessful, and at the end of the first month received from the firm a telegram of congratulation. This was of importance chiefly because it might please Emily. But he knew that in her eyes the great-great-grandson of Hiram Greene could not rest content with a telegram from Burdett and Sons. A year before she would have considered it a high honor, a cause for celebration. Now, he could see her press her pretty lips together, and shake her pretty head. It was not enough. But how could he accomplish more? He began to hate his great-great-grandfather. He began to wish Hiram Greene had lived and died a bachelor.

And then Dame Fortune took David in hand and toyed with him and spanked him, and pelted and petted him, until finally she made him her favorite son. Dame Fortune went about this work in an abrupt and arbitrary manner.

On the night of the 1st of January, 1898, two trains were scheduled to leave the Union Station at Jacksonville at exactly the same minute, and they left exactly on time. As never before in the history of any Southern railroad has this miracle occurred, it shows that when Dame Fortune gets on the job she is omnipotent. She placed David on the train to Miami as the train he wanted drew out for Tampa, and an hour later when the con-

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ductor looked at David's ticket he pulled the bell-cord and dumped David over the side into the heart of a pine forest. If he walked back along the track for one mile, the conductor reassured him, he would find a flag station where at midnight he could stop a train going north. In an hour it would deliver him safely in Jacksonville.

"I don't want to be a descendant," he said; "I'd rather be an ancestor."—Page 130.

There was a moon, but for the greater part of the time it was hidden by fitful, hurrying clouds, and, as David stumbled forward, at one moment he would see the rails like streaks of silver, and the next would be encompassed in a complete and bewildering darkness. He made his way from tie to tie only by feeling with his foot. After an hour he came to a shed. Whether it was or was not the flag station, he did not know, and he never did know. He was too tired, too hot, and too disgusted to proceed, and dropping his suit case he sat down under the open roof of the shed prepared to wait either for the train or daylight. So far as he could see, on every side of him stretched a swamp, silent, dismal, interminable. From its black water rose dead trees, naked of bark and hung with streamers of funereal moss. There was not a sound or sign of human habitation. The silence was the silence of the ocean at night. David remembered the berth reserved for him on the train to Tampa and of the loathing with which he had considered placing himself between its sheets. But now how gladly would he welcome it! For, in the sleeping car, ill-smelling, close and stuffy, he at least would have been surrounded by fellow-sufferers of his own species. Here his companions were owls, water-snakes, and sleeping buzzards.

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"I am alone," he told himself, "on a railroad embankment, entirely surrounded by crocodiles."

And then he found he was not alone.

In the darkness, illuminated by a match, not a hundred yards from him there flashed suddenly the face of a man. Then the match went out and the face with it. David noted that it had appeared at some height above the level of the swamp, at an elevation higher even than that of the embankment. It was as though the man had been sitting on the limb of a tree. David crossed the tracks and found that on the side of the embankment opposite the shed there was solid ground and what once had been a wharf. He advanced over this cautiously, and as he did so the clouds disappeared, and in the full light of the moon he saw a bayou broadening into a river, and made fast to the decayed and rotting wharf an ocean-going tug. It was from her deck that the man, in lighting his pipe, had shown his face. At the thought of a warm engine-room and the company of his fellow-creatures, David's heart leaped with pleasure. He advanced quickly. And then something in the appearance of the tug, something mysterious, secretive, threatening, caused him to halt. No lights showed from her engine-room, cabin, or pilot-house. Her decks were empty. But, as was evidenced by the black smoke that rose from her funnel, she was awake and awake to some purpose. David stood uncertainly, questioning whether to make his presence known or return to the loneliness of the shed. The question was decided for him. He had not considered that standing in the moonlight he was a conspicuous figure. The planks of the wharf creaked and a man came toward him. As one who means to attack, or who fears attack, he approached warily. He wore high boots, riding breeches, and a sombrero. He was a little man, but his movements were alert and active. To David he seemed unnecessarily excited. He thrust himself close against David.

"I know I'm not worthy of you," David sighed.—Page 131.

"Who the devil are you?" demanded the man from the tug. "How'd you get here?"

"I walked," said David.

"Walked?" the man snorted incredulously.

"I took the wrong train," explained David pleasantly. "They put me off about a mile below here. I walked back to this flag station. I'm going to wait here for the next train north."

The little man laughed mockingly.

"Oh, no you're not," he said. "If you walked here, you can just walk away again!" With a sweep of his arm, he made a vigorous and peremptory gesture.

"You walk!" he commanded.

"I'll do just as I please about that," said David.

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Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

In front of David's nose he shook a fist as large as a catcher's glove.—Page 136.

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As though to bring assistance, the little man started hastily toward the tug.

"I'll find some one who'll make you walk!" he called. "You *wait*, that's all; you *wait!*"

David decided not to wait. It was possible the wharf was private property and he had been trespassing. In any case, at the flag station the rights of all men were equal, and if he were in for a fight he judged it best to choose his own battle-ground. He recrossed the tracks and sat down on his suit case in a dark corner of the shed. Himself hidden in the shadows he could see in the moonlight the approach of any other person.

"They're river pirates," said David to himself, "or smugglers. They're certainly up to some mischief, or why should they object to the presence of a perfectly harmless stranger?"

Partly with cold, partly with nervousness, David shivered.

"I wish that train would come," he sighed. And instantly, as though in answer to his wish, from only a short distance down the track he heard the rumble and creak of approaching cars. In a flash David planned his course of action.

The thought of spending the night in a swamp infested by crocodiles and smugglers had become intolerable. He must escape, and he must escape by the train now approaching. To that end the train must be stopped. His plan was simple. The train was moving very, very slowly, and though he had no lantern, in order to bring it to a halt he need only stand on the track exposed to the glare of the headlight and wave his arms. David sprang between the rails and gesticulated wildly. But in amazement his arms fell to his sides. For the train, now only a hundred yards distant and creeping toward him at a snail's pace, carried no headlight, and though in the moonlight David was plainly visible, it blew no whistle, tolled no bell. Even the passenger coaches in the rear of the sightless engine were wrapped in darkness. It was a ghost of a train, a Flying Dutchman of a train, a nightmare of a train. It was as unreal as the black swamp, as the moss on the dead trees, as the ghostly tug-boat tied to the rotting wharf.

"Is the place haunted!" exclaimed David.

He was answered by the grinding of brakes and by the train coming to a sharp halt. And instantly from every side men fell from it to the ground, and the silence of the night was broken by a confusion of calls and eager greetings and questions and sharp words of command.

So fascinated was David in the stealthy arrival of the train and in her mysterious passengers that, until they confronted him, he did not note the equally stealthy approach of three men. Of these one was the little man from the tug. With him was a fat, red-faced Irish-American. He wore no coat and his shirt-sleeves were drawn away from his hands by garters of pink elastic, his derby hat was balanced behind his ears, upon his right hand flashed an enormous diamond. He looked as though but at that moment he had stopped sliding glasses across a Bowery bar. The third man carried the outward marks of a sailor. David believed he was the tallest man he had ever beheld, but equally remarkable with his height was his beard and hair, which were of a fierce brick-dust red. Even in the mild moonlight they flamed like a torch.

"What's your business?" demanded the man with the flamboyant hair.

"I came here," began David, "to wait for a train——"

The tall man bellowed with indignant rage.

"Yes," he shouted; "this is the sort of place any one would pick out to wait for a train!"

In front of David's nose he shook a fist as large as a catcher's glove. "Don't you lie to *me!*" he bullied. "Do you know who I am? Do you know *who* you're up against? I'm——"

The barkeeper person interrupted.

"Never mind who you are," he said. "We know that. Find out who *he* is."

David turned appealingly to the barkeeper.

"Do you suppose I'd come here on purpose?" he protested. "I'm a travelling man——"

"You won't travel any to-night," mocked the red-haired one. "You've seen what you came to see, and all you want now is to get to a Western Union wire.

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Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

"But how," he demanded, "how do I get ashore?"—Page 140.

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Well, you don't do it. You don't leave here to-night!"

As though he thought he had been neglected, the little man in riding-boots pushed forward importantly.

"Tie him to a tree!" he suggested.

"Better take him on board," said the barkeeper, "and send him back by the pilot. When we're once at sea, he can't hurt us any."

"What makes you think I want to hurt you?" demanded David. "Who do you think I am?"

"We know who you are," shouted the fiery-headed one. "You're a blankety-blank spy! You're a government spy or a Spanish spy, and whichever you are you don't get away to-night!"

David had not the faintest idea what the man meant, but he knew his self-respect was being ill-treated, and his self-respect rebelled.

"You have made a very serious mistake," he said, "and whether you like it or not, I *am* leaving here to-night, and *you* can go to the devil!"

Turning his back, David started with great dignity to walk away. It was a short walk. Something hit him below the ear and he found himself curling up comfortably on the ties. He had a strong desire to sleep, but was conscious that a bed on a railroad track, on account of trains wanting to pass, was unsafe. This doubt did not long disturb him. His head rolled against the steel rail, his limbs relaxed from a great distance and in a strange sing-song he heard the voice of the barkeeper saying, "Nine—ten—and out!"

When David came to his senses his head was resting on a coil of rope. In his ears was the steady throb of an engine, and in his eyes the glare of a lantern. The lantern was held by a pleasant-faced youth in a golf cap who was smiling sympathetically. David rose on his elbow and gazed wildly about him. He was in the bow of the ocean-going tug, and he saw that from where he lay in the bow to her stern her decks were packed with men. She was steaming swiftly down a broad river. On either side the gray light that comes before the dawn showed low banks studded with stunted palmettos. Close ahead David heard the roar of the surf.

"Sorry to disturb you," said the youth in the golf cap, "but we drop the pilot in a few minutes and you're going with him."

David moved his aching head gingerly, and was conscious of a bump as large as a tennis ball behind his right ear.

"What happened to me?" he demanded.

"You were sort of kidnapped, I guess," laughed the young man. "It was a raw deal, but they couldn't take any chances. The pilot will land you at Okra Point. You can hire a rig there to take you to the railroad."

"But why?" demanded David indignantly. "Why was I kidnapped? What had I done? Who were those men who——"

From the pilot-house there was a sharp jangle of bells to the engine-room, and the speed of the tug slackened.

"Come on," commanded the young man briskly. "The pilot's going ashore. Here's your grip, here's your hat. The ladder's on the port side. Look where you're stepping. We can't show any lights, and it's dark as——"

But, even as he spoke, like a flash of powder, as swiftly as one throws an electric switch, as blindingly as a train leaps from the tunnel into the glaring sun, the darkness vanished and the tug was swept by the fierce, blatant radiance of a searchlight.

It was met by shrieks from two hundred throats, by screams, oaths, prayers, by the sharp jangling of bells, by the blind rush of many men scurrying like rats for a hole to hide in, by the ringing orders of one man. Above the tumult this one voice rose like the warning strokes of a fire-gong, and looking up to the pilot-house whence the voice came, David saw the barkeeper still in his shirt-sleeves and with his derby hat pushed back behind his ears, with one hand clutching the signal to the engine-room, with the other holding the spoke of the wheel.

David felt the tug, like a hunter taking a fence, rise in a great leap. Her bow sank and rose, tossing the water from her in black, oily waves, the smoke poured from her funnel, from below her engines sobbed and quivered, and like a hound freed from a leash she raced for the open sea. But

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Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

She dug the shapeless hat into David's shoulder.—Page 144.

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swiftly as she fled, as a thief is held in the circle of a policeman's bull's-eye, the shaft of light followed and exposed her and held her in its grip. The youth in the golf cap was clutching David by the arm. With his free hand he pointed down the shaft of light. So great was the tumult that to be heard he brought his lips close to David's ear.

"That's the revenue cutter!" he shouted. "She's been laying for us for three weeks, and now," he shrieked exultingly, "the old man's going to give her a race for it."

From excitement, from cold, from alarm, David's nerves were getting beyond his control.

"But how," he demanded, "how do I get ashore?"

"You don't!"

"When he drops the pilot, don't I——"

"How can he drop the pilot?" yelled the youth. "The pilot's got to stick by the boat. So have you."

David clutched the young man and swung him so that they stood face to face.

"Stick by what boat?" yelled David. "Who are these men? Who are you? What boat is this?"

In the glare of the search-light David saw the eyes of the youth staring at him as though he feared he were in the clutch of a madman. Wrenching himself free, the youth pointed at the pilot-house. Above it on a blue board in letters of gold-leaf a foot high was the name of the tug. As David read it his breath left him, a finger of ice passed slowly down his spine. The name he read was *The Three Friends*.

"*The Three Friends!*" shrieked David. "She's a filibuster! She's a pirate! Wher're we going?"

"To Cuba!"

David emitted a howl of anguish, rage, and protest.

"What for?" he shrieked.

The young man regarded him coldly.

"To plant bananas," he said.

"I won't go to Cuba," shouted David. "I've got to work! I'm paid to sell machinery. I demand to be put ashore. I'll lose my job if I'm not put ashore. I'll sue you! I'll have the law——"

David found himself suddenly upon his knees. His first thought was that the ship had struck a rock, and then that she was bumping herself over a succession of coral reefs. She dipped, dived, reared, and plunged. Like a hooked fish, she flung herself in the air, quivering from bow to stern. No longer was David of a mind to sue the filibusters if they did not put him ashore. If only they had put him ashore, in gratitude he would have crawled on his knees. What followed was of no interest to David, nor to many of the filibusters, nor to any of the Cuban patriots. Their groans of self-pity, their prayers and curses in eloquent Spanish rose high above the crash of broken crockery and the pounding of the waves. Even when the search-light gave way to a brilliant sunlight the circumstance was unobserved by David. Nor was he concerned in the tidings brought forward by the youth in the golf cap, who raced the slippery decks and vaulted the prostrate forms as sure-footedly as a hurdler on a cinder track. To David, in whom he seemed to think he had found a congenial spirit, he shouted joyfully: "She's fired two blanks at us!" he cried; "now she's firing cannon-balls!"

"Thank God," whispered David; "perhaps she'll sink us!"

But *The Three Friends* showed her heels to the revenue cutter, and so far as David knew hours passed into days and days into weeks. It was like those nightmares in which in a minute one is whirled through centuries of fear and torment. Sometimes, regardless of nausea, of his aching head, of the hard deck, of the waves that splashed and smothered him, David fell into broken slumber. Sometimes he woke to a dull consciousness of his position. At such moments he added to his misery by speculating upon the other misfortunes that might have befallen him on shore. Emily, he decided, had given him up for lost and married—probably a navy officer in command of a battle-ship. Burdett and Sons had cast him off forever. Possibly his disappearance had caused them to suspect him; even now they might be regarding him as a defaulter, as a fugitive from justice. His accounts, no doubt, were being carefully overhauled. In actual time, two days and two nights had passed; to David it seemed many ages.

On the third day he crawled to the stern where there seemed less motion, and

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finding a boat's cushion threw it in the lee scupper and fell upon it. From time to time the youth in the golf cap had brought him food and drink, and he now appeared from the cook's galley bearing a bowl of smoking soup.

David considered it a doubtful attention.

But he said, "You're very kind. How did a fellow like you come to mix up with these pirates?"

The youth laughed good-naturedly.

"They're not pirates; they're patriots," he said, "and I'm not mixed up with them. My name is Henry Carr and I'm a guest of Jimmy Doyle, the captain."

"The barkeeper with the derby hat?" said David.

"He's not a barkeeper; he's a teetotaler," Carr corrected, "and he's the greatest filibuster alive. He knows these waters as you know Broadway, and he's the salt of the earth. I did him a favor once; sort of mouse helping the lion idea. Just through dumb luck I found out about this expedition. The government agents in New York found out I'd found out and sent for me to tell. But I didn't, and I didn't write the story either. Doyle heard about that. So he asked me to come as his guest, and he's promised that after he's landed the expedition and the arms, I can write as much about it as I darn please."

"Then, you're a reporter?" said David.

"I'm what we call a cub reporter," laughed Carr. "You see, I've always dreamed of being a war correspondent. The men in the office say I dream too much. They're always guying me about it. But, haven't you noticed, it's the ones who dream who find their dreams come true. Now this isn't a real war, but it's a near war, and when the real thing breaks loose, I can tell the managing editor I served as a war correspondent in the Cuban-Spanish campaign. And he may give me a real job!"

"And you *like* this?" groaned David.

"I wouldn't, if I were as sick as you are," said Carr, "but I've a stomach like a Harlem goat." He stooped and lowered his voice. "Now, here are two fake filibusters," he whispered. "The men you read about in the newspapers. If a man's a *real* filibuster, nobody knows it!"

Coming toward them was the tall man who had knocked David out, and the little one who had wanted to tie him to a tree.

"All they ask," whispered Carr, "is money and advertisement. If they knew I was a reporter, they'd eat out of my hand. The tall man calls himself Lighthouse Harry. He once kept a light-house on the Florida coast, and that's as near to the sea as he ever got. The other one is a dare-devil calling himself Colonel Beamish. He says he's an English officer, and a soldier of fortune, and that he's been in eighteen battles. Jimmy says he's never been near enough to a battle to see the Red Cross flags on the base hospital. But they've fooled these Cubans. The Junta thinks they're great fighters, and it's sent them down here to work the machine guns. But I'm afraid the only fighting they will do will be in the sporting columns, and not in the ring."

A half dozen sea-sick Cubans were carrying a heavy oblong box. They dropped it not two yards from where David lay, and with a screw-driver Lighthouse Harry proceeded to open the lid.

Carr explained to David that *The Three Friends* was approaching that part of the coast of Cuba on which she had arranged to land her expedition, and that in case she was surprised by one of the Spanish patrol boats she was preparing to defend herself.

"They've got an automatic gun in that crate," said Carr, "and they're going to assemble it. You'd better move; they'll be tramping all over you."

David shook his head feebly.

"I can't move!" he protested. "I wouldn't move, if it would free Cuba."

For several hours with very languid interest David watched Lighthouse Harry and Colonel Beamish screw a heavy tripod to the deck and balance above it a quick-firing one-pounder. They worked very slowly, and to David, watching them from the lee scupper, they appeared extremely unintelligent.

"I don't believe either of those thugs put an automatic gun together in his life," he whispered to Carr. "I never did, either, but, I've put hundreds of automatic punches together, and I bet that gun won't work."

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"What's wrong with it?" said Carr.

Before David could summon sufficient energy to answer, the attention of all on board was diverted, and by a single word.

Whether the word is whispered apologetically by the smoking-room steward to those deep in bridge, or shrieked from the tops of a sinking ship, it never quite fails of its effect. A sweating stoker from the engine room saw it first.

"Land!" he hailed.

The sea-sick Cubans raised themselves and swung their hats; their voices rose in a fierce chorus.

"Cuba libre!" they yelled.

The sun piercing the morning mists had uncovered a coast-line broken with bays and inlets. Above it towered green hills, the peak of each topped by a squat block-house, in the valleys and watercourses, like columns of marble rose the royal palms.

"You *must* look!" Carr entreated David. "It's just as it is in the pictures!"

"Then I don't have to look," groaned David.

The Three Friends was making for a point of land that curved like a sickle. On the inside of the sickle was Nipe Bay. On the opposite shore of that broad harbor at the place of rendezvous a little band of Cubans waited to receive the filibusters. The goal was in sight. The dreadful voyage was done. Joy and excitement thrilled the ship's company. Cuban patriots appeared in uniforms with Cuban flags pinned in the brims of their straw sombreros. From the hold came boxes of small-arm ammunition, of Mausers, rifles, machettes, and saddles. To protect the landing a box of shells was placed in readiness beside the one-pounder.

"In two hours, if we have smooth water," shouted Lighthouse Harry, "we ought to get all of this on shore. And then, all I ask," he cried mightily, "is for some one to kindly show me a Spaniard!"

His heart's desire was instantly granted. He was shown not only one Spaniard but several Spaniards. They were on the deck of one of the fastest gun-boats of the Spanish navy. Not a mile from *The Three Friends* she sprang from the cover of a narrow inlet. She did not signal questions or extend courtesies. For her the name of the ocean-going tug was sufficient introduction. Throwing ahead of her a solid shell, she raced in pursuit, and as *The Three Friends* leaped to full speed there came from the gun-boat the sharp dry crackle of Mausers.

With an explosion of terrifying oaths Lighthouse Harry thrust a shell into the breech of the quick-firing gun. Without waiting to aim it, he tugged at the trigger. Nothing happened! He threw open the breech and gazed impotently at the base of the shell. It was untouched. The ship was ringing with cries of anger, of hate, with rat-like squeaks of fear.

Above the heads of the filibusters a shell screamed and within a hundred feet splashed into a wave.

From his mat in the lee scupper David groaned miserably. He was far removed from any of the greater emotions.

"It's no use!" he protested. "They can't do it! It's not connected!"

"*What's* not connected?" yelled Carr. He fell upon David. He half lifted, half dragged him to his feet.

"If you know what's wrong with the gun, you fix it! Fix it," he shouted, "or I'll——"

David was not concerned with the vengeance Carr threatened. For, on the instant, a beautiful miracle had taken place. With the swift insidiousness of morphine, peace ran through his veins, soothed his wracked body, his jangled nerves. *The Three Friends* had made the harbor and was gliding through water flat as a pond. But David did not know why the change had come. He knew only that his soul and body were at rest, that the sun was shining, that he had passed through the shadow of the valley, and once more was a sane, sound young man.

With a savage thrust of the shoulder he sent Lighthouse Harry sprawling from the gun. With swift, practiced fingers he fell upon its mechanism. He wrenched it apart. He lifted it, reset, readjusted it.

Ignorant themselves, those about him saw that he understood, saw that his work was good.

They raised a joyous, defiant cheer. But a shower of bullets drove them to cover, bullets that ripped the deck, splintered the superstructure, smashed the glass

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in the air ports, like angry wasps, sang in a continuous whining chorus. Intent only on the gun, David worked feverishly. He swung to the breech, locked it and dragged it open, pulled on the trigger, and found it gave before his forefinger.

He shouted with delight.

"I've got it working," he yelled.

He turned to his audience, but his audience had fled. From beneath one of the life-boats protruded the riding boots of Colonel Beamish; the tall form of Lighthouse Harry was doubled behind a water-butt. A shell splashed to port, a shell splashed to starboard. For an instant David stood staring wide-eyed at the greyhound of a boat that ate up the distance between them, at the jets of smoke and stabs of flame that sprang from her bow, at the figures crouched behind her gunwale, firing in volleys.

To David it came suddenly, convincingly, that in a dream he had lived it all before, and something like raw poison stirred in David, something leaped to his throat and choked him, something rose in his brain and made him see scarlet. He felt rather than saw young Carr kneeling at the box of ammunition and holding a shell toward him. He heard the click as the breech shut, felt the rubber tire of the brace give against the weight of his shoulder, down a long shining tube saw the pursuing gun-boat, saw her again and many times disappear behind a flash of flame. A bullet gashed his forehead, a bullet passed deftly through his forearm, but he did not heed them. Confused with the thrashing of the engines, with the roar of the gun, he heard a strange voice shrieking unceasingly:

"Cuba libre!" it yelled. "To hell with Spain!" and he found that the voice was his own.

The story lost nothing in the way Carr wrote it.

"And the best of it is," he exclaimed joyfully, "it's true!"

For a Spanish gun-boat *had* been crippled and forced to run herself aground by a tug-boat manned by Cuban patriots, and by a single gun served by one man, and that man an American. It was the first sea-fight of the war. Overnight a Cuban navy had been born, and into the lime-light a cub reporter had projected a new "hero," a ready-made, warranted—not—to—run, popular idol.

They were seated in the pilot-house—"Jimmy" Doyle, Carr, and David—the patriots and their arms had been safely dumped upon the coast of Cuba, and *The Three Friends* was gliding swiftly and, having caught the Florida straits napping, smoothly toward Key West. Carr had just finished reading aloud his account of the engagement.

"You will tell the story just as I have written it," commanded the proud author. "Your being South as a travelling salesman was only a blind. You came to volunteer for this expedition. Before you could explain your wish you were mistaken for a secret-service man and hustled on board. That was just where you wanted to be, and when the moment arrived you took command of the ship and single-handed won the naval battle of Nipe Bay."

Jimmy Doyle nodded his head approvingly. "You certainly did, Dave," protested the great man; "I saw you do it!"

At Key West Carr filed his story and while the hospital surgeons kept David over one steamer, to dress his wounds, his fame and features spread across the map of the United States.

Burdett and Sons basked in reflected glory. Reporters besieged their office. At the Merchants' Down-Town Club the business men of lower Broadway tendered congratulations.

"Of course, it's a great surprise to us," Burdett and Sons would protest. "Of course, when the boy asked to be sent South we'd no idea he was planning to fight for Cuba! Or, we wouldn't have let him go, would we?" Then they would wink heavily. "I suppose you know," they would say, "that he's a direct descendant of General Hiram Greene who won the battle of Trenton. What I say is, 'Blood will tell!'" And then, in a body, every one in the club would move against the bar and exclaim: "Here's to Cuba libre!"

When the *Olivette* from Key West reached Tampa Bay every Cuban in the Tampa cigar factories was at the dock. There were thousands of them and all of the Junta, in high hats, to read David an address of welcome.

And when they saw him at the top of

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the gangplank, with his head in a bandage and his arm in a sling, like a mob of maniacs they howled and surged toward him. But before they could reach their hero the courteous Junta forced them back and cleared a pathway for a young girl. She was travel-worn and pale, her shirt-waist was disgracefully wrinkled, her best hat was a wreck. No one on Broadway would have recognized her as Burdett and Sons' most immaculate and beautiful stenographer.

She dug the shapeless hat into David's shoulder and clung to him. "David!" she sobbed, "promise me you'll never, never do it again!"

THE EMBARKMENT FOR CYTHÉRA

[AFTER WATTEAU.]

By Thomas Walsh

WHERE is Tircis slender swain,
  Now the petalled gloom is falling,—
Muscadin, and pale Syglaine
  Whom the zephyrs come a-calling
Down the vales and streams again?
Are their silken sails in vain
  Lifting for the sunset rivers?
Daphné! Amaryllis!—where
  Now delaying?—Venus quivers
O'er Cythéra's rainbow stair
Whither golden barges fare.—
Wearied they of lute, and masking,
  Shepherd staff, and ribboned air?
Wearied, of the lights, and tasking,
  Rapier, plume, and saraband?—
"*Belle marquise,* thy little hand—"
  Nay,—'tis but a lily swaying
Down the purple meadowland!—
  "*Cher abbé,*" what old betraying
Shadows yonder cypress throws!—
  See! on crimson gusts of rose
One and all away are hieing
  To Cythéra!—after those
Gentle shades that set us sighing
  Where the stream of twilight flows!

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LETTERS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

I

THE letters of George Meredith, which since his death in 1909 have been brought together and prepared for publication by his son, and from which the MAGAZINE has now the privilege of printing a selection, are chiefly those to a relatively small number of his intimate and life-long friends and the members of his family. Others are known to have been in long and familiar correspondence with him, but the letters to some of these have been destroyed or cannot be reached. Largely for this reason, though the series extends over fifty years, it in no sense supplies or is intended to supply a narrative of his life; but it gives a reflection of temperament and character, of personal relations, of opinions, and even of moods, that is unsurpassed by any similar collection. To each of the more intimate correspondents he presents, even more than is commonly the case, an individual side; he has his note for each; there are few groups of letters extending over such a time which are so sharply differentiated in this way. In the difficult task of making a choice for the few instalments which the MAGAZINE can print, it has been thought best to take some typical letters from the manifestation of himself to each friend, rather than to seek to cover any period or to show more fully any one of the many phases of Meredith in which the reader will find interest when the whole collection is before him.

After a few notes from his boyhood and early youth, the body of the Letters begins a little before 1860. The friends to whom many of them are written had been made in the few years shortly preceding this time—the years of Meredith's first marriage, to Mrs. Nicolls, a daughter of Thomas Love Peacock. In the middle '50's the Merediths had lived in Weybridge, Surrey, and here they first made the acquaintance of Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon and their children, Maurice, Urania, and Janet, and at their house Tom Taylor, Kinglake, Mrs. Norton, J. E. Millais, G. F. Watts, and many more men of letters and artists. Later when Meredith lived at Copsham Cottage, Esher, with his little son Arthur, he was again a neighbor of the Duff Gordons, who had settled between Esher and Oxshott. Janet Duff Gordon and Edith Nicolls, Meredith's step-daughter, were play-fellows at Weybridge, and tell how, as small children, Meredith enthralled them by wild fairy tales which he spun for their edification. In so far as Meredith ever drew his characters direct from life, Janet Duff Gordon was his model for Rose Jocelyn in "Evan Harrington," whilst her father and mother are pictured as Sir Frank and Lady Jocelyn.

In 1860 Miss Janet Duff Gordon became engaged to, and in December of the same year married, Henry James Ross, head of the firm of Briggs & Co., bankers, at Alexandria. Mr. Ross took part, with Layard, in the excavation of Nineveh. He also wrote a book, "Letters from the East," 1837–1857.

[To Mrs. Janet Ross.]

COPSHAM, ESHER, *May* 17, 1861.

MY DEAR JANET: The little man has been in great glee to answer you. He had paper and everything ready to do so a week before your letter came, and his reply is all his own, and from his heart. He must love you. Who could fail to love one so stanch and tender to him? Here have I waited silently, thinking much of you, and incurring I knew not what condemnation. I have not thought of you less because I withheld my pen. The truth is, my experiences are all mental—I see nothing of the world, and what I have to say goes into books. However, I am now compelled by my state of health to give it up for a time. Your poet—dare I call myself that, after hearing the rhap-

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sodic eulogies of old Alder?* I assure you, my dear, I cannot equal him. I might put him into rhythm, but that would spoil his hearty idiom. I feel quite a friendliness for old Alder after hearing him speak of you.—"I never saw a young lady like her, and never shall again. She's a loss to Esher and to England!" etc. You are compared with Miss Gilbert and Miss Reynolds; and men are dared to say that either fair equestrian surpassed you on horseback. Apropos of the former lady, Landseer has a picture of her in the Academy, leaning exhausted against the flanks of a mare couchant. "Taming of the Shrew" the picture is named, and it is sufficiently bad. Millais has nothing. Hunt a "Street Wooing in Cairo," of which you could judge better than I. Leighton has a "Paolo and Francesca"; painted just as the book has dropped and they are in no state to read more. You would scorn it; but our friendship never rested on common sentiments in art. I greatly admire it. I think it the sole English picture exhibiting passion that I have seen. I have the delight to stand alone in my judgment of this, as of most things, and I shall see the world coming round to my opinion, and thinking it its own. Does that smack of the original George M.?—Never mind. Well: there is a beautiful portrait of Alice P——. Idealized of course—showing more in her than she possesses; but my friend Maxse—one who is strong on points of feminine beauty (a naval man loose upon society)—thinks her superior to the picture in physique. He meets her out. He said to me, the first time: "I think she thought me slow":—the second: "Is she stupid?" His conclusive judgment pronounces her an exquisitely plumed little pol parrot. She is being admired: people think she should wear more clothing. The effect is said to be that of a damsel such as you see at the booth of a country fair.—Maxse is a very nice fellow with strong literary tastes. He was Naval Aide-de-Camp to Lord Lyons in the Crimea. I dare say you have heard of him. You would like him. He is very anxious to be introduced some day to Rose Jocelyn. I tell him that Janet Ross is a finer creature. If Rose satisfies him, how will not Janet! He has taken a cottage at Molesey, and we make expeditions together on foot. Talking of Rose, did you see the Saturday? It says you are a heroine who deserve to be a heroine. And yet I think I missed you. Your Mother tells me that Mrs. Austin speaks in very handsome terms of the performance generally, and of the portrait in particular.—I have not seen your mother for some days. She has had another attack, a very severe one. It wears my heart to think of her. And yet her constitution rallies from time to time, and I have still strong hopes of her ultimate recovery. She must not spend another winter in England.—The baby is quite charming. Like you, but rosier, and with a tendency to be just as positive. She articulates admirably, and shows qualities equal to the physiological promise I have noted from the first. How I should wish Arthur to conquer a fair position in the world, and lead her away as a certain Janet was led! At present he is not brilliant but he is decidedly hopeful. I don't want to force him yet. I wish to keep him sound, and to instil good healthy habits of mind and body. In writing, spelling, and reading; in memory for what he acquires, few children surpass him. And he really thinks—without being at all instigated to think. I remained at Copsham for his sake, and perhaps shall not quit it for some time to come. He will not go to a regular school till next year. I don't like the thought of his going; but it must be, and so I submit.

I have three works in hand. The most advanced is "Emilia Belloni," of which I have read some chapters to your mother, and gained her strong approval. Emilia is a feminine musical genius. I gave you once, sitting on the mound over Copsham, an outline of the real story it is taken from. Of course one does not follow out real stories; and this has simply suggested Emilia to me.—Then, my next novel is called "A Woman's Battle." Qy.—good title? I think it will be my best book as yet. The third is weaker in breadth of design. It is called "Van Diemen Smith"—is interesting as a story. Nous verrons. . . .

*A butcher of Esher, and a regular follower of the Duc d'Aumale's hounds.

About the year 1858, when Meredith was thirty years old, he first met Captain Frederick Augustus Maxse (1833–1900).

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Captain Maxse, R.N., promoted rear-admiral in 1877, was the second son of James Maxse by his marriage with Lady Caroline Fitzhardinge, daughter of the fifth Earl of Berkeley. He acted as naval A.D.C. to Lord Raglan, and after the battle of the Alma displayed conspicuous gallantry in carrying despatches from the army to the fleet. Promoted commander in 1855, he retired in 1867, and unsuccessfully contested Southampton in the Radical interest in the following year. During this election Meredith canvassed actively for him. He was also beaten in a subsequent contest for Middlesex in 1874. His Radical tendencies in these days were the dual outcome of his experiences of the inept unpreparedness of the government for the war in the Crimea and the sufferings which he saw and shared in that campaign. In later life he was a strong Unionist.

[To Captain Maxse.]

MILAN, *August* 16, 1861.

MY DEAR MAXSE: . . . You know I wish very earnestly to see you, a man made to understand and make happy any pure, good woman, married to one. I don't think any son owes his parents more than the conscientious assurance that he has clearly thought over what he is about to do (in such a matter); seeing that men are the only possible judges in the case; and that the stake is all their own. To have found a suitable person, and to give her up for anything on earth is like seeing a jewel on the shore and rejecting it on account of the trouble of conveying it home. But do you strongly recognize the jewel? Have you found her? A boy can't, but a man must reason, in these cases. You may know your love from its power of persisting and bearing delay. Passion has not these powers. If your love of this person is true and not one of your fancies, it will soon light you clear enough. . . . And don't be hasty and think you are trusting your instinct by grasping suddenly at the golden apple. Can you bear poverty for her? Will she for you? Can she, even if she would? Think whether you are risking it, and remember that very few women bear it and retain their delicacy and charm. Some do. Can you think her one of the chosen? The great difficulty is to be honest with ourselves. If there comes a doubt, the wave of passion overwhelms it. Try and listen to your doubt. See whether you feel, not what we call love, but tenderness for her. Satisfy yourself on this point. And then determine to wait. You can, if your heart has conceived real tenderness. If not, should you marry her? You speak of securing her. You may secure her person, but how can you be yet sure of more? If continually you find her worthier, fix your mind to win her by the force of your love. Then should you have that divine delight, I ask you whether you can see any earthly obstacle in your way? You are on the highest pinnacles and may remain untouched, whatever is said or done. You will have pains and aches—agonies to go through. They serve to strengthen you. —God bless you, my dear Maxse! Believe me your faithful and affectionate

GEORGE MEREDITH.

The Rev. Augustus Jessopp, to whom some of the following letters were addressed, was head-master of King Edward VI grammar-school, Norwich, canon of Norwich, author of "One Generation of a Norfolk House," "Trials of a Country Parson," etc.

[To the Rev. Augustus Jessopp.]

COPSHAM COTTAGE, ESHER, SURREY, *Nov.* 13, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your letter. Let me tell you at once that I feel it to be most generous, and I should be glad to think I deserved such hearty praise as fully as I do the censure. But on that point, I must be allowed to give you two or three words of explanation. Apropos of the "Rosanna," it was written from the Tyrol, to a friend, and was simply a piece of friendly play. Which should not have been published, you add? Perhaps not, but it pleased my friend, and the short passage of description was a literal transcript of the scene. Moreover, though the style is open to blame, there is an idea running through the verses, which, while I was rallying my friend, I conceived to have some point for a larger audience.

It is true that I have fallen from what I once hoped to do. The fault is hardly mine. Do you know Vexation, the slayer?

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There is very little poetry to be done when one is severely and incessantly harassed. My nerves have given way under it, and it is only by great care and attention to the directions of my doctor, that I can work at all.—I have now more leisure and somewhat better health, and the result is, that I have gone back partially to my old mistress.

As to my love for the Muse, I really think that is earnest enough. I have all my life done battle in her behalf, and should, at one time, have felt no blessing to be equal to the liberty to serve her. Praise sings strangely in my ears. I have been virtually propelled into a practical turn, by the lack of encouragement for any other save practical work. I have no doubt that it has done me good, though the pleasure your letter gives me, and let me say also the impetus, is a proof that I should have flourished better under a less rigorous system.

If you do me the favor to look at "Once a Week" during the next two months, you will see some poems of mine that are of another cast. The "Cassandra," you will see, is as severe in rhythm as you could wish. But one result of my hard education since the publication of my boy's book in '51 (those poems were written before I was twenty) has been that I rarely write save from the suggestion of something actually observed. I mean, that I rarely write verse. Thus my Jugglers, Beggars, etc., I have met on the road, and have idealized but slightly. I desire to strike the poetic spark out of absolute human clay. And in doing so I have the fancy that I do solid work—better than a carol in mid air. Note the "Old Chartist," and the "Patriot Engineer," that will also appear in "Once a Week." They may not please you, but I think you will admit that they have a truth condensed in them. They are flints perhaps, and not flowers. Well, I think of publishing a volume of Poems in the beginning of '62, and I will bring as many flowers to it as I can. It may be, that in a year or two I shall find time for a full sustained Song. Of course I do not think of binding down the Muse to the study of facts. That is but a part of her work. The worst is, that, having taken to prose delineations of character and life, one's affections are divided. I have now a prose damsel crying out to me to have her history completed; and the creatures of a novel are bubbling up; and in truth, being a servant of the public, I must wait till my master commands before I take seriously to singing.

This is a long letter for a man to write about himself; and it is the first time I have been guilty of such a thing. It has not been possible for me to reply to you in any other way.

[To Mrs. Janet Ross.]

COPSHAM, ESHER, *Nov.* 19, 1861.

MY VERY DEAR JANET: I plead ill health: I plead vexation, occupation, general insufficiency: I plead absence from home, absence from my proper mind, and a multitude of things: and now I am going to pay my debts. But are not my letters really three single gentlemen rolled into one? This shall count for ten. Now the truth is that my Janet is, by her poet at least, much more thought of when he doesn't write to her than when he does. Vulgar comparisons being always the most pungent, I will say, Lo, the Epicurean to whom his feast is still in prospect: he dreams of it: it rises before him in a thousand hues and salutes his nostril with scents heavenly. He dines. 'Tis gone. 'Tis in the past and with it go his rosy visions.—Your P. G., to wit H——, I saw him the other day, and shall probably dine with him on Thursday—Quoth I, at a period of our interview—Have you, O H—— replied duly to the fair Alexandrienne? Then went he through much pantomime, during my just reproaches, and took your address—which may be an excellent P. G. performance, and no more. You will see. He is in new chambers full of pictures, Old Masters, we hear. For a fine putative Leonardo he disbursed recently £400. And Sir Charles Eastlake said—never mind what. Then, too, a Masaccio for which he gave £19. 7s. 6¾d., was Exhibited at the British Institution and the papers took note of nothing else. And Sir Charles Eastlake said—as before.

H—— is a good old boy. He has a pleasant way of being inquisitive and has already informed me, quite agreeably, that I am a gentleman, though I may not have been born one. Some men are always shooting about you like May flies in little quick darts, to see how near you they

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may come. The best thing is to smile and enjoy the fun of it. I confess a private preference for friends who are not thus afflicted, and get the secret by instinct. As my Janet does, for instance.—The dear indifferent Bart. I meet occasionally; in the train, or on lonely Celia; looking as if he bore with life, but had not the exact reason for his philosophy handy. He speaks out like a man concerning your husband, and I should wish every husband to have a father-in-law who appreciates him as heartily. Your Mother's Diary will not, I suppose, reach you before this letter. On the whole it is very hopeful. Secondly, it is immensely amusing, and shows her fine manly nature admirably. O what a gallant soul she is! and how very much I love her! I had only time during the passage of the train to read it, and couldn't get to the end. As yet the voyage has wrought no cure: but the change and the sea-breeze and shaking have done good and produced favorable excitement. I have new friends whom I like, and don't object to call by name. A Mr. and Mrs. Hardman I met in Esher this autumn. She is very pleasant, and is one of the rare women who don't find it necessary to fluster their sex under your nose eternally, in order to make you like them. I gave her private's rank in Janet's Amazonian regiment, with chances of promotion. Also he is a nice fellow: a barrister who does photographs; of his friends principally. On the other hand, let me say, that I went (thinking of you solely) and was done the other day, and will send a copy to you immediately. It looks absurd; but I must conclude it faithful. . . .

You have had particulars of our travels; at least, items. Munich is a glorious city to pass through, and the Tyrol a wonderful country for the same. I had, the truth is, a miserable walking companion. He couldn't walk in the sun: he wouldn't walk after its setting: the rain he shunned as if he had been dog-bitten—in fact, he was a double-knapsack on my back. Certainly the heat was tremendous. The Tyrolean men are the handsomest I have seen; the women the ugliest. The Alps gave me shudderings of delight; but I did not see enough of them, and I can't bear being coop'd long in those mountain-guarded valleys; so I shot through them in two weeks, and then saw Italy for the first time, emerging by Adige, which the Austrians are fortifying continually. Verona lies just under the Alps, and is now less a City than a fortress. You see nothing but white coats—who form the majority of the inhabitants. The little man* asked innumerable questions about the amphitheatre, and the gladiators, the shows, and the Roman customs. Thence to Venice, where he and I were alone—W—— parting for Como and his mother. Our life in Venice was charming. Only I had to watch the dear boy like tutor, governess, courier, in one; and couldn't get much to the pictures; for there was no use in victimising him and dragging him to see them, and I couldn't quit him at all. We hired a Gondola and floated through the streets at night, or out to Malamocco to get the fresh breeze. A fresh Levant wind favored our visit. To the Lido we went every morning: Arthur and I bathing—behold us for a solid hour under enormous straw-hats floating and splashing in the delicious Adriatic. The difficulty of getting him out of it was great. "Papa, what a dear old place this is! We won't go, will we?" I met and made acquaintance with some nice fellows (Austrians) in the water. The Italian fish are not to be found where they are. Venice looks draped, and wears her widow's weeds ostentatiously. Our Gondolier, Lorenzo, declared that he had seen Lor Birren, when a boy. "Palazzo Mocenigo, Signor Ecco!" On the Lido one thinks sadly of Byron and Shelley. I found the spot Shelley speaks of in "Julian and Maddalo," where he saw the Vicenza hills in the sunset through the bell-tower where the lunatics abide, on an island. Of the glories of St. Mark's who shall speak. It is poetry, my dear, and will be expressed in no other way. In Venice I learnt to love Giorgione, Titian and Paul Veronese. I cannot rank Tintoret with them (Ruskin puts him highest) though his single work shows greater grasp and stretch of soul. Viennese crinoline and the tyrant white coat do their best to destroy the beauties of St. Mark's. Charming are the Venetian women! They have a gracious walk and all the manner one dreams of as befitting them. Should one smile on a

*Arthur Gryffydd, Meredith's son by his first marriage, born in June, 1853.

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Whitecoat, she has the prospect of a patriotic dagger smiting her fair bosom, and so she does not; though the Austrians are fine men, and red-hot exclusiveness for an abstract idea sits not easy on any ladies of any land for longer than—say a fortnight. Consequently Vienna sends Crinoline to her children. I made acquaintance with a tough Baronne, who had brought two daughters of immense circle! How quietly the pretty Venetians eyed them! The square of St. Mark's is the great parade. —The weather was fiery: but we had no mosquitos.—Milan is, for heat, next door to Pandemonium. The view from the Cathedral you have heard of. I went to Como to see W——, who was with Il Principessa. She received me affably at the Villa—Villa Ciani, près d'Este. She has a handsome daughter, fair as a high-born English girl, engaged then, and since married to, General T——. Madame la Princesse will be Mdme. la Princesse, and desires that she should hear it too, as I quickly discovered. I grew in favor. She has no difficulty in swallowing a compliment. Quantity is all she asks for. This is entre nous, for she entertained me, and indeed I was vastly entertained. Look for it all in a future chapter. A good gross compliment, fluently delivered, I find to be the best adapted to a Frenchwoman's taste. If you hesitate, the flavor evaporates for them. Be glib, and you may say what you please. Should you in addition, be neat, and ready, they will fall in love with you. Mademoiselle the fiancée, perceived that I was taken with her before I had felt it. Hence she distinguished me, till the General came. It's a real love match. She wouldn't sing then —couldn't. Nor did I press it: for Oh!—She sings in the rapid French style: all from the throat: and such a hard metallic Giordigianic rang over Como's water as sure our dear old Muddy Mole never knew of! Young Captain G——, T——'s aide-de-camp, and I, then fell upon the Princess.

King Victor gave T—— some royal Tokay, which he brought to the Villa, and we were merry over it. I like G——, a very gallant fellow: only 24, and served through the Hungarian revolt, and all the Garibaldian campaign.

Before dinner we all bathed in Como, ladies and gentlemen ensemble. Really pleasant and pastoral! Mdlle. swims capitally: rides and drives well; and will make a good hero's wife. She scorns the English for their bad manners, she told me. The Emperor allows her £1000 a year: her mother gets £2000. Vive l'Empereur! . . .

[To Captain Maxse.]

COPSHAM, ESHER.

MY DEAR MAXSE: You knew how glad it would make me to hear the good news, and I thank you for making me feel that she does not take you away from those who love you. I don't think there will be a war. I don't even think that the withdrawal of our Ambassador would give the signal for one. In any case there can be no reason why you should go. Dismiss the notion. A war with France would tax all the energies of this country. All would have to serve. . . . So be married quickly to that dear and sweet person who is to make you happy, I doubt not. I look at her and should envy you, if I did not feel for her through your heart.—I mean the photograph, which I prize.—De Stendhal I have had to send to Paris for. You will have "L'Amour" in a week. I told them (Hachette) to send it to you, from me. Write as often as you can spare time. Give her my kindest salute and know me, your loving

GEORGE M.

I have done a great deal of the "Love-Match." Rossetti says it's my best. I contrast it mentally with yours, which is so very much better!

[To Captain Maxse.]

LONDON, 1861.

MY DEAR MAXSE: I will come. So shall the little man. I hate wedding-breakfasts, which make one take wine and eat I don't know what at unholy seasons of the day, and are such a stupid exhibition of the couple.

Tell me when you think it may take place, that I may keep all clear for that day. I'm sure you're going to be happy, and I'm like Keats and the nightingale—"happy in your happiness."—I wonder, now, whether any nice woman will ever look on me?—I certainly begin to feel new

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life. Also a power of work, which means money. There is evidently great folly kindling in me. All the effect of example!

I have matters in hand, which you will like, I think. They won't drag you down to the Roadside and the haunts of vagabonds!

How do you like de Stendhal? L'Amour ought not to be dissected, and indeed can't be. For when we've killed it with this object, the spirit flies, and then where is L'Amour? Still I think de Stendhal very subtle and observant. He goes over ground that I know. Let me hear.—I bow to your lovely bride. The photograph is not just to her. All blessings on you both!—Your loving,

GEORGE M.

[To Captain Maxse.]

COPSHAM, ESHER.

Is it the same sky over us? Mine is of the grimmest grey, with a fog-lining. The daffodil in the meadow has been nodding to this genial wind for the last two weeks: and now we have the pen-bird heralding the cuckoo, and I suppose summer is coming: but we are all in suspense to know whether we are to get a daily ducking or live the life of non-purgatorial beings through the months. Last Sunday there was a puff of sunshine. I walked with a couple of fellows to Box Hill. What changes since last year! I looked over the hilly Dorking road we traversed. It wound away for other footsteps. Well! —you at least have nothing to regret. I hope the sunshine will cling to you.

The Naples correspondent of the *Times* gives a horrible account of the state of the country, and rather alarms one about you: but having so precious a charge to protect you won't be rash, I'm sure.—Of course, you have heard all about the Monitor and Merrimac. A pretty business sea-fighting comes to! Was there ever so devilish an entertainment! Blood bursting from the eyes and ears of the men at the guns, who seemed to be under the obligation of knocking their own senses to atoms as a preliminary to sending the souls of their foes to perdition. If they want me to go on board such vessels, I plead with Charles Lamb, "Lance, and a coward."—The whole business affects the imagination awfully: but in reality an old sea-fight was a far bloodier business. Science, I presume, will at last put it to our option whether we will improve one another from off the face of the globe, and we must decide by our common sense.

Read John Mill on "Liberty" the other day; and recommend it to you. It's a splendid protest against the tyranny society is beginning to exercise; very noble and brave.

The book will be out the Monday after Easter. I sent with Borthwick as many of the proofs as I could collect; thinking you would have no time to review in Rome. But, if you have not done it, let me beg you to be in no hurry. The book can wait. You will find one or two poems that you have not seen. The "Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn" may please you.

I heard from Borthwick of the Violet's charming adventure with the Emperor, and can picture it.

What you say about Christianity arresting sensualism, is very well: but the Essenian parentage of Christianity was simply asceticism. Hitherto human nature has marched through the conflict of extremes. With the general growth of reason, it will be possible to choose a path midway. Paganism no doubt deserved the ascetic reproof; but Christianity failed to supply much that it destroyed. Pompeii, as being, artistically, a Grecian Colony merely, cannot represent the higher development of Paganism.

Alas! I fear I shall not join you in Venice.—By the way, take care to get an introduction to Rawdon Brown, while there. He has lived and worked at the Archives in Venice for 20 years, and can tell you more of the place than any other man. I hear he is also a good fellow.

Pray, give my kindest regards to your Cecilia. I am flattered to hear that Englishmen stand so high with her now that she can make comparisons.—Write soon; and know me ever, your faithful

GEORGE M.

In Venice read "Julian and Maddalo." It is one of Shelley's best: admirable for simplicity of style, ease, beauty of description and local truth. The philosophy, of course, you may pass.

William Hardman, a barrister, subsequently chairman of Surrey quarter-sessions, and later editor of the *Morning*

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Post, had lately taken for one summer a country cottage near Esher. Widely read, with a large circle of friends, a cheerful outlook upon the world, and a keen sense of humor, mated, moreover, with a lady in whom personal beauty was combined with musical tastes and rare personal charm, his hospitality was a welcome social tonic, and close life-long friendship resulted.

[To William Hardman.]

COPSHAM, *May* 5, 1862.

MADRIGAL

"Since Tuck is Faithless Found"

Since Tuck is faithless found, no more
I'll trust to man or maid;
I'll sit me down, a hermit hoar,
Alone in Copsham shade.

The sight of all I shun;
Far-spying from the mound;
I'll be at home no more,
Since Tuck,
Since Tu-a tu-a tu-a
Tuia Tuck,
Since Tuck is faithless found.

Oh! what a glorious day. I have done lots of Emilia, and am now off to Ripley, or St. Demitroïa hill, or Tuck's Height, carolling. I snap my fingers at you. And yet, dear Tuck, what would I give to have you here. The gorse is all ablaze, the meadows are glorious—green, humming all day. Nightingales throng. Heaven, blessed blue amorous Heaven, is hard at work upon our fair, wanton, darling old naughty Mother Earth.

Come, dear Tuck, and quickly, or I must love a woman, and be ruined. Answer me, grievous man!

In thine ear!—Asparagus is ripe at Ripley. In haste.—Your constantly loving friend,

GEORGE M.

[To Captain Maxse.]

COPSHAM, ESHER, *June* 9, 1862.

MY DEAR MAXSE: . . . I hope, by the way, your review won't be written before you see the book. One poem, new to you (Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn), will please you better than all—please you specially. It will suffice for me if you tell me what you think of it, and not the public. The notices that have appeared fix favorably on the Roadside poems, but discard "Modern Love," which, I admit, requires thought, and discernment, and reading more than once. The Saturday R. has not yet spoken. One paper calls me a genius—one, a meretricious, clever, bold man. I find, to my annoyance, that I am susceptible to remarks on my poems, and criticisms from whipsters or women absolutely make me wince and flush. I saw Robert Browning the other day, and he expressed himself "astounded at the originality, delighted with the naturalness and beauty."—Pardon my egotism—I write to please you!

I have not yet seen Gibson's Venus. I went to the Int. Ex. on the opening day—have delayed to go since. It was a poor unimpressive show. Fancy the Poet Laureate in the line of march!

June 13.—Your letter from Lucca:—You complain of sun. The S.W. has been blowing since the middle of May, and this year has not yet known one day of sunshine. Rossetti is beginning to ask about your Lady, to know when he may have a sitting. He, dear fellow, is better—still somewhat shaken. Mention it not—he buried his MSS. poems in his wife's coffin, it is whispered. He, his brother, and Swinburne, have taken a house (Sir T. More's) at Chelsea: a strange, quaint, grand old place, with an immense garden, magnificent panelled staircases and rooms—a palace. I am to have a bedroom for my once-a-week visits. We shall have nice evenings there, and I hope you'll come. . . . —The notices of my book are scarce worth sending. The "Spectator" abuses me. The "Athenæum" mildly pats me on the back: the "Parthenon" blows a trumpet about me: the "Sat. R." makes no sign.—Whatever number of books you may like to have, pray accept as your own. Is not mine yours, in all things? I would prefer that you should not buy books of mine. That is for the good public to do.

I wish particularly to be kept au courant of your change of abode: there's no knowing what I might do, on the spur. Whither in Switzerland do you go, first? I presume, across the Italian Lakes, and over the Splügen to Lucerne. Be careful of the waters of that lake: at some points it is dangerous at any moment.—Tell me, don't you find that great heat somewhat narrows and sharpens the reflective power?

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The effect, in Southern climates, on art, is to sacrifice all to outline, as a rule, and murder detail. Even during the short time I was in Italy I experienced this in a small degree. If the passions did but slumber, Italy would be the very spot of earth for great work to be done. Here!—I should like to try it.—I have a comedy germinating in the brain, of the Classic order: "The Sentimentalists." I fancy it will turn out well. "Emilia Belloni" goes slowly forward, for the reason that I have re-written it: so, all will be new to you. I shall send you the Cornhill Mag. next month. Adam Bede has a new work in it. I understand they have given her an enormous sum (£8000, or more! she retaining ultimate copyright)—Bon Dieu! will aught like this ever happen to me?—Shall you stay long at Turin?—Of all the horrible cities! Two or three days at Milan will give you quite enough of the pet Italian city: go to the Brera: and see Leonardo's wrecked Last Supper. On Como stop at Bellagio—not at the Villa d'Este: the hotel is good at the latter place, but the scenery is not so fine. . . . —Your constant loving

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Arthur G. Meredith.]

Dec. 15, 1862.

MY DARLING LITTLE MAN!—I shall be at Shoreditch station, on Wednesday, to meet the Train at 6.30. But, you must not be disappointed, if I tell you that it will be too late for you to go on to Esher that night; and you will sleep at Mrs. Morison's, in Porchester Square. Mr. Hardman wants me to dine with him on Thursday, but I have told him I am afraid you won't let me. Copsham will be delighted to see you. All the dear old woods are in their best winter dress. Mossy Gordon has come from Eton. Janet leaves England next week; but hopes to see her dear boy before she goes.—Be careful not to have any larks in the train. Only fools do that. As much fun as you like, but no folly. Look out for Ely Cathedral, just before you get to Ely station. At Cambridge you will see the four towers of "King's" Chapel, built by Cardinal Wolsey. Tell Angove, that I will get a bed for him, if he wishes to sleep in Town on Wednesday night. And give Angove your address, written down; that he may let me know when he will come to London from Cornwall, and we will go to the theatre together, and then he will take you to school again.—Your loving Papa,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Arthur G. Meredith.]

COPSHAM COTTAGE,
ESHER, *Nov.* 12, 1863.

MY DEAR LITTLE MAN!—Island Pond is frozen over, and all the common looks as you saw it that Christmas morning when we walked over to Oatlands. Sandars is seen sometimes, with brown gaiters and a green tunic. His legs continue to grow, but his body does not. All your playthings, your theatre, books, etc., are put away, but you can get at them easily when you return. You can imagine how glad I shall be to hear your voice again in this neighborhood; and if I were not working very hard, I should find the place too dull to live in, without you. Shall I hear at Christmas, that you have been learning, and have got a little more friendly with your Latin Grammar? Mind you don't waste your time. If you do your best, I shall be satisfied. Tell me the names of the boys you play with most, and what fellows you think are the best. I suppose you see Mr. Sandys. Have you been to Mrs. Clabburns? Let me be sure that I shall have a letter from you every week. When you have written to Captain Maxse, you must write to Mrs. Edward Chapman, "Camden Park, Tunbridge Wells." The name of her house is "Hollyshaw." God bless my dear little man, prays his loving Papa,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To the Rev. Augustus Jessopp.]

ESHER, *June* 6, 1864.

MY DEAR JESSOPP: It is time that your friend should show you a clean breast. —He loves a woman as he never yet loved, and she for the first time has let her heart escape her. She is not unknown to you, as you both immediately divine. She is the sweetest person I have ever known, and is of the family which above all others I respect and esteem. Her father is a just and good man; her sisters are pure gentlewomen: she is of a most affection-

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ate and loving nature. May I be worthy of the love she gives me!

Your surprise over, you will possibly think me rash. My friends, who know of this, think me fortunate, on reflection. They see that I shall now first live; that I shall work as I have never yet done; and that, to speak materially, marriage will not increase the expenses of a man hitherto very careless. My hope stands like a fixed lamp in my brain. I know that I can work in an altogether different fashion, and that with a wife and such a wife by my side, I shall taste some of the holiness of this mortal world and be new-risen in it. Already the spur is acting, and health comes, energy comes. I feel that I can do things well, and not haphazard, as heretofore. . . . I can hardly make less than eight hundred, reckoning modestly. And I shall now hold the purse-strings warily.

I shall not speak to Arthur till he is with me. She is very fond of him, and will be his friend. He will find a home where I have found one.

I cannot play at life. I loved her when we were in Norwich. "Cathedralizing" would not otherwise have been my occupation. I believe that I do her good. I know that she feels it. Me she fills with such deep and reverent emotion that I can hardly think it the action of a human creature merely. I seem to trace a fable thus far developed by blessed angels in the skies. She has been reserved for me, my friend. It was seen that I could love a woman, and one has been given to me to love. Her love for me is certain. I hold her strongly in my hand. Write—I thirst to hear words from you. Address to Piccadilly. And if Mrs. Jessopp can feel that she can congratulate my beloved and thank her for loving me—Ah! will she let her know this?—her address is

Miss Marie Vulliamy,
Mickleham,
near Dorking,
Surrey.

Also, tell Mrs. Jessopp that "Emilia" is running very fast in Italy, and that we may hope to see the damsel of the fiery South (no longer tripped and dogged by Philosopher or analyst) by late Autumn. I have an arrangement to do a serial for "Once a Week," and a series of Wayside pieces for the "Cornhill," Sandys illustrating, is on the tapis. These will ultimately form a volume special and I hope popular. Adieu to you both! Will two be welcome some day? She has ventured to say that she hopes so.—Your loving,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Captain Maxse.]

June 6, 1864.

Esher is the address, and your letter to Mickleham astonished us all. I read it and handed it to my beloved, who said—"How heartily he writes! he must be one of your true friends." Pray, write to her at once, if you have the kindly impulse. It will please her, for I have talked much of you and my feeling for you: of your happiness with your beloved, which she would rival. And she wishes to feel that my friends are to be hers. The letter will be a charming surprise to her. An assurance also that I am cared for, here and there, and by worthy men. Your wife is sure to love her. If God gives her to me, I may certainly say that our wives will be as much heart in heart as we are. We shall see one another more. Ah! when you speak of Ploverfield for us during the first sweet days of our union, you touch me deeply and breathe fair auspices. I shall accept, if it can be arranged. I could not choose another place while that door stood open. My friend, I have written of love and never felt it till now.—I have much to pass through in raking up my history with the first woman that held me. But I would pass through fire for my darling, and all that I have to endure seems little for the immense gain I hope to get. When her hand rests in mine, the world seems to hold its breath, and the sun is moveless. I take hold of Eternity. I love her.—She is intensely emotional, but without expression for it, save in music. I call her my dumb poet. But when she is at the piano, she is not dumb. She has a divine touch on the notes.—Yes, she is very fond of the boy. Not at all in a gushing way, but fond of him as a good little fellow, whom she trusts to make her friend. As to her family: the old man is a good and just old man, who displays the qualities by which he made what fortune he has. There are three sons, four daughters. The sons are all in business

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in France—wool manufacturers, or something. They and the girls were strictly brought up at home at Nonancourt in Normandy. Marie was seventeen when seven years ago they came to England. They have been about five years in Mickleham Vale. On Saturday next, Kitty, the third—the one preceding my beloved—is to be married at the little church: Marie being first bridesmaid, and I shall see her. The eldest sister is married to a French officer, who has an estate in Dauphiné, and is a good working soldier—"a rough diamond," says Marie. The eldest unmarried sister, Betty, is a person of remarkable accomplishments and very clear intellect, vivacious and actively religious: therefore tolerant, charitable, and of a most pure heart. Kitty, the present bride, takes her Christianity with more emotion: she teaches the children of the parish, while Betty every Sunday evening has a congregation of the men and women in a barn. Do you smile? Much good has been done by these two women. I saw last Sunday a man rescued by Betty from inveterate drunkenness, and happy. They—indeed all of them, are thoroughly loved by the poor throughout the district, and respected by all but the party clergyman, who declares that their behavior (Betty chief culprit) has been a scandal, and that he will countenance none of them—neither marry them, bury them, nor in any way bless them. I heard him preach last Sunday morning, and Oh! alas for Orthodoxy! Marie, however (she has strong common sense, as have all real emotional natures), takes her own view, and says she thinks Betty wrong in taking the clergyman's work out of his hands. "But if he doesn't do it?" "Yes, but his curate is anxious to try, and Betty has such influence, and speaks so closely to the hearts of the poor, that they will listen to no one else."—The controversy is at that point. Marie does not go to the barn: but, to please her sister, is willing, now that Kitty goes, to do her best among the children, until she likewise is led away.—To Ploverfield? I sound the echoes of the future. Oh! is it to be? There could not be a fairer, sweeter companion, or one who would more perfectly wed with me. She tries to make me understand her faults. I spell at them like a small boy with his fingers upon words of one syllable. Of course some faults exist. But she has a growing mind and a developing nature. Love is doing wonders with her.—I could write on for hours, but I have letters and work calling loudly stop. We shall live, I fancy, about my present distance from London. But where to find a cottage of the kind I require, is the problem. What you say of income is sensible, and has not been unthought of by me. If I did not feel courage in my heart and a strong light in my brain, I should not dare to advance in this path; but in those vital points I have full promise. I shall now write in a different manner. We will speak further on the subject when we meet. Let me know what day you think I may select to present you. The week after this will exactly do. And the Monday or Tuesday of it would be the best days, if possible; or add, the Wednesday. Try to give her the whole day, so that you may hear her play in the evening, and see her in all her lights and shades, and know the family—the best specimen of the middle-class that I have ever seen—pure gentlewomen, to call one of whom wife and the rest sisters is a great honor and blessing. God bless you, dear fellow. This letter and all the tenderness of my heart is for Mrs. Maxse as well as for yourself. My kindest wishes for Boy.—I am ever your loving

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To the Rev. Augustus Jessopp.]

Sept. 20, 1864.

MY DEAR JESSOPP: As to the Poems: I don't think the age prosaic for not buying them. A man who hopes to be popular, must think from the mass, and as the heart of the mass. If he follows out vagaries of his own brain, he cannot hope for general esteem; and he does smaller work. "Modern Love" as a dissection of the sentimental passion of these days, could only be apprehended by the few who would read it many times. I have not looked for it to succeed. Why did I write it?—Who can account for pressure? . . .

Between realism and idealism there is no natural conflict. This completes that. Realism is the basis of good composition: it implies study, observation, artistic power, and (in those who can do more)

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humility. Little writers should be realistic. They would then at least do solid work. They afflict the world because they will attempt that it is given to none but noble workmen to achieve. A great genius must necessarily employ ideal means, for a vast conception cannot be placed bodily before the eye, and remains to be suggested. Idealism is as an atmosphere whose effects of grandeur are wrought out through a series of illusions, that are illusions to the sense within us only when divorced from the groundwork of the real. Need there be exclusion, the one of the other? The artist is incomplete who does this. Men to whom I bow my head (Shakespeare, Goethe; and in their way, Molière, Cervantes) are Realists au fond. But they have the broad arms of Idealism at command. They give us Earth; but it is earth with an atmosphere. One may find as much amusement in a Kaleidoscope as in a merely idealistic writer: and, just as sound prose is of more worth than pretentious poetry, I hold the man who gives a plain wall of fact higher in esteem than one who is constantly shuffling the clouds and dealing with airy, delicate sentimentalities, headless and tailless imaginings, despising our good, plain strength.

Does not all science (the mammoth balloon, to wit) tell us that when we forsake earth, we reach up to a frosty, inimical Inane? For my part I love and cling to earth, as the one piece of God's handiwork which we possess. I admit that we can refashion; but of earth must be the material.—Yours faithful,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To the Rev. Augustus Jessopp.]

GARRICK CLUB, *Autumn* 1864 (?).

MY DEAR JESSOPP: . . . Have you heard that the Countess Guiccioli has two continuation cantos of Don Juan, and means to publish them? Likewise more of Byron!—He's abused, so I take to him; and I'm a little sick of Tennysonian green Tea. I don't think Byron wholesome—exactly, but a drop or so—Eh? And he doesn't give limp, lackadaisical fishermen, and pander to the depraved sentimentalism of our drawing-rooms. I tell you that "Enoch Arden" is ill done, and that in twenty years' time it will be denounced as villanous weak, in spite of the fine (but too conscious) verse, and the rich insertions of Tropical scenery. Now, then!—are we face to face, foot to foot?—Forgues is translating "Emilia" (somewhat condensed) very well in the "Revue des deux Mondes." . . .

[To Captain Maxse.]

KINGSTON, 1865.

MY DEAR FRED: I must tell you that I am becoming an admirer of President Johnson. And have you seen the Book called Sherman's great March? If you get it, examine the heads of his Generals. They are of a peculiarly fine cast and show the qualities of energy and skill, and also race. They are by no means vulgar. Place our best men (headed by the Duke of Cam) alongside them, and start. The contrast will not be flattering to us.—Hawthorne has just the pen to fascinate you. His deliberate analysis, his undramatic representations, the sentience rather than the drawings which he gives you of his characters, and the luscious, morbid tone, are all effective. But I think his delineations untrue: their power lies in the intensity of his egotistical perceptions, and are not the perfect view of men and women.—Goethe's Elective Affinities—the Wahlverwandschaften—would delight you, as they have nourished Hawthorne.

[To Algernon Charles Swinburne.]

KINGSTON LODGE,
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

MY DEAR SWINBURNE: "Vittoria," as I am told by Chapman and others, is not liked; so you may guess what pleasure your letter has given me. For I have the feeling that if I get your praise, I hit the mark. It seems that I am never to touch the public's purse. Why will you content yourself with only writing generously? Why will you not come and see me? My wife has constantly asked me how it is that you do not come. Must I make confession to her that I have offended you? It is difficult for me to arrange for spare evenings in town; I can't leave her here alone. If we meet, I must quit you only too early. I wonder whether Sandys would invite us to dine with him; when we might have one of our evenings together, and

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come to an understanding about future evenings at Kingston. I will speak to him on that head.—I am very eager for the poems. The promise of the essay on Byron makes me extremely curious, for though I don't mistrust your estimation of the manliness of his verse, he is the last man of whom I would venture to foretell your opinion.—As to the Poems—if they are not yet in the press, do be careful of getting your reputation firmly grounded: for I have heard "low mutterings" already from the Lion of British prudery; and I, who love your verse, would play savagely with a knife among the proofs for the sake of your fame; and because I want to see you take the first place, as you may if you will.—Apropos, what do you think of Buchanan's poetry? Lewes sends him up I don't know how high. My feeling is that he is always on the strain for pathos and would be a poetic Dickens. But I can't judge him fairly, I have not read his book. Adieu. Remind Moxon of the Byron, and write to me again.—I am ever your faithful

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Captain Maxse.]

BOX HILL, *Dec.* 27, 1869.

MY DEAR FRED: I return Ruskin's letter, a characteristic one. I am chiefly glad that you should be in correspondence with a man who will appreciate and stimulate you; glad too that you seem to see where he falls short, or, rather, aims blindly. It is the spirituality of Carlyle that charms him. What he says of Tennyson I too thought in my boy's days, that is, before I began to think. Tennyson has many spiritual indications, but no philosophy, and philosophy is the palace of thought. Mill is essentially a critic: it is his heart, not his mind, which sends him feeling ahead. But he really does not touch the soul and springs of the Universe as Carlyle does. Only, when the latter attempts practical dealings he is irritable as a woman, impetuous as a tyrant. He seeks the short road to his ends; and the short road is, we know, a bloody one. He is not wise; Mill is; but Carlyle has most light when he burns calmly. Much of Ruskin's Political Economy will, I suspect, be stamped as good by posterity. He brings humanity into it. This therefore is not the Political Economy of our day.—I have turned Wendell Phillips like a drenching fireman's hose on a parson, and made him sputter and gutter and go to his wife to trim his wick. The Oration is very noble. Adieu. Write some day next year.—Your loving

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Captain Maxse.]

MICKLEHAM, 1869.

MY DEAR FRED: . . . Will is in the garden on a rocking-horse, new gift from his Aunt. His seat is as Cardigan's entering Balaclava guns.—Of course you've read Kinglake, very deliberate, very conscientious. He has done all the work of the History of the Crim. War except to write it. His writing is so fine—so fine (in both senses) that to say it is penmanship seems best to express it.—One sees the whole Balaclava business, as he saw it (and you) from the heights, through Kinglake's slowly-moving, dioramic opera-glass, with the fifty degree magnifying power of patient imagination, full study and testimony, superadded. It deserves praise and thanks. Contemporaneous history should thus be written: but it is not an artistic piece of history. How glorious Scarlett at the head of his 300 Greys and Inniskillens! Yet one can't help feeling that Kinglake makes them go astonishingly like the horsemen in a peepshow. Scarlett enters:—pause; now Shegogg:—pause; Aide de camp:—pause: now the Greys, presently the Inniskillens:—So on. Very good, very bad. Adieu.—Your loving

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Captain Maxse.]

MICKLEHAM, *Jan.* 2, 1870.

MY DEAR FRED: It's difficult to speak mildly of a man who calls John Mill blockhead, and dares to assume Carlyle's mantle of Infallibility on the plea that it is his "master's." Still I agree with much that he says of Carlyle. I hold that he is the nearest to being an inspired writer of any man in our times; he does proclaim inviolable law: he speaks from the deep springs of life. All this. But when he descends to our common pavement, when he would apply his eminent spiritual wis-

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dom to the course of legislation, he is no more sagacious nor useful nor temperate than a flash of lightning in a grocer's shop. "I purify the atmosphere," says this agent "You knock me down, spoil my goods and frighten my family," says the grocer.—Philosophy, while rendering his dues to a man like Carlyle and acknowledging itself inferior in activity, despises his hideous blustering impatience in the presence of progressive facts.

Read the "French Revolution" and you listen to a seer: the recent pamphlets, and he is a drunken country squire of superordinary ability.

Carlyle preaches work for all to all. Good. But his method of applying his sermon to his "nigger" is intolerable.—Spiritual light he has to illuminate a nation. Of practical little or none, and he beats his own brains out with emphasis.

As to what R. says of John Mill I have not the Pol. Ec. handy. I am inclined to think the present generation of P. Economists wrong—that they don't see that the obligations of Wealth pertain to its sources, and that R. has some vague truth for a backbone to his preposterous priestly attitude and inebriate conceit as against adversaries.

The Parsonry are irritating me fearfully, but a non-celibate clergy are a terrific power. They are interwound with the whole of the Middle class like the poisonous ivy. Oh! for independence, that I might write my mind of these sappers of our strength.—Your loving

GEORGE M.

(To be continued.)

TO LITTLE RENÉE

ON FIRST SEEING HER LYING IN HER CRADLE

By William Aspenwall Bradley

WHO is she here that now I see,
This dainty new divinity,
Love's sister, Venus' child? She shows
Her hues, white lily and pink rose,
And in her laughing eyes the snares
That hearts entangle unawares.
Ah, woe to men if Love should yield
His arrows to this girl to wield
Even in play, for she would give
Sore wounds that none might take and live.
Yet no such wanton strain is hers,
Nor Leda's child and Jupiter's
Is she, though swans no softer are
Than whom she fairer is by far.
For she was born beside the rill
That gushes from Parnassus' hill,
And by the bright Pierian spring
She shall receive an offering
From every youth who pipes a strain
Beside his flocks upon the plain.

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But I, the first, this very day,
Will tune for her my humble lay,
Invoking this new Muse to render
My oaten reed more sweet and tender,
Within its vibrant hollows wake
Such dulcet voices for her sake
As, curvèd hand at straining ear,
I long have stood and sought to hear
Borne with the warm midsummer breeze
With scent of hay and hum of bees
Faintly from far-off Sicily. . . .

Ah, well I know that not for us
Are Virgil and Theocritus,
And that the golden age is past
Whereof they sang, and thou, the last,
Sweet Spenser, of their god-like line,
Soar far too swift for verse of mine
One strain to compass of your song.
Yet there are poets that prolong
Of your rare voice the ravishment
In silver cadences; content
Were I if I could but rehearse
One stave of Wither's starry verse,
Weave such wrought richness as recalls
Britannia's lovely Pastorals,
Or in some garden-spot suspire
One breath of Marvell's magic fire
When in the green and leafy shade
He sees dissolving all that's made.
Ah, little Muse, still far too high
On weak clipped wings my wishes fly.
Transform them then and make them doves,
Soft-moaning birds that Venus loves,
That they may circle ever low
Above the abode where you shall grow
Into your gracious womanhood.
And you shall feed the gentle brood
From out your hand—content they'll be
Only to coo their songs to thee.

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DICKENS'S CHILDREN

TWO DRAWINGS

BY

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

LITTLE EM'LY

"David Copperfield"—Chapter III

The light, bold, fluttering little figure turned and came back safe to me, and I soon laughed at my fears, and at the cry I had uttered; fruitlessly in any case, for there was no one near.

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THE RUNAWAY COUPLE

"Christmas Stories"
The Holly-Tree—Second Branch

"So Boots goes up-stairs to the Angel, and there he finds Master Harry on a e-normous sofa,—immense at any time, but looking like the great Bed of Ware, compared with him,—a drying the eyes of Miss Norah with his pocket-hankecher. Their little legs was entirely off the ground, of course, and it really is not possible for Boots to express to me how small them children looked!"

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Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan.

"She flung herself across his knees and put her arms around him."—Page 171.

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THE EFFECTUAL FERVENT PRAYER

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL JULIEN MEYLAN.

I

"O DANNY! oho-o-o! five o'clock!"

The clear young voice of Esther North floated across the snowy fields to the hill where the children of Glendour were coasting. Her brother Daniel, plodding up the trampled path beside the glairy track with half a dozen other boys, dragging the bob-sled on which his little sister Ruth was seated, heard the call with vague sentiments of dislike and rebellion. His twelve years rose up in arms against being ordered by a girl, even if she was sixteen and had begun to put up her hair and lengthen her skirts. She was a nice girl, to be sure—the prettiest in Glendour. But she might have had more sense than to call out that way before all the crowd. He had a good mind to pretend not to hear her.

But his comrades were not so minded. They had no idea of letting him evade the situation. They wanted him to stay, but he must do it like a man.

"Listen at your nurse already!" said one of the older lads mockingly; "she's a-callin' you. Run along home, boy!"

"Aw, no!" pleaded a youngster, not yet master of the art of irony. "Don't you mind her, Dan! The coast is just gettin' like glass, and you're the onliest one to steer the bob. You stay!"

"Please, Danny," said Ruth, keeping her seat as the sled stopped at the top of the hill, "only once more down! I ain't a bit tired."

"Dannee-ee-ee! O *Danny!*" came the sweet vibrant call again. "Five o'clock—come on—remember!"

Daniel remembered. The rules of the Rev. Nathaniel North's house were like the law of the Medes and Persians. Daniel had never met a Mede or a Persian, but in his mind he pictured them as persons with reddish-gray hair and beards and smooth-shaven upper lips, wearing white neckcloths and long black broadcloth coats, and requiring absolute punctuality at meal-time, church-time, school-time, and family prayers. Esther's voice recalled him from the romance of the coasting-hill to the reality of life. He considered the consequences of being late for Saturday evening worship and made up his mind that they were too much for him.

"Come on, Ruthie," he cried, picking up the cord of her small girl's sled, which she had forsaken for the greater glory and excitement of riding behind her brother on the bob. The child put her hand in his, and they ran together over the creaking snow to the place where their older sister was waiting, her slender figure in blue jacket and skirt outlined against the white field, and her golden hair shining like an aureole around her rosy face in the intense bloom of the winter sunset.

The three young Norths were the flower of Glendour: a Scotch village in western Pennsylvania, where the spirits of John Knox and Robert Burns lived face to face, separated by a great gulf. On one side of the street, near the river, was the tavern, where the lights burned late, and the music went to the tune of "Wandering Willie" and "John Barleycorn." On the other side of the street, toward the hills, was the Presbyterian church, where the sermons were an hour long, and the favorite lyric was

"A charge to keep I have."

The Rev. Nathaniel North's "charge to keep" was the spiritual welfare of the elect, and especially of his own motherless children. To guide them in the narrow way, unspotted from the world, to train them up in the faith once delivered to the saints and in the customs which that faith had devel-

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oped among the Scotch Covenanters, was the great desire of his heart. For that desire he would gladly have suffered martyrdom; and into the fulfilling of his task he threw a strenuous tenderness, a strong, unfaltering, sincere affection that bound his children to him by a love which lay far deeper than all their outward symptoms of restiveness under his strict rule.

This is a thing that seldom gets into stories. People of the world do not understand it. They are strangers to the intensity of religious passion, and to the swift instinct by which the heart of a child surrenders to absolute sincerity.

This was what the North children felt in their father—a devotion that was grave, stern, almost fierce in its single-hearted attachment to them. He was theirs altogether. He would not let them dance or play cards. The theatre and even the circus was tabooed to them. Novel-reading was discouraged and no books were admitted to the house which had not passed under his censorship. All this seemed strange to them; they could not comprehend it; at times they talked together about the hardship of it—the two older ones—and made little plots to relax or circumvent the paternal rule. But in their hearts they accepted it, because they knew their father loved them better than any one else in the world, and they trusted him because they felt that he was a true man and a good man.

You see they were not "children in fiction"; they were real children—and beautiful, high-spirited children too. Esther was easily the fairest of the village maidens, and the head of her class in the high-school; Daniel, a leader in games among the boys of his age; even eight-year-old Ruth with her fly-away red hair and her wide brown eyes had her devoted admirers among the younger lads. It was evident to the Rev. Nathaniel North that his children were destined to have the perilous gift of popularity, and with all his natural pride in them he was tormented with anxiety on their account. How to protect them from temptation, how to shield them from the vain allurements of wealth and folly and fashion, how to surround them with an atmosphere altogether serious and devout and pure, how to keep them out of reach of the evil that is in the world—that was the tremendous problem upon which his mind and his heart labored day and night.

Of course he admitted, or rather he positively affirmed, according to orthodox doctrine, that there was original sin in them. Under every human exterior, however fair, he postulated a heart "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." This he regarded as a well-known axiom of theology, and it had no bearing at all upon the fact of experience that none of his children had ever lied to him and that he would have been amazed out of measure if one of them should ever do a mean or a cruel thing.

But he believed, all the same, that the mass of depravity must be there, in the nature which they inherited through him from Adam, like a heap of tinder waiting for the fire. It was his duty to keep the fire from touching them, to guard them from the flame, even the spark, of worldliness. He gave thanks for his poverty which was like a wall about them. He prayed every night that no descendant of his might ever be rich. He was grateful for the seclusion and plainness of the village of Glendour in which vice certainly did not glitter.

"Separate from the world," he said to himself often, "that is a great mercy. No doubt there is evil here, as everywhere; but it is not gilded, it is not attractive. For my children's sake I am glad to live in obscurity, to keep them separate from the world."

But they were not conscious of any oppressive sense of separation as they walked homeward, through the saffron after-glow deepening into crimson and violet. The world looked near to them, and very great and beautiful, tingling with life even through its winter dress. The keen air, the crisp snow beneath their feet, the quivering stars that seemed to hang among the branches of the leafless trees, all gave them joy. They were healthily tired and heartily hungry; a good supper was just ahead of them, and beyond that a long life full of wonderful possibilities; and they were very glad to be alive. The two older children walked side by side pulling the sled with Ruth, who was willing to confess that she was "just a little mite tired" now that the fun was over.

"Esther," said the boy, "what do you suppose makes father so quiet and solemn lately—more than usual? Has anything happened, or is it just thinking?"

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"Well," said the girl, who had a touch of the gentle tease in her, "perhaps it is just the left-over sadness from finding out that you'd been smoking!"

"Huh," murmured Dan, "you drop that, Essie! That was two weeks ago—besides, he didn't find out; I told him; and I took my medicine, too—never flinched. That's all over. More likely he remembers the fuss you made about not being let to go with the Slocums to see the theatre in Pittsburgh. You cried, baby! I didn't."

The boy rubbed the back of his hand reminiscently against the leg of his trousers, and Esther was sorry she had reminded him of a painful subject.

"Anyway," she said, "you had the best of it. I'd rather have gone, and told him about it, and taken a whipping afterward."

"What stuff! You know dad wouldn't whip a girl—not to save her life. Besides, when a thing's done, and 'fessed, and paid for, it's all over with dad. He's perfectly fair, I must say that. He doesn't nag like girls do."

"Now *you* drop *that*, Danny, and I'll tell you what I think is the matter with father. But you must promise not to speak to him about it."

"All right, I promise. What is it?"

"I guess—now mind, you mustn't tell—but I'm almost sure it is something about our Uncle Abel. A letter came last month, postmarked Colorado; and last week there was another letter in the same handwriting from Harrisburg. Father has been reading them over and over, and looking sadder each time. I guess perhaps Uncle Abel is in trouble, or else——"

"You mean father's rich brother that lives out West? Billy Slocum told me about him once—says he's a king-pin out there, owns a mine a mile deep and full of gold and diamonds, keeps lots of fast horses, wins races all over the country. He must be great. You mean him? Why doesn't father ever speak of him?"

The girl nodded her head and lowered her voice, glancing back to see that Ruth was not listening.

"You see," she continued, "father and Uncle Abel had a break—not a quarrel, but a kind of a divide—when they were young men. Lucy Slocum heard all about it from her grandmother, and told me. They were in a college scrape together, and father took his punishment, and after that he was converted, and you know how good he is. But his brother got mad, and he ran away from college, out West, and I reckon he has been—well, pretty bad. They say he gambled and drank and did all sorts of things. He said the world owed him a fortune and a good time. Now he's got piles of money, and a great big place he calls Due North, with herds of cattle and ponies and a house full of pictures and things. I guess he's quieted down some, but he isn't married, and they say he isn't at all religious. He's what they call a free-thinker, and he just travels around with his horses and spends money. I suppose that is why father does not speak of him. You know he thinks that's all wrong, very wicked, and he wants to keep us separate from it all."

The boy listened to this long, breathless confidence in silence, kicking the lumps of snow in the road as he trudged along.

"Well," he said, "it seems kind of awful to have two brothers divided like that, don't it, Essie? But I suppose father's right, he most always is. Only I wish they'd make it up, and Uncle Abel would come here with some of those horses, and perhaps I could go West with him some time to make a start in life."

"Yes," added the girl, "and wouldn't it be fine to hear him tell about his adventures. And then perhaps he'd take an interest in us, and make things easier for father, and if he liked my singing he might give the money to send me to the Conservatory of Music. That would be great!"

"Yes," piped up the voice of Ruth from the sled, "and I wish he'd take us all out to Due North with him to see the ponies and the big house. That would be just lovely!"

Esther looked at Dan and smiled. Then she turned around.

"You little pitcher," she laughed, "what do you have such long ears for? But you must keep your mouth shut, anyway. Remember, I don't want you to speak to father about Uncle Abel."

"I didn't promise," said Ruth, shaking her head, "and I want him to come—it'll be better'n Santa Claus."

By this time the children had arrived at the little red brick parsonage, with its white wooden porch, on the side street a few doors back of the church. They stamped the snow off their feet, put the sled under the

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porch, hung their coats and hats in the entry, and went into the parlor on the stroke of half-past five.

Over the mantel hung an engraving of "The Death-Bed of John Knox," which they never looked at if they could help it; on the opposite wall a copy of Reynolds' "Infant Samuel," which they adored. The pendent lamp, with a view of Jerusalem on the shade and glass danglers around the edge, shed a strong light on the marble-topped centre-table and the red plush furniture and the pale green paper with gilt roses on it.

On Saturday evening family worship came before supper. The cook and the maid-of-all-work were in their places on the smallest chairs, beside the door. On the sofa, where the children always sat, their Bibles were laid out. The father was in the big arm-chair by the centre-table with the book on his knees, already open.

The passage chosen was the last chapter of the Epistle of James. The deep, even voice of Nathaniel North sounded through that terrible denunciation of unholy riches with a gravity of conviction far more impressive than the anger of the modern muck-raker. The hearts of the children, remembering their conversation, were disturbed and vaguely troubled. Then came the gentler words about patience and pity and truthfulness and the healing of the sick. At the end each member of the household was to read a sentence in turn and try to explain its meaning in a few words. The portion that fell to little Ruth was this:

"*The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.*"

She stumbled over the two longer words, but she gave her comment clearly enough in her childish voice.

"That means if we obey Him, God will do anything we ask, I suppose."

The father nodded. "Right, my child. If we keep the commandments our prayers are sure of an answer. But remember that the people in the first part of the chapter have no such promise."

There was an unusual fervor in the prayer which closed the worship that night. Nathaniel North seemed to be putting his arms around the family to shield them from some unseen danger. The children, whose thoughts had wandered a little while he was remembering the Jews and the heathen and the missionaries in the customary phrases, felt their hearts dimly moved when he asked that the house might be kept from the power of darkness and the ravening wolves of sin, kept in unbroken purity and peace, holy and undefiled. The potent sincerity of his love came upon them. They believed with his faith; they consented with his will.

At the supper-table there was pleasant talk about books and school work and games and the plan to make a skating-pond in one of the lower fields that could be flooded after the snow had fallen. Nathaniel North, with all his strictness, was very near to his children; he wished to increase and to share their rightful happiness; he wanted them to be separate from the world but not from him. It was when they were talking of the coming school exhibition that Ruth dropped her little surprise into the conversation.

"Father," she said, "will Uncle Abel be here then? Oh, I wish he would come. I want to see him ever so much!"

He looked at her with astonishment for a moment. Esther and Daniel exchanged glances of dismay. They did not know what was coming. A serious rebuke from their father was not an easy thing to face. But when he spoke there was no rebuke in his voice.

"Children," he said, "it is strange that one of you should speak to me of my brother Abel when I have never spoken of him to you. But it is only natural, after all, and I should have foreseen it and been more frank with you. Have other people told you of him?"

"Oh, yes," they cried, with sparkling looks, but the father's face grew darker as he noticed their eagerness.

"Let me explain to you about him," he continued gravely. "He was my older brother—a year older—and as boys we were very fond of each other. But one day we had to part because our paths went in opposite directions. He chose the broad and easy way, and I was led into the straight and narrow path. How can two walk together except they be agreed? For ten years I tried to win him back, but without success. At last he told me that he wished me never to address him on the subject of religion again for he would rather lose both his hands and his feet than believe

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as I did. He went on with his reckless life, prospering in this world, as I hear, but I have never seen him since that time."

"But wouldn't you like to see him?" said Esther, dropping her eyes. "He must be quite a wonderful man. Doesn't he write to you?"

Her father's lip twitched, but he still spoke sadly and gravely.

"I see you have guessed the answer already. Yes, a letter came from him some time ago, proposing a visit, which I discouraged. Another came this week, saying that he was on his way, driving his own horses across the country, and though he had received no reply from me, he hoped to get here late Saturday—that is, to-night—or Sunday morning. Of course we must welcome my own brother—if he comes."

"Why, he may get here any minute," cried Daniel eagerly; "he's sure to change his wagon for a sleigh in Pittsburgh, and he won't have to drive 'way round by the long bridge, he can cross the river on the ice. I wonder if he's driving that famous long-distance team that Slocum told me about. Oh, that'll be simply great."

"I must go upstairs right away," exclaimed Esther, with brightening face, "to see that the guest-room is ready for him when he comes."

"I'll go to help," cried Ruth, clapping her hands. "What fun to have a real uncle here. I guess he'll bring a present for each of us."

"Wait, my children," said the father, lifting his hand, "before you go I have something more to say to you. Your uncle is a man of the world, and you know the world is evil; we have been called to come out of it. He does not think as we do, nor believe as we do, nor live as we do, according to the Word. For one thing, he cares nothing for the sanctity of the Sabbath. Unless he has changed very much, he is not temperate nor reverent. I fear the effect of his example in Glendour. I fear his influence upon you, my children. It is my duty to warn you, to put you on your guard. It will be a hard trial. But we must receive him—if he comes."

"If he comes?" cried Esther, evidently alarmed; "there's no doubt of that, is there, since he has written?"

"My dear, when you know your uncle you will understand that there is always a doubt. He is very irregular and uncertain in all his ways. He may change his mind or be turned aside. No one can tell. But go to your tasks now, my children, and to bed early. I have some work to do in my study. God keep you all!"

Each of them kissed him good-night, and he watched them out of the room with a look of tender sternness in his lined and rugged face, anxious, troubled, and ready to give his life to safeguard them from the invisible arrows of sin. Then he went into his long, narrow book-room, but not to work.

Up and down the worn and dingy carpet, between the walls lined with dull gray and brown and black books, he paced with heavy feet. The weight of a dreadful responsibility pressed upon him, the anguish of a spiritual conflict tore his heart. His old affection for his brother seemed to revive and leap up within him, like a flame from smothered embers when the logs are broken open. The memory of their young comradeship and joys together grew bright and warm. He longed to see Abel's face once more.

Then came other memories, dark and cold, crowding in upon him with evil faces to chill and choke his love. The storm of rebellion that led to the parting, the wild and reckless life in the far country, the gambling, the drinking, the fighting, the things that he knew and the things that he guessed—and then, the ways of Abel when he returned, at times, in the earlier years, with his pockets full of money to spend it in the worst company and with a high-handed indifference to all restraint, yet always with a personal charm of generosity and good-will that drew people to him and gave him a strange power over them—and then, Abel's final refusal to listen any more to the pleadings of the true faith, his good-humored obstinacy in unbelief, his definite choice of the world as his portion, and after that the long silence and the growing rumors of his wealth, his extravagance, his devotion, if not to the lust of the flesh, at least to the lust of the eyes and the pride of life—all these thoughts and pictures rushed upon Nathaniel North and overwhelmed him with painful terror and foreboding. They seemed to loom above him and his children like black clouds charged with hidden disaster. They shook his sick heart with an agony of trembling hatred.

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He did not hate his brother—no, never that—and there was the poignant pain of it. The bond of affection rooted in his very flesh held firm and taut, stretched to the point of anguish, and vibrating in shrill notes of sorrow as the hammer of conviction struck it. He could not cast his brother out of his inmost heart, blot his name from the book of remembrance, cease to hope that the infinite mercy might some day lay hold upon him before it was too late.

But the things for which that brother stood in the world—the ungodliness, the vainglory, the material glitter and the spiritual darkness—these things the minister was bound to hate; and the more he hated the more he feared and trembled. The intensity of this fear seemed for the time to blot out all other feelings. The coming of such a man, with all his attractions, with the glamour of his success, with the odors and enchantments of the world about him, was an incalculable peril.

The pastor agonized for his flock, the father for his little ones. It seemed as if he saw a tiger with glittering eyes creeping near and crouching for a spring. It seemed as if a serpent, with bright colors coiled and fatal head poised, were waiting in the midst of the children for one of them to put out a hand to touch it.

Which would it be? Perhaps all of them would be fascinated. They were so eager, so innocent, so full of life. How could he guard them in a peril so subtle and so terrible? He had done all that he could for them, but perhaps it was not enough. He felt his weakness, his helpless impotence. They would slip away from him and be lost—perhaps forever. Already his sick heart saw them charmed, bewildered, poisoned, perishing in ways where his imagination shuddered to follow them.

The torture of his love and terror crushed him. He sank to his knees beside the ink-stained wooden table on the threadbare carpet and buried his face in his arms. All of his soul was compressed into a single agony of prayer.

He prayed that this bitter trial might not come upon him, that this great peril might not approach his children. He prayed that the visitation which he dreaded might be averted by almighty power. He prayed that God would prevent his brother from coming, and keep the home in unbroken purity and peace, holy and undefiled.

From this strange wrestling in spirit he rose benumbed, yet calmed, as one who feels that he has made his last effort and can do no more. He opened the door of his study and listened. There was no sound. The children had all gone to bed. He turned back to the old table to work until midnight on his sermon for the morrow. The text was: "*As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.*"

II

BUT that sermon was not to be delivered. Mr. North woke very early, before it was light, and could not find sleep again. In the gray of the morning, when the little day was creeping among the houses of Glendour, he heard steps in the street and then a whisper of voices at his gate. He threw his wrapper around him and went down quietly to open the door.

A group of men were there, with trouble in their faces. They told him of an accident on the river. A sleigh crossing the ice during the night had lost the track. The horses had broken into an air-hole and dragged the sleigh with them. The man had been carried under the ice with the current. His body came out a little while ago in the big spring-hole by the point. They had pulled it ashore. They did not know for sure who it was—a stranger—but they thought—perhaps——

The minister listened silently, shivering once or twice, and passing his hand over his brow as if to brush away something. When their voices paused and ceased, he said slowly, "Thank you for coming to me. I must go with you, and then I can tell." As he went upstairs softly and put on his clothes, he repeated these words to himself two or three times mechanically—"yes, then I can tell." But as he went with the men he said nothing, walking like one in a dream.

On the bank of the river, amid the broken ice and trampled yellow snow, the men had put a few planks together and laid the body of the stranger upon them turning up the broad collar of his fur coat to hide his face. One of the men now turned the collar down, and Nathaniel North looked into the wide-open eyes of the dead.

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A horrible tremor shook him from head to foot. He lifted his hands, as if he must cry aloud in anguish. Then suddenly his face and figure seemed to congeal and stiffen with some awful inward coldness—the frost of the last circle of the Inferno—it spread upon him till he stood like a soul imprisoned in ice.

"Yes," he said, "this is my brother Abel. Will you carry him to my house? We must bury him."

During the confusion and distress of the following days that frozen rigidity never broke nor melted. Mr. North gave no directions for the funeral, took no part in it, but stood beside the grave in dreadful immobility. He did not mourn. He did not lament. He listened to his friends' consolation as if it were spoken in an unknown tongue. Nothing helped him, nothing hurt, because nothing touched him.

He did no work, opened no book, spoke no word if he could avoid it. He moved about his house like a stranger, a captive, shrinking from his children so that they grew afraid to come close to him. They were bewildered and harrowed with pity. They did not know what to do. It seemed as if it were their father and not their uncle who had died.

Every attempt to penetrate the ice of his anguish failed. He gave no sign of why or how he suffered. Most of the time he spent alone in his book-room, sitting with his hands in his lap, staring at the unspeakable thought that paralyzed him, the thought that was entangled with the very roots of his creed and that glared at him with monstrous and malignant face above the very altar of his religion—the thought of his last prayer—the effectual prayer, the fervent prayer, the damnable prayer that branded his soul with the mark of Cain, his brother's murderer.

The physician grew alarmed. He feared the minister would lose his reason in a helpless melancholia. The children were heartbroken. All their efforts to comfort and distract their father fell down hopeless from the mask of ice behind which they saw him like a dead spirit in prison. Daniel and Ruth were ready to give up in despair. But Esther still clung desperately to the hope that she could do something to rescue him.

One night, when the others had gone to bed, she crept down to the sombre study. Her father did not turn his head as she entered. She crossed the room and knelt down by the ink-stained table, laying her hands on his knee. He put them gently away and motioned her to rise.

"Do not do that," he said in a dull voice.

She stood before him, wringing her hands, the tears streaming down her face, but her voice was sweet and steady.

"Father," she said, "you must tell me what it is that is killing you. Don't you know it is killing us too? Is it right for you to do that? I know it is something more than uncle's death that hurts you. It is sad to lose a brother, but there is something deeper in your heart. Tell me what it is. I have the right to know. I ask you for mother's sake."

He lifted his head and looked at her. His eyelids quivered. His secret dragged downward in his breast like an iron hand clutching his throat-strings. His voice was stifled. But no matter what it cost him, to her, the first child of his love, his darling, he must speak at last.

"You have the right to know, Esther," he said, with a painful effort. "I will tell you what is in my soul. I killed my brother Abel. The night of his death, I knelt at that table and prayed that he might be prevented from coming to this house. My only thought, my only wish was that he must be kept away. That was all I asked for. God killed him because I asked it. His blood is on my soul."

He leaned back in his chair exhausted, and shut his eyes.

The girl stood dazed for a moment, struck dumb by the grotesque horror of what she had heard. Then the light of Heaven-sent faith flashed through her and the courage of human love warmed her. She sprang to her father, sobbing and trembling with the joy of the thought that had come to her. She flung herself across his knees and put her arms around him.

"Father, did you teach us that God is our Father, our real Father?"

The man did not answer, but the girl went bravely on:

"Father, if I asked you to kill Ruth, would you do it?"

The man stirred a little, but he did not open his eyes nor answer, and the girl went bravely on:

"Father, is it fair to God to believe that

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He would do something that you would be ashamed of? Isn't He better than you are?"

The man opened his eyes. The fire of his old faith kindled in them. He answered firmly:

"He is infinite, absolute, and unchangeable. His Word is sure. We dare not question Him. There is the promise—the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

The girl did not look up. She clung to him more closely, she buried her face on his breast, but she went bravely on:

"Yes, father dear, but if what you asked in your prayer was wrong, were you a righteous man? Could your prayer have any power?"

It was her last stroke—she trembled as she made it. There was a dead silence in the room. She heard the clock ticking on the mantel, the wind whistling in the chimney. Then her father's breast was shaken, his head fell upon her shoulder, his tears rained upon her neck.

"Thank God," he cried, "I was a sinner—it was not a prayer—God be merciful to me a sinner!"

THE MOTHER

By John Hall Wheelock

THERE was a trampling of horses from Calvary,
Where the armed Romans rode from the mountain-side;
Yet riding they dreamed of the soul that could rise free
Out of the bruised breast and the arms nailed wide.

There was a trampling of horses from Calvary
And the long spears glittered into the night;
Yet riding they dreamed of the will that dared to be,
When the head fell and the heavens were rent with light.

The eyes that closed over sleep like folded wings
And the sad mouth that kissed death with the cry,
"Father, forgive them,"—silently these things
They remembered, riding down from Calvary.

And Joseph when the sick body was lowered slowly
Folded it in a white cloth without seam,
The indomitable brow inflexible and holy,
And the sad breast that held the immortal dream,

And the feet that could not walk, and the pierced hand,
And the arms that held the whole world in their embrace;
But Mary beside the cross-tree could not understand,
Looking upon the tired, human face.

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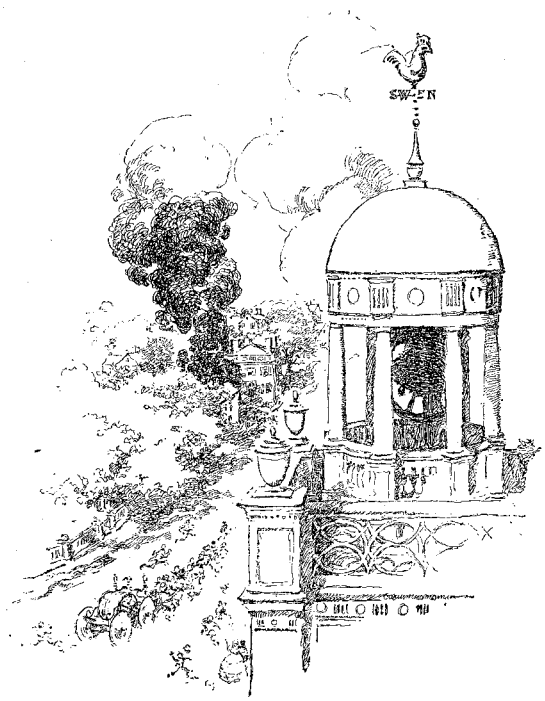
THE OLD NIAGARA

a ballad by
ARTHUR GUITERMAN
with drawings by
JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS



'Twas noon. A dreamy August heat
Pervaded all the village street;
The horses dozed upon their feet,
The people dozed as well;
A drowsy note the locust sang;
When, clear and slow with vibrant clang,
From out the lime-washed belfry rang
The booming fire-bell:

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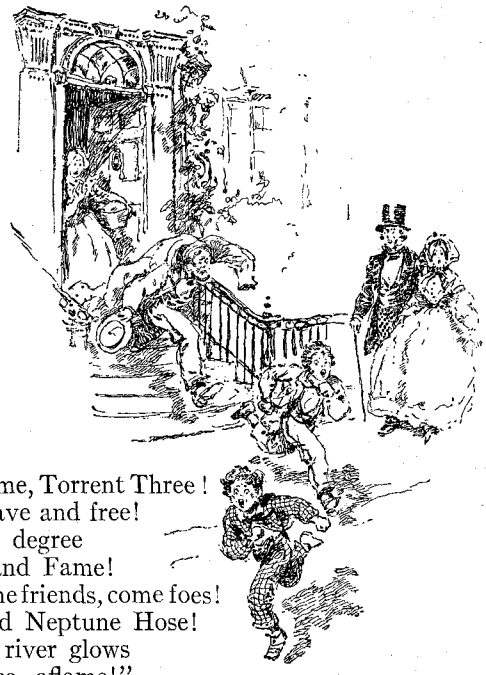
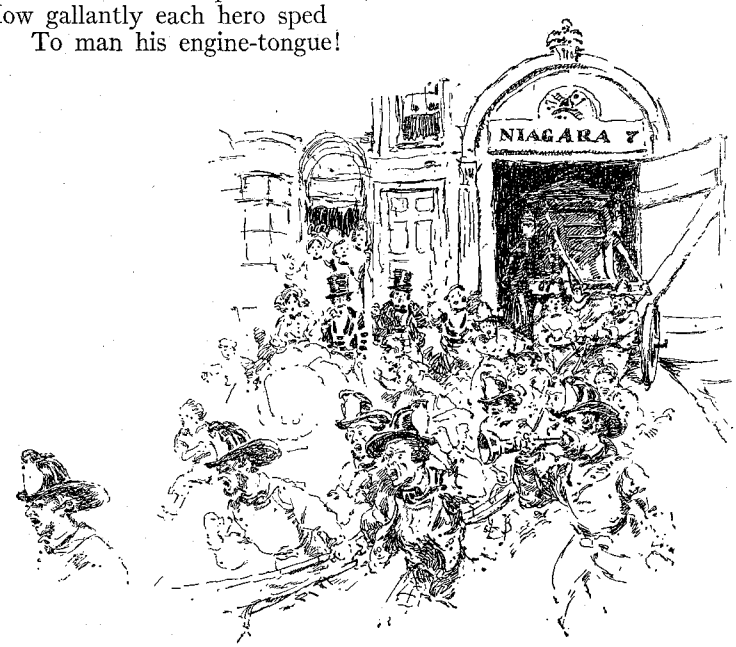


"Come, Deluge One! Come, Torrent Three!
Come, Old Niagara, brave and free!
Come, fire-lads of each degree
Where Duty calls, and Fame!
Come one, come all! Come friends, come foes!
Come, Water Witch and Neptune Hose!
Oh, come! Across the river glows
Judge Bascom's Place, aflame!"

Now, "Fi-urr! fi-urr!" urchins cried;
The village clamored; horses shied;
The clerkly pen was cast aside;
The hammer down was flung.
How swiftly donned were shirts of red!
His leathern helm upon his head,
How gallantly each hero sped
To man his engine-tongue!



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Then, swept along by shouting bands,
On every rope a score of hands,
The foremen blaring wild commands
With sundry oaths, belike,
Black Deluge with her seasoned crew,
Green Water Witch, all painted new,
And Old Niagara, tried and true,
Came roaring down the Pike.

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Brave Old Niagara! our boast,
And ever first when needed most!
We bumped her through the panting host
With lusty heave and tug.
Red Torrent's race was quickly done;
We "jumped" the Neptunes on the run,
And, barely passing Deluge One,
Achieved the water-plug!

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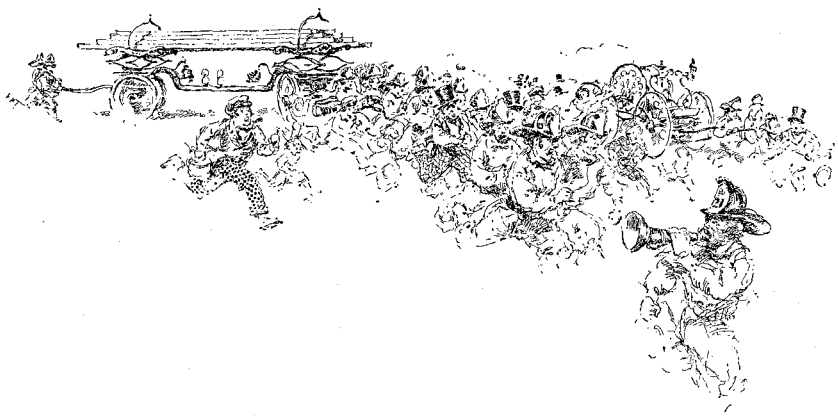
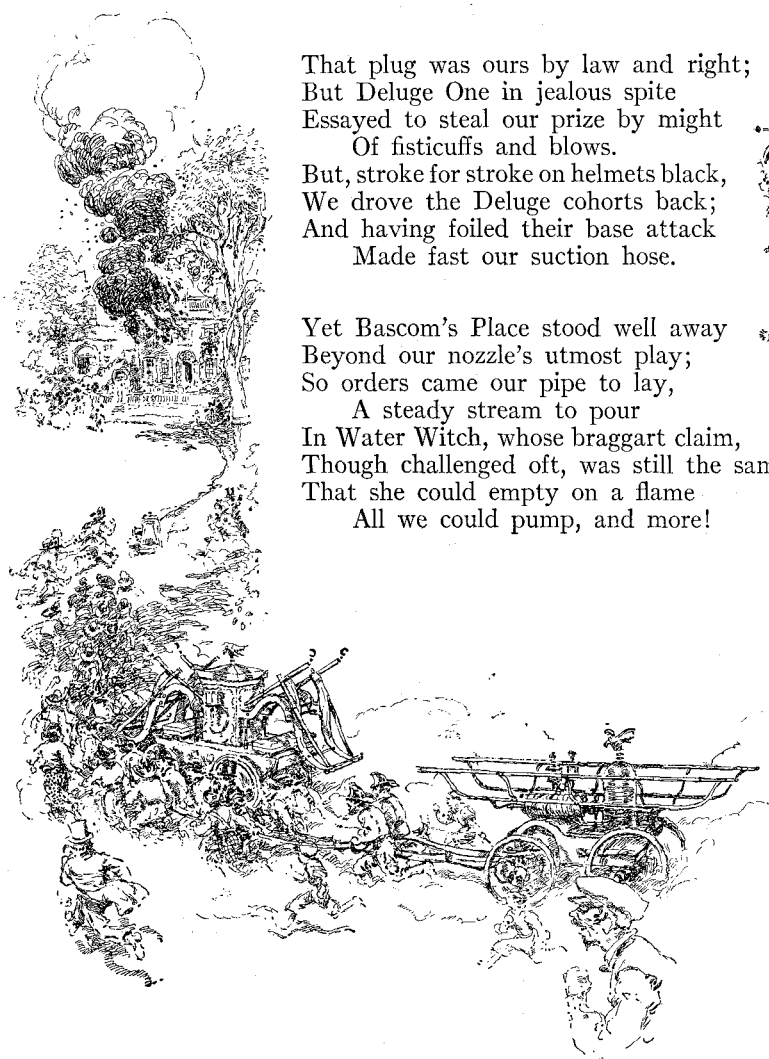


That plug was ours by law and right;
But Deluge One in jealous spite
Essayed to steal our prize by might
Of fisticuffs and blows.
But, stroke for stroke on helmets black,
We drove the Deluge cohorts back;
And having foiled their base attack
Made fast our suction hose.

Yet Bascom's Place stood well away
Beyond our nozzle's utmost play;
So orders came our pipe to lay,
A steady stream to pour
In Water Witch, whose braggart claim,
Though challenged oft, was still the same—
That she could empty on a flame
All we could pump, and more!



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Though twelve stout men on either side
Her pumping-brakes, unwearied, plied,
Our hose-pipe gushed a whelming tide!
In vain, at fever-pitch
Our rivals pumped! Unworthy foes,
In vain they tried to cut our hose!
Above their brim the bubbles rose—
We'd "washed" the Water Witch!

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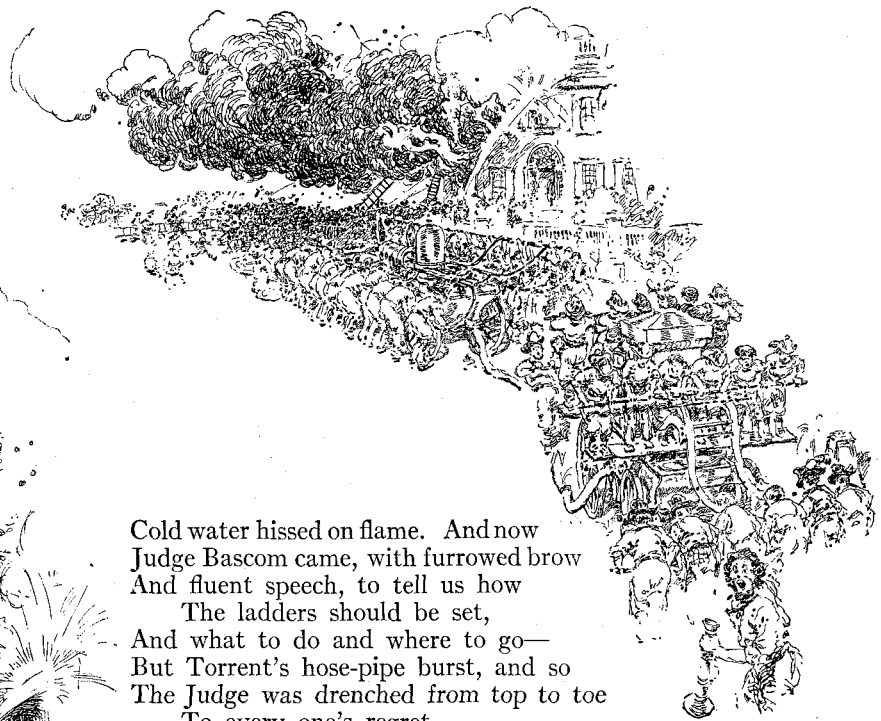

Cold water hissed on flame. And now
Judge Bascom came, with furrowed brow
And fluent speech, to tell us how
The ladders should be set,
And what to do and where to go—
But Torrent's hose-pipe burst, and so
The Judge was drenched from top to toe
To every one's regret.

"Up, ladders!" Brawny axemen broke
The panes and plunged through flame and smoke
To save, perchance, a chair, a cloak,
A hat or gingham gown.
Some hurled from windows chinaware
And costly glass and pictures rare;
While other-some, with tender care,
A mattress lowered down.

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Alas! a surging, crackling wave
Engulfed the home we could not save!
Yet noble deeds that day, and brave,
Were writ on History's page;
And distant Melton heard the roar
Of cheers when Perkins burst a door
And down the charring stairway bore
A parrot in a cage!

The *Banner* said: "A sooty pall
Of ashes covers Bascom Hall!
The Place was burned in spite of all
Our fire-lads endured.
The honors of the dreadful day
The Old Niagara bore away.
Judge Bascom, we rejoice to say,
Is heavily insured."

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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

XIV

LITTLE Mavis did not reach the hills. At sunrise a few miles down the road, the two met Steve Hawn on a borrowed horse, his pistol buckled around him and his face pale and sleepless.

"Whar you two goin'?" he asked roughly.

"Home," was Jason's short answer, and he felt Mavis's arm about his waist begin to tremble.

"Git off, Mavis, an' git up hyeh behind me. Yo' home's with me."

Jason valiantly reached for his gun, but Mavis caught his hand and, holding it, slipped to the ground.

"Don't, Jasie—I'll come, pap, I'll come." Whereat Steve laughed and Jason, raging, saw her ride away behind her stepfather, clutching him about the waist with one arm and with the other bent over her eyes to shield her tears.

A few miles further, Jason came on the smoking, charred remains of a toll-gate, and he paused a moment wondering if Steve might not have had a hand in that, and rode on toward the hills. Two hours later the school-master's horse shied from those black ruins, and John Burnham kept on toward school with a troubled face. To him the ruins meant the first touch of the writhing tentacles of the modern trust and the blue-grass Kentuckian's characteristic way of throwing them off, for turnpikes of white limestone, like the one he travelled, thread the blue-grass country like strands of a spider's web. The spinning of them started away back in the beginning of the last century. That far back the strand he followed pierced the heart of the region from its chief town to the Ohio and was graded for steam-wagons that were expected to roll out from the land of dreams. Every few miles on each of these roads sat a little house, its porch touching the very edge of the turnpike, and there a long pole, heavily weighted at one end and pulled down and tied fast to the porch, blocked the way. Every traveller, except he was on foot, every drover of cattle, sheep, hogs, or mules, must pay his toll before the pole was lifted and he could go on his way. And Burnham could remember the big fat man, who once a month, in a broad, low buggy, drawn by two swift black horses, would travel hither and thither, stopping at each little house to gather in the deposits of small coins. As time went on, this man and a few friends began to gather in as well certain bits of scattered paper that put the turnpike webs like reins into a few pairs of hands, with the natural, inevitable result: fewer men had personal need of good roads, the man who parted with his bit of paper lost his power of protest, and while the traveller paid the same toll, the path that he travelled got steadily worse. A mild effort to arouse a sentiment for county control was made, and this failing, the Kentuckian had straightway gone for firebrand and gun. The dormant spirit of Ku-Klux awakened, the night-rider was born again, and one by one the toll-gates were going up in flame and settling back in ashes to the mother earth. The school-master smiled when he thought of the result of one investigation in the county by law. A sturdy farmer was haled before the grand jury.

"Do you know the perpetrators of the unlawful burning of the toll-gate on the Cave Hill Pike?" asked the august body. The farmer ran his fearless eyes down the twelve of his peers and slowly walked the length of them, pointing his finger at this juror and that.

"Yes, I do," he said quietly, "and so do you—and you and *you*. Your son was in it—and yours—and mine; and you were in it yourself. Now, what are you going to do about it?" And unrebuked and unrestrained, he turned and walked out of the room, leaving the august body,

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startled, grimly smiling and reduced to a helpless pulp of inactivity.

That morning Mavis was late to school, and the school-master and Gray and Marjorie all saw that she had been weeping. Only Marjorie suspected the cause, but at little recess John Burnham went to her to ask where Jason was, and Gray was behind him with the same question on his lips. And when Mavis burst into tears, Marjorie answered for her and sat down beside her and put her arms around the mountain girl. After school she even took Mavis home behind her and Gray rode along with them on his pony. Steve Hawn was sitting on his little porch smoking when they rode up, and he came down and hospitably asked them to "light and hitch their beastes," and the black-haired stepmother called from the doorway for them to "come in an' rest a spell," and Gray and Marjorie concealed with some difficulty their amusement at such queer phrases of welcome, their wonder at the democratic ease of the two and their utter unconsciousness of any social difference between the lords and ladies of the blue-grass and poor people from the mountains, for the other tobacco tenants were not like these. And there was no surprise on the part of the man, the woman, or the little girl when a sudden warm impulse to relieve loneliness led Marjorie to ask Mavis to go to her own home and stay all night with her.

"Course," said the woman.

"Go right along, Mavis," said the man, and Marjorie turned to Gray.

"You can carry her things," she said, and she turned to Mavis and met puzzled, unabashed eyes.

"Whut things?" asked little Mavis, whereat Marjorie blushed, looked quickly to Gray, whose face was courteously unsmiling, and started her pony abruptly.

It was a wonderful night for the mountaineer girl in the big-pillared house on the hill. When they got home, Marjorie drove her in a little pony cart over the big farm, while Gray trotted alongside—through pastures filled with cattle so fat they could hardly walk, past big barns bursting with hay and tobacco and stables full of slender, beautiful horses. Even the pigs had little red houses of refuge from the weather and flocks of sheep dotted the hill-side like unmelted patches of snow. The mountain girl's eyes grew big with wonder when she entered the great hall with its lofty ceiling, its winding stairway, and its polished floor, so slippery that she came near falling down, and they stayed big when she saw the rows of books, the pictures on the walls, the padded couches and chairs, the noiseless carpets, the polished andirons that gleamed like gold before the blazing fires, and when she glimpsed through an open door, the long dining-table with its glistening glass and silver. When she mounted that winding stairway and entered Marjorie's room she was stricken dumb by its pink curtains, pink wall paper, and gleaming brass bedstead with pink coverlid and pink pillow-facings. And she nearly gasped when Marjorie led her on into another room of blue.

"This is your room," she said smiling, "right next to mine. I'll be back in a minute."

Mavis stood a moment in the middle of the room when she was alone, hardly daring to sit down. A coal fire crackled behind a wire screen—coal from her mountains. A door opened into a queer little room, glistening white, and she peeped, wondering, within.

"There's the bath-room," Marjorie had said. She had not known what was meant, and she did not now, looking at the long white tub and the white tiling floor and walls until she saw the multitudinous towels, and she marvelled at the new mystery. She went back and walked to the window and looked out on the endless rolling winter fields over which she had driven that afternoon—all, Gray had told her, to be Marjorie's some day, just as all across the turnpike, Marjorie had told her, was some day to be Gray's. She thought of herself and of Jason, and her tears started, not for herself, but for him. Then she heard Marjorie coming in and she brushed her eyes swiftly.

"Whar can I git some water to wash?" she asked.

Marjorie laughed delightedly and led her back to that wonderful little white room, turned a gleaming silver star, and the water spurted joyously into the bowl.

"Well, I do declare!"

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Soon they went down to supper, and Mavis put out a shy hand to Marjorie's mother, a kind-eyed, smiling woman in black. And Gray, too, was there, watching the little mountain girl and smiling encouragement whenever he met her eyes. And Mavis passed muster well, for the mountaineer's sensitiveness makes him wary of his manners when he is among strange people and he will go hungry rather than be guilty unknowingly of a possible breach. Marjorie's mother was much interested and pleased with Mavis, and she made up her mind at once to discuss with her daughter how they could best help along the little stranger. After supper Marjorie played on the piano, and she and Gray sang duets, but the music was foreign to Mavis, and she did not like it very much. When the two went upstairs, there was a dainty long garment spread on Mavis's bed, which Mavis fingered carefully with much interest and much curiosity until she recalled suddenly what Marjorie had said about Gray carrying her "things." This was one of these things, and Mavis put it on wondering what the other things might be. Then she saw that a silver-backed comb and brush had appeared on the bureau along with a tiny pair of scissors and a little ivory stick, the use of which she could not make out at all. But she asked no questions, and when Marjorie came in with a new tooth-brush and a little tin box and put them in the bath-room, Mavis still showed no surprise, but ran her eyes down the night-gown with its dainty ribbons.

"Ain't it purty?" she said, and her voice and her eyes spoke all her thanks with such sincerity and pathos that Marjorie was touched. Then they sat down in front of the fire—a pair of slim brown feet that had been bruised by many a stone and pierced by many a thorn stretched out to a warm blaze side by side with a pair of white slim ones that had been tenderly guarded against both since the first day they had touched the earth, and a golden head that had never been without the caress of a tender hand and a tousled dark one that had been bared to sun and wind and storm—close together for a long time. Unconsciously Marjorie had Mavis tell her much about Jason, just as Mavis without knowing it had Marjorie tell her much about Gray. Mavis got the first good-night kiss of her life that night, and she went to bed thinking of the blue-grass boy's watchful eyes, little courtesies, and his sympathetic smile, just as Gray, riding home, was thinking of the dark, shy, little mountain girl with a warm glow of protection about his heart, and Marjorie fell asleep dreaming of the mountain boy who, under her promise, had gone back homeless to his hills. In them perhaps it was the call of the woods and wilds that had led their pioneer forefathers long, long ago into woods and wilds, or perhaps, after all, it was only the little blind god shooting arrows at them in the dark.

At least with little Jason one arrow had gone home. At the forks of the road beyond the county-seat he turned not toward his grandfather's, but up the spur and over the mountain. And St. Hilda, sitting on her porch, saw him coming again. His face looked beaten but determined, and he strode toward her as straight and sturdy as ever.

"I've come back to stay with ye," he said.

Again she started to make denial, but he shook his head. "'Tain't no use—I'm a-goin' to stay this time," he said, and he walked up the steps, pulling two or three dirty bills from his pocket with one hand and unbuckling his pistol belt with the other.

"Me an' my nag'll work fer ye an' I'll wear gal's stockin's an' a poke-bonnet an' do a gal's work, if you'll jus' l'arn me whut I want to know."

XV

THE funeral of old Hiram Sudduth, Marjorie's grandfather on her mother's side, was over. The old man had been laid to rest, by the side of his father and his pioneer grandfather, in the cedar-filled burying-ground on the broad farm that had belonged in turn to the three in an adjoining county that was the last stronghold of conservatism in the blue-grass world, and John Burnham, the schoolmaster, who had spent the night with an old friend after the funeral, was driving home. Not that there had not been many changes in that stronghold, too, but they

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were fewer than elsewhere and unmodern, and whatever profit was possible through these changes was reaped by men of the land like old Hiram and not by strangers. For the war there, as elsewhere, had done its deadly work. With the negro quarters empty, the elders were too old to change their ways, the young would not accept the new and hard conditions, and as mortgages slowly ate up farm after farm, quiet, thrifty, hard-working old Hiram would gradually take them in, depleting the old Stonewall neighborhood of its families one by one, and sending them West, never to come back. The old man, John Burnham knew, had bitterly opposed the marriage of his daughter with a "spendthrift Pendleton," and he wondered if now the old man's will would show that he had carried that opposition to the grave. It was more than likely, for Marjorie's father had gone his careless, generous, magnificent way in spite of the curb that the inherited thrift and inherited passion for land in his Sudduth wife had put upon him. Old Hiram knew, moreover, the parental purpose where Gray and Marjorie were concerned, and it was not likely that he would thwart one generation and tempt the succeeding one to go on in its reckless way. Right now Burnham knew that trouble was imminent for Gray's father, and he began to wonder what for him and his kind the end would be, for no change that came or was coming to his beloved land ever escaped his watchful eye. From the crest of the Cumberland to the yellow flood of the Ohio he knew that land, and he loved every acre of it, whether blue-grass, bear-grass, peavine, or pennyroyal, and he knew its history from Daniel Boone to the little Boones who still trapped skunk, mink, and muskrat and shot squirrels in the hills with the same old rifle, and he loved its people—his people—whether they wore silk and slippers, homespun and brogans, patent leathers and broadcloth, or cowhide boots and jeans. And now serious troubles were threatening them. A new man with a new political method had entered the arena and had boldly offered an election bill which, if passed and enforced, would create a State-wide revolution, for it would rob the people of local self-government and centralize power in the hands of a triumvirate that would be the creature of his government and, under the control of no court or jury, the supreme master of the State and absolute master of the people. And Burnham knew that in such a crisis ties of blood, kinship, friendship, religion, business would count no more in the blue-grass than they did during the Civil War, and that now, as then, father and son, brother and brother, neighbor and neighbor would each think and act for himself, though the house divided against itself should fall to rise no more. Nor was that all. In the farmer's fight against the staggering crop of mortgages that had slowly sprung up from the long-ago sowing of the dragon's teeth, Burnham saw with a heavy heart the telling signs of the land's slow descent from the strength of hemp to the weakness of tobacco—the ravage of the woodlands, the incoming of the tenant from the river-valley counties, the scars on the beautiful face of the land, the scars on the body social of the region—and now he knew another deadlier crisis, both social and economic, must some day come.

In the toll-gate war, long over, the law had been merely a little too awkward and slow. County sentiment had been a little lazy, but it had got active in a hurry, and several gentlemen, among them Gray's father, had ridden into town and deposited bits of gilt-scrolled paper to be appraised and taken over by the county, and the whole problem had been quickly solved, but the school-master, looking back, could not help wondering what lawless seeds the firebrand had then sowed in the hearts of the people and what weeds might not spring from those seeds even now; for the trust element of the toll-gate troubles had been accidental, unintentional, even unconscious, unrecognized, and now the real spirit of a real trust from the outside world was making itself felt. Courteous emissaries were smilingly fixing their own price on the Kentuckian's own tobacco and assuring him that he not only could not get a higher price elsewhere, but that if he declined he would be offered less next time, which he would have to accept or he could not sell at all. And the incredulous, fierily independent Kentuckian found his crop mysteriously shadowed on its way to the big town markets, marked with an invisible "noli me tangere" ex-

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cept at the price that he was offered at home. And so he had to sell it in a rage at just that price, and he went home puzzled and fighting-mad. If, then, the blue-grass people had handled with the firebrand corporate aggrandizement of toll-gate owners who were neighbors and friends, how would they treat meddlesome interference from strangers? Already one courteous emissary in one county had fled the people's wrath on a swift thoroughbred, and Burnham smiled sadly to himself and shook his head.

Rounding a hill, a few minutes later, the school-master saw far ahead the ancestral home of the Pendletons, where the stern old head of the house, but lately passed in his ninetieth year, had wielded patriarchal power. The old general had entered the Mexican war a lieutenant and come out a colonel, and from the Civil War he had emerged a major-general. He had two sons—twins—and for the twin brothers he had built twin houses on either side of the turnpike and had given each five hundred acres of land. And these houses had literally grown from the soil, for the soil had given every stick of timber in them and every brick and stone. The twin brothers had married sisters, and thus as the results of those unions Gray's father and Marjorie's father were double cousins, and like twin brothers had been reared, and the school-master marvelled afresh when he thought of the cleavage made in that one family by the terrible Civil War. For the old general carried but one of his twin sons into the Confederacy with him—the other went with the Union—and his grandsons, the double cousins, who were just entering college, went not only against each other, but each against his own father, and there was the extraordinary fact of three generations serving in the same war, cousin against cousin, brother against brother, and father against son. The twin brothers each gave up his life for his cause, the cousins in time took their places in the heart of the old general, and in the twin houses on the hills. Gray's father married an aristocrat, who survived the birth of Gray only a few years, and Marjorie's father died of an old wound but a year or two after she was born. And so the balked affection of the old man dropped down through three generations to centre on Marjorie, and his passionate family pride to concentrate on Gray.

Now the old Roman was gone, and John Burnham looked with sad eyes at the last stronghold of him and his kind—the rambling old house stuccoed with aged brown and covered with ancient vines, knotted and gnarled like an old man's hand; the walls three feet thick and built as for a fort, as was doubtless the intent in pioneer days; the big yard of unmown blue-grass and filled with cedars and forest trees; the numerous servants' quarters, the spacious hen-house, the stables with gables and long sloping roofs and the arched gateway to them for the thoroughbreds, under which no hybrid mule or lowly work-horse was ever allowed to pass; the spring-house with its dripping green walls, the long-silent blacksmith-shop; the still windmill, and over all the atmosphere of careless, magnificent luxury and slow decay; the stucco peeled off in great patches, the stable roofs sagging, the windmill wheelless, the fences following the line of a drunken man's walk, the trees storm-torn, and the mournful cedars harping with every passing wind a requiem for the glory that was gone. As he looked, the memory of the old man's funeral came to Burnham—the white old face in the coffin—haughty, noble, proud, and the spirit of it unconquered even by death; the long procession of carriages, the slow way to the cemetery, the stops on that way, the creaking of wheels and harness, and the awe of it all to the boy, Gray, who rode with him. Then the hospitable doors of the princely old house were closed and the princely life that had made merry for so long within its walls came sharply to an end, and it stood now, desolate, gloomy, haunted, the last link between the life that was gone and the life that was now breaking just ahead. A mile on, the twin-pillared houses of brick jutted from a long swelling knoll on each side of the road. In each the same spirit had lived and was yet alive.

In Gray's home it had gone on unchecked toward the same tragedy, but in Marjorie's the thrifty, quiet force of her mother's hand had been in power, and in the little girl the same force was plain. Her father was a Pendleton of the Pendletons, too, but the same gentle force had,

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without curb or check-rein so guided him that while he lived, he led proudly with never a suspicion that he was being led. And since the death of Gray's mother and Marjorie's father each that was left had been faithful to the partner gone, and in spite of prediction and gossip, the common neighborhood prophecy had remained unfilled.

A mile farther onward, the face of the land on each side changed suddenly and sharply and became park-like. Not a ploughed acre was visible, no tree-top was shattered, no broken boughs hung down. The worm fence disappeared and neat white lines flashed divisions of pastures, it seemed, for miles. A great amphitheatrical red barn sat on every little hill or a great red rectangular tobacco barn. A huge dairy was building of brick. Paddocks and stables were everywhere, macadamized roads ran from the main highway through the fields, and on the highest hill visible stood a great villa—a colossal architectural stranger in the land—and Burnham was driving by a row of neat red cottages, strangers, too, in the land. In the old Stonewall neighborhood that Burnham had left, the gradual depopulation around old Hiram left him almost as alone as his pioneer grandfather had been, and the home of the small farmers about him had been filled by the tobacco tenant. From the big villa emanated a similar force with a similar tendency, but old Hiram, compared with old Morton Sanders, was as a slow fire to a lightning-bolt. Sanders was from the East, had unlimited wealth, and loved race horses. Purchasing a farm for them, the Saxon virus in his Kentucky blood for land had gotten hold of him and he, too, had started depopulating the country; only where old Hiram bought rods, he bought acres; and where Hiram bagged the small farmer for game, Sanders gunned for the aristocrat as well. It was for Sanders that Colonel Pendleton had gone to the mountains long ago to gobble coal lands. It was to him that the roof over little Jason's head and the earth under his feet had been sold, and the school-master smiled a little bitterly when he turned at last into a gate and drove toward a stately old home in the midst of ancient cedars, for he was thinking of the little mountaineer and of the letter St. Hilda had sent him years ago.

"Jason has come back," she wrote, "'to learn some way o' gittin' his land back.'"

For the school-master's reflections during his long drive had not been wholly impersonal. With his own family there had been the same change, the same passing, the workings of the same force in the same remorseless way, and to him, too, the same doom had come. The home to which he was driving had been his, but it was Morton Sanders's now. His brother lived there as manager of Sanders's flocks, herds, and acres, and in the house of his fathers the school-master now paid his own brother for his board.

XVI

THE boy was curled up on the rear seat of the smoking-car. His face was upturned to the glare of light above him, the train bumped, jerked, and swayed; smoke and dust rolled in at the open window and cinders stung his face, but he slept as peacefully as though he were in one of the huge feather beds at his grandfather's house—slept until the conductor shook him by the shoulder, when he opened his eyes, grunted, and closed them again. The train stopped, a brakeman yanked him roughly to his feet, put a cheap suit-case into his hand, and pushed him, still dazed, into the chill morning air. The train rumbled on and left him blinking into a lantern held up to his face, but he did not look promising as a hotel guest, and the darkey porter turned abruptly and the boy yawned long and deeply, with his arms stretched above his head, dropped on the frosty bars of a baggage-truck and rose again shivering. Cocks were crowing, light was showing in the east, the sea of mist that he well knew was about him, but no mountains loomed above it, and St. Hilda's prize pupil, Jason Hawn, woke sharply at last with a tingling that went from head to foot. Once more he was in the land of the blue-grass, his journey was almost over, and in a few hours he would put his confident feet on a new level and march on upward. Gradually, as the lad paced the platform, the mist thinned and the outlines of things came out. A mys-

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terious dark bulk high in the air showed as a water-tank, roofs, new to mountain eyes jutted upward, trees softly emerged, a desolate dusty street opened before him, and the cocks crowed on lustily all around him and from farm-houses far away. The crowing made him hungry, and he went to the light of a little eating-house and asked the price of the things he saw on the counter there, but the price was too high. He shook his head and went out, but his pangs were so keen that he went back for a cup of coffee and a hard-boiled egg, and then he heard the coming thunder of his train. The sun was rising as he sped on through the breaking mist toward the blue-grass town that in pioneer days was known as the Athens of the West. In a few minutes the train slackened in midair and on a cloud of mist between jutting cliffs, it seemed, and the startled lad, looking far down through it, saw a winding yellow light, and he was rushing through autumn fields again before he realized that the yellow light was the Kentucky River surging down from the hills. Back up the stream surged his memories, making him faint with homesickness, for it was the last link that bound him to the mountains. But both home and hills were behind him now, and he shook himself sharply and lost himself again in the fields of grass and grain, the grazing stock and the fences, houses, and barns that reeled past his window. Steve Hawn met him at the station with a rattle-trap buggy and stared at him long and hard.

"I'd hardly knowed ye—you've growed like a weed."

"How's the folks?" asked Jason.

"Stirrin'."

Silently they rattled down the street, each side of which was lined with big wagons loaded with tobacco and covered with cotton cloth—there seemed to be hundreds of them.

"Hell's a-comin' about that terbaccer up here," said Steve.

"Hell's a-comin' in the mountains if that robber up here steals the next election," said Jason, and Steve looked up quickly and with some uneasiness. He himself had heard vaguely that somebody, somewhere, and in some way had robbed his own party of their rights and would go on robbing at the polls, but this new Jason seemed to know all about it, so Steve nodded wisely.

"Yes, my feller."

Through town they drove, and when they started out into the country they met more wagons of tobacco coming in.

"How's the folks in the mountains?"

"About the same as usual," said the boy. "Grandpap's poorly. The war's over just now—folks 'r' busy makin' money. Uncle Arch's still takin' up options. The railroad's comin' up the river"—the lad's face darkened—"an' land's sellin' fer three times as much as you sold me out fer."

Steve's face darkened too, but he was silent.

"Found out yit who killed yo' daddy?"

Jason's answer was short.

"If I had I wouldn't tell you."

"Must be purty good shot now?"

"I hain't shot a pistol off fer four year," said the lad again shortly, and Steve stared.

"Whut devilmint are you in up here now?" asked Jason calmly and with no apparent notice of the start Steve gave.

"Who's been a-tellin' you lies about me?" asked Steve with angry suspicion.

"I hain't heerd a word," said Jason coolly. "I bet you burned that toll-gate the morning I left here. Thar's devilmint goin' on everywhar, an' if there's any around you I know you can't keep out o' it."

Steve laughed with relief.

"You can't git away with devilmint here like you can in the mountains, an' I'm 'tendin' to my own business."

Jason made no comment and Steve went on:

"I've paid fer this hoss an' buggy an' I got things hung up at home an' a leetle money in the bank, an' yo' ma says she wouldn't go back to the mountains fer nothin'."

"How's Mavis?" asked Jason abruptly.

"Reckon you wouldn't know her. She's al'ays runnin' aroun' with that Pendleton boy an' gal, an' she's chuck full o' newfangled notions. She's the purtiest gal I ever seed, an'," he added slyly, "looks like that Pendleton boy's plum crazy 'bout her."

Jason made no answer and showed no sign of interest, much less jealousy, and

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yet though he was thinking of the Pendleton girl and wanted to ask some question about her, a little inconsistent rankling started deep within him at the news of Mavis's disloyalty to him. They were approaching the lane that led to Steve's house now, and beyond the big twin houses were visible.

"Yo' Uncle Arch's been here a good deal, an' he's tuk a powerful fancy to Mavis an' he's goin' to send her to the same college school in town whar you're goin'. Marjorie and Gray is a-goin' thar too, I reckon."

Jason's heart beat fast at these words. Gray had the start of him, but he would give the blue-grass boy a race now in school and without. As they turned into the lane, he could see the woods—could almost see the tree around which he had circled drunk, raging, and shooting his pistol, and his face burned with the memory. And over in the hollow he had met Marjorie on her pony, and he could see the tears in her eyes, hear her voice, and feel the clasp of her hand again. Though neither knew it, a new life had started for him there and then. He had kept his promise and he wondered if she would remember and be glad.

His mother was on the porch, waiting and watching for him, with one hand shading her eyes. She rushed for the gate, and when he stepped slowly from the buggy she gave a look of wondering surprise and pride, burst into tears, and for the first time in her life threw her arms around him and kissed him, to his great confusion and shame. In the doorway stood a tall, slender girl with a mass of black hair, and she, too, with shining eyes rushed toward him, stopping defiantly short within a few feet of him when she met his cool, clear gaze, and, without even speaking his name, held out her hand. Then with intuitive suspicion she flashed a look at Steve and knew that his tongue had been wagging. She flushed angrily, but with feminine swiftness caught her lost poise and lifting her head, smiled.

"I wouldn't 'a' known ye," she said.

"An' I wouldn't 'a' known you," said Jason.

The girl said no more, and the father looked at his daughter and the mother at her son, puzzled by the domestic tragedy so common in this land of ours, where the gates of opportunity swing wide for the passing on of the young. But of the two Steve Hawn was the more puzzled and uneasy, for Jason, like himself, was a product of the hills and had had less chance than even he to know the outside world.

The older mountaineer wore store clothes, but so did Jason. He had gone to meet the boy, self-assured and with the purpose of patronage and counsel, and he had met more assurance than his own and a calm air of superiority that was troubling to Steve's pride. The mother, always apologetic on account of the one great act of injustice she had done her son, felt awe as she looked, and as her pride grew she became abject and the boy accepted the attitude of each as his just due. But on Mavis the wave of his influence broke as on a rock. She was as much changed from the Mavis he had last seen as she was at that time from the little Mavis of the hills, and he felt her eyes searching him from head to foot just as she had done that long ago time when he saw her first in the hunting-field. He knew that now she was comparing him with even higher standards than she was then, and that now, as then, he was falling short, and he looked up suddenly and caught her eyes with a grim, confident little smile that made her shift her gaze confusedly. She moved nervously in her chair and her cheeks began to burn. And Steve talked on—volubly for him—while the mother threw in a timid homesick question to Jason now and then about something in the mountains, and Mavis kept still and looked at the boy no more. By and by the two women went to their work and Jason followed Steve about the little place to look at the cow and a few pigs and at the garden and up over the hill to the tobacco patch that Steve was tending on shares with Colonel Pendleton. After dinner Mavis disappeared, and the stepmother reckoned she had gone over to see Marjorie Pendleton—"she was al'ays a-goin' over thar"—and in the middle of the afternoon the boy wandered aimlessly forth into the blue-grass fields.

Spring green the fields were, and the woods, but scarcely touched by the blight of autumn, were gray as usual from the limestone turnpike, which, when he crossed

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it, was ankle-deep in dust. A cloud of yellow butterflies fluttered crazily before him in a sunlight that was hardly less golden, and when he climbed the fence a rabbit leaped beneath him and darted into a patch of iron-weeds. Instinctively he leaped after it, crashing through the purple crowns, and as suddenly stopped at the foolishness of pursuit when he had left his pistol in his suit-case, and with another sharp memory of the rabbit hunt he had encountered when he made his first appearance in that land. Half unconsciously then his thoughts turned him through the woods and through a pasture toward the twin homes of the Pendletons, and on the top of the next hill he could see them on their wooded eminences—could even see the stile where he had had his last vision of Marjorie, and he dropped in the thick grass, looking long and hard and wondering.

Around the corner of the yard fence a negro appeared leading a prancing iron-gray horse, the front doors opened, a tall girl in a black riding-habit came swiftly down the walk, and a moment later the iron-gray was bearing her at a swift gallop toward the turnpike gate. As she disappeared over a green summit, his heart stood quite still. Could that tall woman be the little girl who, with a tear, a tremor of the voice, and a touch of the hand, had swerved him from the beaten path of a century? Mavis had grown, he himself had grown—and, of course, Marjorie, too, had grown. He began to wonder whether she would recollect him, would know him when he met her face to face, would remember the promise she had asked and he had given, and if she would be pleased to know that he had kept it. In the passing years the boy had actually lost sight of her as flesh and blood, for she had become enshrined among his dreams by night and his dreams by day, among the visions his soul had seen when he had sat under the old circuit rider and heard pictured the glories of the blessed when mortals should mingle with the shining hosts on high; and above even St. Hilda, on the very pinnacle of his new-born and ever-growing ambitions, Marjorie sat enthroned and alone. Light was all he remembered of her—the light of her eyes and of her hair—yes, and that one touch of her hand. His heart turned to water at the thought of seeing her again and his legs were trembling when he rose to start back through the fields. Another rabbit sprang from its bed in a tuft of grass, but he scarcely paid any heed to it. When he crossed the creek a muskrat was leisurely swimming for its hole in the other bank, and he did not even pick up a stone to throw at it, but walked on dreaming through the woods. As he was about to emerge from them he heard voices ahead of him, high-pitched and angry, and with the caution of his race he slipped forward and stopped, listening. In a tobacco patch on the edge of the woods Steve Hawn had stopped work and was leaning on the fence. Seated on it was one of the small farmers of the neighborhood. They were not quarrelling, and the boy could hardly believe his ears.

"He'll have two of his judges to your one at every election booth in the State. He'll steal every precinct and he'll be settin' in the governor's chair as sure as you are standing here. I'm a Democrat, but I've been half a Republican ever since this free-silver foolishness came up, and I'm going to vote against him. Now, all you mountain people are Republicans, but you might as well all be Democrats. You haven't got a chance on earth. What are you goin' to do about it?"

Steve Hawn shook his head helplessly, but Jason saw his huge hand grip his tobacco knife and his own blood beat indignantly at his temples. The farmer threw one leg back over the fence.

"There'll be hell to pay when the day comes," he said, and he strode away while the mountaineer leaned motionless on the fence with his grip on the knife unrelaxed.

Noiselessly the boy made his way through the edge of the woods and out under the brow of a hill and went on his restless way up the bank of the creek toward Steve's home. When he turned toward the turnpike he found that he had passed the house a quarter of a mile, and he wheeled back down the creek, and where the mouth of the lane opened from the road he dropped in a spot of sunlight on the crest of a little cliff, his legs weary, but his brain still tirelessly at work. These people of the blue-grass were not only robbing him and his people of their lands, but

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of their political birthright as well. The fact that the farmer was on his side but helped make the boy know it was truth, and the resentments that were always burning, like a bed of coals, deep within him, sprang into flames again. The shadows lengthened swiftly about him and closed over him, and then the air grew chill. Abruptly he rose and stood rigid, for far up the lane, and coming over a little hill, he saw the figure of a man leading a black horse and by his side the figure of a woman—both visible for a moment before they disappeared behind the bushes that lined the lane. When they were visible again, Jason saw that they were a boy and a girl, and when they once more came into view at a bend of the lane and stopped he saw that the girl, with her face downcast, was Mavis. While they stood the boy suddenly put his arm around her, but she eluded him and fled to the fence, and with a laugh he climbed on his horse and came down the lane. In a burning rage Jason started to drop down the cliff and pull the intruder, whoever he was, from his horse, and then he saw Mavis, going swiftly through the fields, turn and wave her hand. That stopped him still—he could not punish where there was apparently no offence—so with sullen eyes he watched the mouth of the lane give up a tall lad on a black thoroughbred, his hat in his hand and his handsome face still laughing and still turned for another glimpse of the girl. Another hand-wave came from Mavis at the edge of the woods and glowering Jason stood in full view unseen and watched Gray Pendleton go thundering past him down the road.

Mavis had not gone to see Marjorie—she had sneaked away to meet Gray; his lips curled contemptuously—Mavis was a sneak and so was Gray Pendleton. Then a thought struck him—why was Mavis behaving like a brush-girl this way, and why didn't Gray go to see her in her own home, open and above board, like a man? The curl of the boy's lips settled into a straight, grim line, and once more he turned slowly down the stream that he might approach Steve's house from another direction. Half an hour later, when he climbed the turnpike fence, he heard the gallop of iron-shod feet and he saw bearing down on him an iron-gray horse. It was Marjorie. He knew her from afar; he gripped the rail beneath him and his heart seemed almost to stop. She was looking him full in the face now, and then, with a nod and a smile she would have given a beggar or a tramp, she swept him by.

(To be continued.)

A LAST FAVOR

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi

SPEAK lower—do not wake
This hurrying heart of mine
That ailed the livelong day,
And listening tense for thine,
Remembered scarce to beat!
Step ghostlier—do not stir
Forgotten miseries.
Come thou no nearer her.

Still, and appeased at last,
By every sign she sleeps—
Forsaken of desire.
Alas, the slumbering deeps
Will tremble 'neath thy voice—
Thy faintest whispering break
Her calm's frail barrier.
Ah, go! she shall not wake!

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THAT OLD-TIME PLACE

By John Galsworthy

"YES, suh—here we are at that old-time place!" And our dark driver drew up his little victoria gently.

Through the open doorway, into a dim cavern of ruined house, we passed. The mildew and dirt, the dark, denuded dankness of that old hostel, rotting down with damp and time!

And our guide, the tall, thin, gray-haired dame, who came forward with such native ease, and moved before us, touching this fungused wall, that rusting stairway, and telling, as it were, no one, in her soft, slow speech, things that any one could see—what a strange and fitting figure!

Before the smell of the deserted, oozing rooms, before that old creature leading us on and on, negligent of all our questions and talking to the air, as though we were not, we felt such discomfort that we soon made to go out again into such freshness as there was on that day of dismal heat. Then realizing, it seemed, that she was losing us, our old guide turned; for the first time looking in our faces, she smiled, and said in her sweet, weak voice, like the sound from the strings of a spinnet long unplayed on: "Don' you wahnd to see the dome-room: an' all the other rooms right here, of this old-time place?"

Again those words! We had not the hearts to disappoint her. And as we followed on and on, along the mouldering corridors and rooms where the black peeling papers hung like stalactites, the dominance of our senses gradually dropped from us, and with our souls we saw its soul—the soul of this old-time place; this mustering house of the old South, bereft of all but ghosts, and the gray pigeons niched in the rotting gallery round a narrow court-yard open to the sky.

"This is the dome-room, suh and lady; right over the slave-market it is. Here they did the business of the State—sure; see their faces up there in the roof—Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Davis, Lee—there they are! All gone—now! Yes, suh!"

A fine—yea, even a splendid room, of great height, and carved grandeur, with hand-wrought bronze sconces, and a band of metal bordering, all blackened with oblivion. And the faces of old heroes encircling that domed ceiling were blackened too, and scarred with damp, beyond recognition. Here, beneath their gaze, men had banqueted, and danced, and ruled. The pride, and might, and vivid strength of things still fluttered their uneasy flags of spirit, moved disherited wings! Those old-time feasts and grave discussions—we seemed to see them printed on the thick air, imprisoned in this great chamber built above their dark foundations. The pride and the might and the vivid strength of things—gone, all gone!

We became conscious again of that soft, weak voice.

"Not hearing very well, suh, I have it all printed, lady—beautifully told here—yes, indeed!"

She was putting cards into our hands; then, impassive, maintaining ever her impersonal chant, the guardian of past glory led us on.

"Now we shall see the slave-market—downstairs, underneath! It's wet for the lady—the water comes in now—yes, suh!"

On the crumbling black and white marble floorings the water indeed was trickling into pools. And down in the halls there came to us wandering—strangest thing that ever strayed through deserted grandeur—a brown, broken horse, lean, with a sore flank and a head of tremendous age. It stopped and gazed at us, as though we might be going to give it things to eat, then passed on, stumbling over the ruined marbles.

For a moment we had thought him a ghost—one of the many. But he was not, since his hoofs sounded. That scrambling clatter had died out into silence before we came to the dark, crypt-like chamber

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whose marble columns were ringed in iron, veritable pillars of foundation. And then we saw that our old guide's hands were full of newspapers. She struck a match; they caught fire and blazed. Holding high that torch, she said: "See! Up there's his name, above where he stood. The auctioneer. Oh yes, indeed! Here's where they sold them!"

Below that name, decaying on the wall, we had the slow, uncanny feeling that some one was standing there in the gleam and flicker of that paper torch. For a moment the whole shadowy room seemed full of forms and faces. Then the torch died out, and our old guide, pointing through an archway with the blackened stump of it, said:

"'Twas here they kept them—indeed, yes!"

We saw before us a sort of vault, stone-built, and low, and long. The light there was too dim for us to make out anything but walls, and heaps of rusting scrap-iron cast out there and mouldering down. But trying to pierce that darkness we became conscious of innumerable eyes gazing, not at us, but through the archway where we stood; innumerable white eyeballs gleaming out of blackness. From behind us came a little laugh. It floated past through the archway, toward those eyes. Who was it laughed in there? The old South itself—that incredible, fine, lost soul! That "old-time" thing of old ideals, blindfolded by its own history! That queer, proud blend of simple chivalry and tyranny, of piety and the abhorrent thing! Who was it laughed out of that old slave-market, at these white eyeballs glaring from out of the blackness of this dark cattle-pen? What poor departed soul in this House of Melancholy? But there was no ghost when we turned to look—only our old guide with her sweet smile.

"Yes, suh. Here they all came—'twas the finest hotel—before the war-time; old Southern families—bought their property. Yes, ma'am, very interesting! This way! And here were the bells to all the rooms. Broken, you see—all broken!"

And rather quickly we passed away, out of that "old-time place"; where something had laughed, and the drip, drip, drip of water down the walls was as the sound of a spirit grieving.

THE COWARD

By William Hervey Woods

We stoned him for a coward yesterday
And quitter, hated even of Heaven, we thought,
But when his garments from his breast we caught,
And then our own, to give our vengeance play,
Among the stones we heard him shuddering pray,
"Open their eyes!" and with those words were wrought
An unguessed woe: our leader, long time sought,
Hid in a closet, died of fright, they say
Who saw his face; and those, his friends addressed,
Are fled, no man knows whither, all save me,
And now on me our victim's curse is laid,
That I, I always of the brave confessed,
Should taste the coward's shivering agony,
And since I see, walk evermore afraid.

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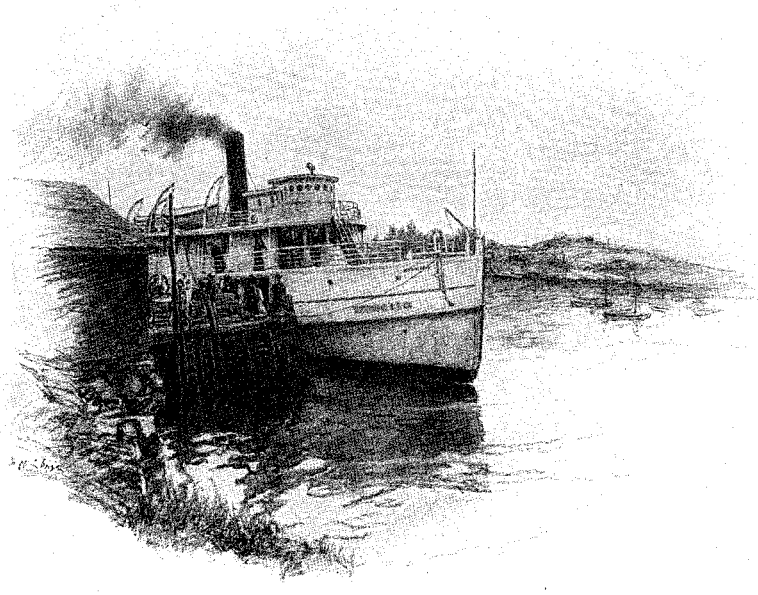

SAILORMEN OF THE MAINE COAST

By Sidney M. Chase

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

"CAST off your bow line!"

The big hawser splashed into the green water below the old wharf.

Clang! A muffled bell sounded somewhere in the depths of the little steamer.

The captain, standing on the upper deck beside the pilot-house, his hand on the engine-room signal bell, scanned the narrow, rocky harbor carefully.

On the rambling old wharf the entire population of the little seaport village shouted last farewells as the boat slowly swung clear.

"Tell Uncle Aaron we'll be lookin' for him Thanksgivin'!"

"Now, father, don't forget you got them thick flannels, ef we git a spell o' cold weather!"

"Susie, be sure an' send me that rule for ginger cake!"

"Take good care o' yourself!"

"Don't forget to write!"

From the deck came back:

"Say good-by to Aunt Myra for me!"

"I've had a lovely time!"

"Dan'l, be sure an' don't forgit to feed the cat!"

"I'll write fust thing when I get to Machiasport!"

The engines throbbed, the screw churned the water into foam astern, and the old, gray-bearded wharf-master in dingy uniform cap and faded cotton shirt tugged frantically to free the stern hawser from the wharf piling.

The captain leaned over the rail.

"Let go your starn line, Hiram!" he called.

With a last tug the old man slipped the loop of rope over the pile and straightened up as far as his bent figure allowed.

"All gone, Cap'n!" he shouted importantly.

The captain, gauging the long swing of his steamer, reached for his signal bell.

"Clang! Clang!"

The engines settled down to a steady,

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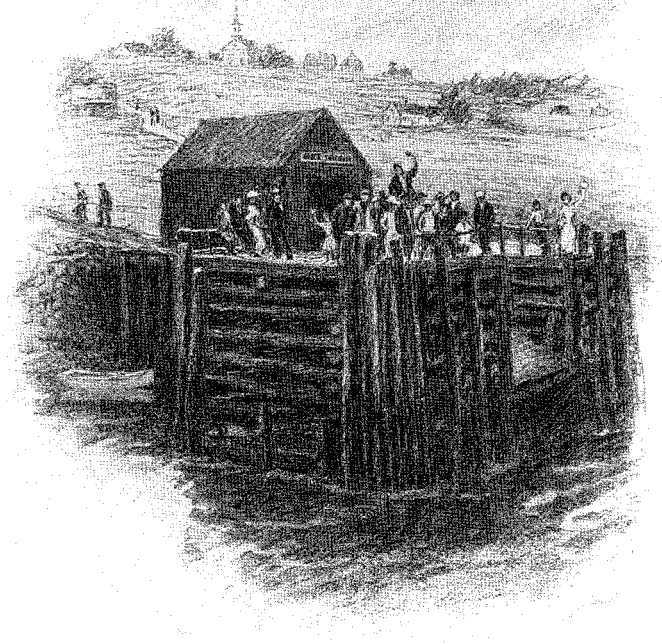

The captain reached

rhythmic hum as the boat turned her nose toward the narrow harbor entrance.

"Good-by! Good-by!" came the chorus over the widening strip of water.

The captain waved his hand to the store-keeper.

"I'll bring them dress goods next trip sure!" he called. "Tell Micah he better ship them chickens Thursday. They'll fetch a good price now t'—th'—city!" he shouted above the shriek of the whistle.

Astern of us the little village of Lost Harbor was slipping away, its ancient wharves, the winding road leading up over the hill, the green slope dotted with snug, white, one-story houses, and the slender church spire—all were losing themselves in the gray-green background of the coast.

As the steamer passed the rocky headlands tipped with rich, dark-green hemlocks which closed in to make the harbor entrance, a lobsterman in a dingy weather-beaten dory piled high with traps slid by us. Never pausing in his even stroke as he stood at the oars, he nodded silently to the captain, and then he too melted into the background of the quiet little fishing port. The steamer turned her clean-cut prow out into the waters of Muscongus Sound, lifting a little to meet the swing of the sea outside. And leaving the warm land breeze and the odor of

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for his signal bell.—Page 193.

the pines we turned our faces toward the ocean to feel in our nostrils the salt sting of the sea.

"Gulls flyin' in t' the shore," said a husky voice at my side; "cal'late we'll git a spall o' wet."

I turned and saw a stocky, bronzed old man with a thatch of iron-gray beard, who was puffing solemnly at a pipe and staring overhead at a flight of sea-gulls winging their way toward the land.

"Is that a sure sign?" I asked.

"The's two-three more," he answered. "Full moon riz pale last night, an' I never see the flies bite like they done yes'day."

He broke off to watch a dory that was dipping across the choppy waves, her sprit-sail full before the fresh breeze. A trawl tub and the sparkle of fish showed above her gunwale, and in the stern sat a hardy, bent old fisherman.

"Nothin' but fishin' an' farmin'," my friend muttered, scornfully, "an' both on 'em peterin' out. When I was a boy"—his face lightened—"ev'rybody follered th' sea. Lost Harbor thar' was all cluttered up with sea cap'ns. . . . I run away when I was fourteen—cal'lated I'd see the world . . . wa'al, I see it, an' see it good . . . master of a bark at twenty-two 'n th' Chiny trade—seven v'y'ges in all I

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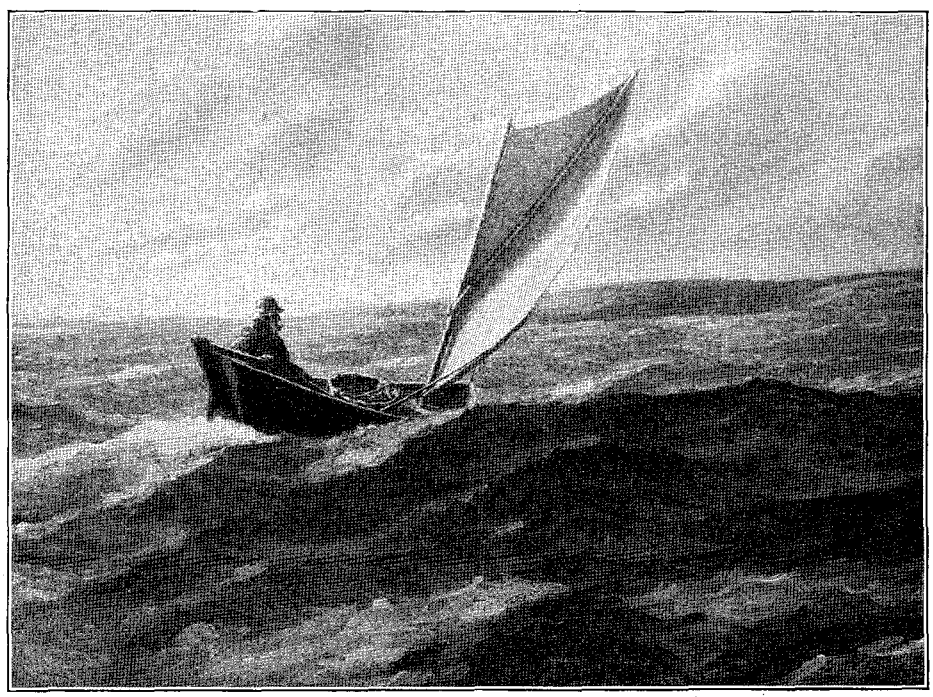
went. Them was the days o' clipper ships an' big squar' riggers. . . . The old skippers is mos'ly dead an' gone. Nothin' like it nowadays."

The light died out of his eyes. He sighed deeply.

"Mother wus allers possessed t' buy a farm," he went on after a moment. "'Bout twelve year ago I did. . . . Sometimes I wish. . . . Land ain't wuth a cuss for farmin', anyway. 'Tain't nothin' but rock—look 't that!"



A breeze o' wind.

He pointed to a jagged ledge that we were rounding into the open sea. Our steamer was pitching in the long green swell that broke into white splotches on the rocks.

"A bad lee shore in a blow, Captain?" I suggested.

"Wust kind," he answered, a far-away look in his eyes. "Makes me think o' one time I got ketched on a lee shore—'twa'n't a blow, neither—an' nigh fetched up with all hands. I was purty scared too, but nobody knowed it."

He chuckled grimly.

"Cap'n's got to stan' on his own feet," he went on. "'Twas off Rio, back in '74, a nice quiet October evenin'. I was holdin' a course 'bout a mile off shore, wind fair an' stiddy, when all of a suddin' it died away stark ca'm, an' thar' I was, tide a-heavin' me in on th' rocks an' nary a puff o' wind! I had my wife aboard an' I didn't say nothin', but she see I wa'n't eatin' much supper, an' bimeby I says: 'I'll go on deck a spell,' an' I did. Thar' we was, half a mile off shore an' the tide takin' us in stiddy. I see the surf breakin' on the rocks an' I walked the deck, an' still I didn't say nothin'. The yards was braced t' ketch an off-shore wind, an' the mate kep' his eye on me, an' I kep' mine aloft. Bimeby I felt a leetle puff o' wind. Then I see the to'gallant-s'ls fill, an' then purty soon the top-s'ls, . . . an' I knowed we was safe."

I drew a long breath.

"What did the crew think?" I asked.

The captain turned and looked squarely at me. His weather-beaten face wrinkled in amused recollection.

"The crew?" he said. "They didn't think nothin'. They cal'lated I'd hauled in under the shore t' ketch the breeze off'n the land!"

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Lights twinkled in the sombre hull of the battle-ship.—Page 200.

Our steamer was ploughing across the sound under a cloud-dappled sky, "opening out" a steadily changing view of long, low, pine-topped islands, their level stretches broken by the occasional lift of a light-house. On the horizon the sun caught the sails of coasting schooners, and near by we passed business-like dory fishermen at work, and dancing white sail-boats lying over before the freshening breeze.

My friend pointed out to sea. An irregular bit of blue lifted itself from the straight horizon.

"Monhegan," said he.

From time to time we touched at sleepy, half-forgotten ports where dismantled hulls lay rotting at ancient wharves. The captain was telling me of the busy shipping of past days.

"'Long back in eighteen hunderd 'n' twelve the' was consid'able many privateers fitted out o' Maine," he said. "It paid purty well," he chuckled, "an' th' British *was* kind o' pesterin' . . . some on 'em was neighborly, though . . . my gran'-father—he come from Bayport over yonder—he ust t' tell how one time he was makin' port from a long fishin' v'y'ge t' the Gran' Banks, an' a big British frigate fired at him an' made him heave to. He didn't know nothin' 'bout th' war, an' he was b'ilin' mad! Wa'al, sir, them Britishers took all the fish he had—an' a master fine fare, too—an' paid him consid'able more'n they was wuth, an' filled up his kag with good ol' Jamaicy rum!

"They didn't hev' no prohibitionary laws in them days," he went on. "But then," his gray eyes twinkled, "them laws don't do no harm. The way *I* figger it now, all on us hed ought t' be satisfied. Them that wants prohibition has got it, an' them that wants rum has got it, tew!"

He paused just long enough to relight his pipe.

"But that wa'n't what I started in t' tell ye about," he resumed. "I was goin'

As the steamer passed, he glanced up, but did not move.—Page 202.

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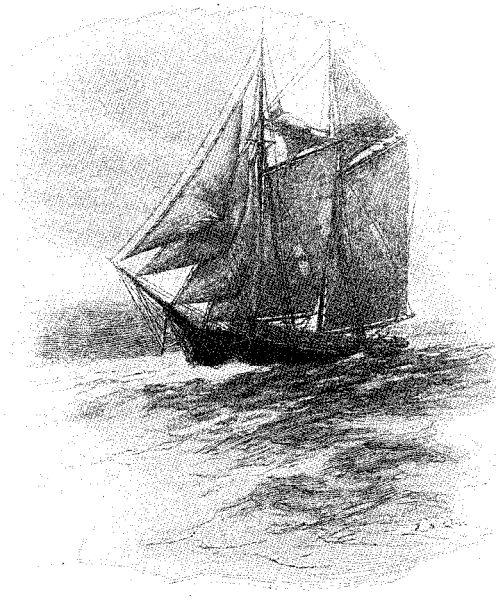
t' tell ye 'bout the only privateer v'y'ge my gran'father ever made."

He puffed away at his pipe.

"'Twas this way, 's I rec'lect it. Money was gittin' scurce an' the' was rumors a-plenty o' British prizes. Wa'al, one day, a fisherman come int' Bayport with a story o' how he'd seen a ship t' th' mighty, he hove a shot into her, an' then she come to. Gran'father an' a bo't lo'd o' men, bristlin' firearms, went aboard an' captured her . . . an' what kind o' a cargo d'ye s'pose she carried?"

I gave it up.

"Wa'al, sir, ef you'll believe it, she was bound from England to Canady, an' the



Her square, awkward bow buried in white spray at every plunge.
—Page 202.

north'ard looked like a West Injy trader, prob'ly lo'ded full with rum 'n' sugar 'n' m'lasses an' Lord knows what. Wa'al, gran'father, he couldn't stan' it no longer, bein' kind o' arbeterious, an' he an' some more turns to an' h'ists a couple o' ol' brass cannon aboard his fishin' schooner, an' fills her up with men an' muskets an' puts to sea.

"Wa'al, bimeby he sighted the ship an' he sot all the sail he hed. She was a good sailer an' up t' wind'ard, an' gran'father chased her nigh all day, gainin' slow. He cal'lated he could smell coffee, an' he was figgerin' what her cargo'd be wuth 't Portland."

The captain stopped and laughed silently.

"Wa'al, when he got up abeam of her, he h'isted his colors an' hove a shot under her bows. 'Twas a mercy his cannon didn't bust! She kep' on, an' then, by most val'able thing she had aboard was a parcel o' Bibles an' New Test'ments for the Canady Sunday-schools! . . . Gran'-father he kind o' cal'lated a cargo o' Bibles might be some embarrassin' for a priva-teer, 'n' he stood away for hum. . . . An' that was all the privateerin' he ever done."

The shadows of the headlands were lengthening across the water. We passed a trim Gloucester mackerelseiner heading, as we were, for Rockland—her black hull and lower sails in shadow and her top-sails yellow with the last rays of the sun. Ahead across the bay rose the blue Cam-den Mountains melting into the twilight haze. As we rounded Owl's Head into Rockland Harbor, there, near a group of coasting schooners, lay a great, gray man-of-war at anchor. While we looked the mellow notes of a bugle came to us across

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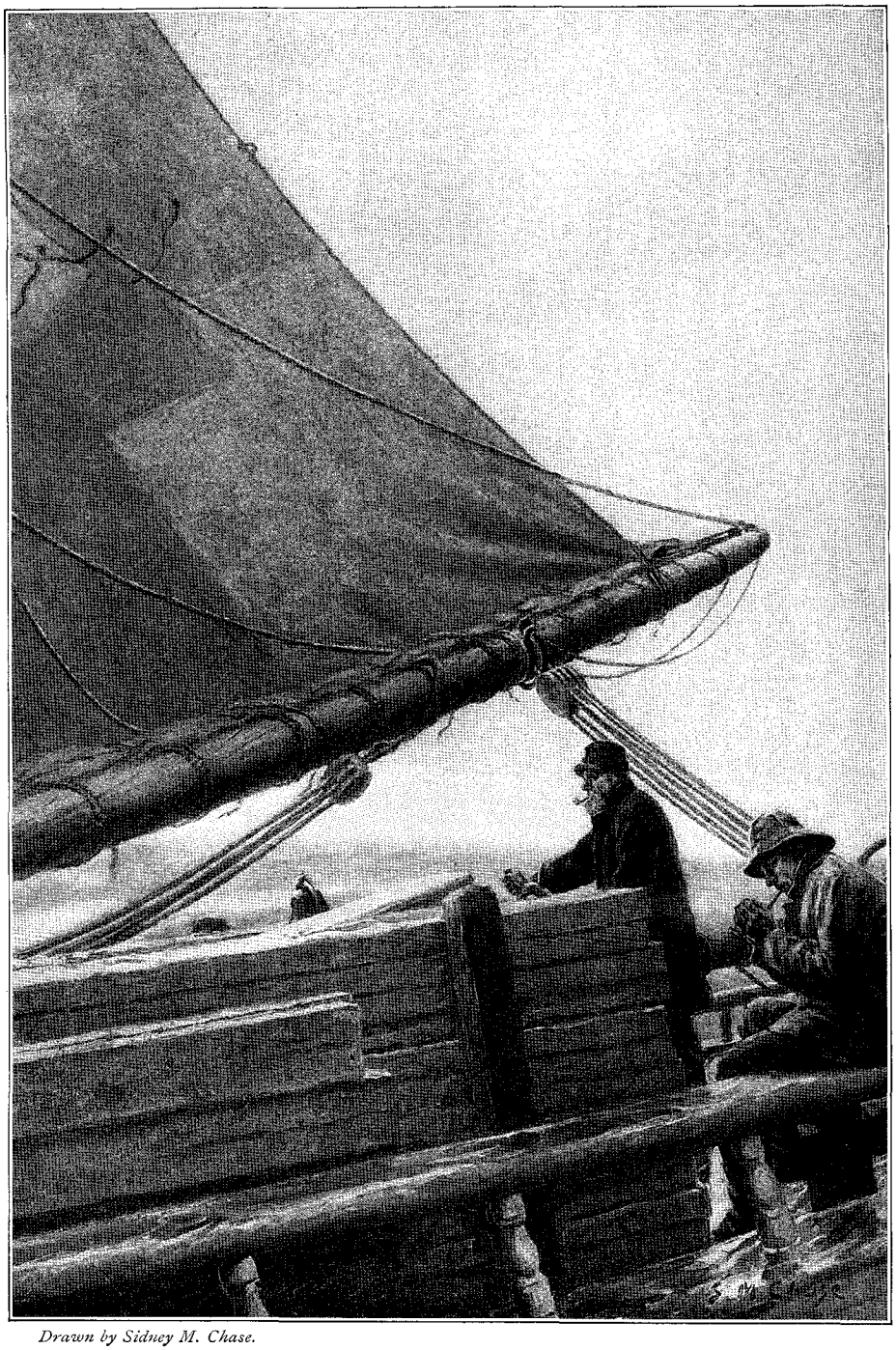

Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

The lumber coaster.

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the silence, and from her peak fluttered down a tiny bit of bunting, red and white, while a puff of smoke followed by a dull boom told us of the sunset gun. In the purple twilight lights twinkled in the sombre hull of the battle-ship and mingled with the distant lights of the city.

"Beats all," said the captain thoughtfully, "how good that makes ye feel . . . it's purty good wherever ye see it, but . . . I've seen it a good many dif'rent places, in Halifax, 'n' South America, 'n' China, an' ev'ry time—the further off I be—the more it kind o' takes a-holt of ye—inside!"

The captain's cigar had gone out.—Page 203.

There is an eastern proverb that runs: "The morning has gold in its mouth." But it is only when one rises in the dark of a September morning by the light of the morning star, and watches the purple eastern sky fade to cold gray, and then warm with the crimson glow at the horizon which means a new day—it is only then that one realizes the full beauty of the saying.

To see the black sails of the coasting schooners turn to gold, to walk the wet deck of the steamer when the rails and brass-work catch the color of the coming sunrise, to get the salty, tarry smell of the docks and taste the new-made morning air—well, that is worth getting up for!

Bells jangled, hawsers splashed, and the engines settled down to work. The wharf piling began to slip away from us and we were off for another day's adventure. I looked at my watch. It was quarter-past five.

As we steamed out past the neighborly little group of coasters lying at anchor, with patched sails hoisted up to dry, curls of smoke rose from the galley cook-stoves and sleepy, sweater-clad members of the crew thrust up out of the companion-ways, pipe in mouth, to watch the steamer pass. Morning had brought a fair wind and several schooners loaded deep with lumber were getting under way. The creak of blocks and the scrape of wooden hoops against the masts as the crews hoisted sail came sharply to us across the water. The keen air, the smoke from the galley stoves, and the faint odor of cooking reminded me suddenly that I was hungry. I had parted from my friend of the day before with regret and his cordial request to "look him up the next time I made Lost Harbor." I had changed boats, slept aboard the new steamer, and chosen a new route across the wide reaches of Penobscot Bay. To the north lay the Camden Mountains—rose-colored on the eastern slopes and casting long blue shadows inland—and ahead to the eastward were long stretches of hazy islands through which we were to find an opening.

Breakfast finished, with a cigar alight, I came on deck again to find that we were well out among the islands. The crimson streak at the horizon had given way to a luminous gray sky that merged indistinguishably into the gray stretches of the bay. Now and then between the islands we saw a coaster under full sail standing out to sea, or the trailing smudge of smoke from a distant steamer.

It was too fine to enjoy alone. I looked about me, and there leaning against the rail placidly smoking stood a replica of my friend of the day before—a bit taller and thinner, but with the same tuft of beard and the same pipe.

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"It's a fine morning," I said.

"Wa'al," he returned, doubtfully, "kind o' dull weather. Suthin' brewin' mos' likely."

He scrutinized me keenly.

"Be you that artist chap Cap'n Thatcher was tellin' me 'bout las' night?" he inquired.

I nodded.

"Wa'al, wa'al, I might 'a' knowed it!" he muttered. . . . "The' was one on 'em to Port Lookout las' summer—a woman one—an' I see one o' them lan'scape pictur's she painted by hand. 'Twas kind of a beach scene with a pavilion an' a movin' pictur' show an' some cottages into it, all on 'em painted up in bright colors, and the' was some fellers fishin' an' yachts an' row-bo'ts on th' water, an'" . . . his voice trailed off. "An' you're one on 'em, too?" he finished.

He looked me over with deep interest.

We met the long swell coming in from the ocean and the steamer began to pitch. We steadied ourselves against stanchions. He looked at me almost hopefully.

"Don't never git sea-sick, do ye?" he inquired.

I smiled noncommittally.

"'F ye do," he grinned back, "the's nothin' so good 's drinkin' a leetle salt water."

I looked my surprise.

"Only," he went on seriously, "ye want to drink it on th' ebb tide. 'F ye drink it when the tide's flood, 't 'll make ye wuss!"

I must have smiled.

An injured look came over his face. He took his pipe out of his mouth for emphasis.

"It's sure cure," he averred. "Jes' 's sure 's 'tis that ye'll have bad luck ef ye kill a bird 'board ship or wear blue mittins . . . or turn a hatch bottom up.

"One time I went mackerel seinin' on Georges I rec'lect one o' the crew, grass-green he was, come aboard with blue mittins. Wa'al, he hed t' heave 'em over suddin, but 'twas too late. Next night we was layin' hove to under jib an' double-reefed main-s'l, an' thick o' fog. Fust thing we knowed a big squar' rigger was right aboard of us! Our lookout for'ard was countin' the planks in th' deck. The cap'n he see her lights fust. We done all we could—run up th' shrouds with torches, but she hit us jest abaft the knightheads, carried away our bowsprit an' port stannin' riggin'. They throwed us ropes an' we clim' aboard th' ship. When the fog riz we see our schooner was still afloat, so we went aboard. The ship was stannin' by. Wa'al, by Godfrey, that fog shut in ag'in 's thick 's I ever see it. An' the next time she riz, dummed 'f the ship wa'n't gone!"

He shook his head in disgusted recollection. His pipe was out and I offered him a cigar.

"Thankee," he said. "Wa'al, thar' we was. Our main-m'st bent way over th' starn, bowsprit gone, an' the hull vessel lookin' like a junk pile. We rigged jury sails an' stood int' New Bedford."

He shook with silent laughter.

"'Bout two years after that, that same ship come int' New York. Our cap'n he sued 'em 'n th' courts, an' the judge giv' me fourteen dollars for my share."

He reflected gloomily.

"I lost the profits of a good v'y'ge jest along o' them durned blue mittins!" he growled.

While the captain talked, the rocky shore had closed in and we were passing Deer Isle through the wonderful thoroughfare of Eggemoggin Reach. We touched at frequent landings, back of which rose hemlock heights sprinkled with summer homes. As he finished his story, we stood silent. The Reach was opening out again into the broader waters of the bay. Far to our right rose a high, rounded island.

"Isle au Haut," said the captain.

Then I saw that he had turned and was looking toward the east. He touched my arm and pointed silently.

I looked as he indicated. And then I saw above the distant haze on the sky-line a bit of denser blue like a mountain peak—or was it a cloud?—and as I watched it extended itself downward until it seemed that the ocean had built from the clouds and the blue of the sea a wonderful fairy mountain—a mirage?—

I looked at the captain.

He nodded.

"Mount Desert," he said.

As we came nearer, the island grew slowly more real. From the single peak

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half a dozen opened out. They were indeed mountains; we saw their gray-green slopes and pine-covered ridges. Then before we realized it we were in under the land, rounded a headland, and swung across the entrance to Somes Sound, the beautiful water gap that cuts the island almost in two.

And then, our landings made, we were outside again skirting the island on the last stretch of our voyage. In the dark-green reflection close under the high shore our little steamer left a long white wake. The shore grew steadily more wild. The shriek of the whistle started loud echoes in the mountains. At intervals on the high wooded slopes we caught glimpses of wonderful villas. . . . Presently, ahead, in an amphitheatre of the hills we saw the town. There was no mistaking it.

"That is Bar Harbor!" I said.

I found the captain after dinner on the forward deck calmly smoking a cigar that I had given him, and watching with critical interest a steam-yacht near by which was getting under way with a jolly party on board. The captain's eye followed her appraisingly as she steamed away, and then he spoke.

"Take it on a summer evenin', now," he said, "the' ain't nothin' nowhar' purtier." He swept his great brown hand in a broad motion including mountains and bay. "When 't comes on dark, an' all th' leetle lights begin t' twinkle up on them mountains, . . . an' down on th' water ye kin see th' sloops to anchor, an' their ridin' lights, an' hear the music kind o' faint up to the hotels, . . . an' then, mebbe, one o' them cruisin' yachts"—he nodded toward the one he had been watching—"comes slippin' in quiet, all lit up, an' ye don't hear nothin' but the splash her anchor makes, . . . it's a purty good place t' play in, now, ain't it?" he finished, smiling broadly.

We had cast off by this time and our steamer was passing out of the bay on her return journey.

"In the summer, yes," I said. "But how about the winters, Captain?"

He stopped smiling and looked thoughtfully out to sea. We were both silent. To starboard lay a small boat with a young chap in a brown shooting-coat with a gun across his knees. Near by a string of black decoy ducks bobbed ridiculously on the water. As the steamer passed, he glanced up, but did not move. That single, lonely duck-hunter had suddenly brought us a breath of the coming winter.

I was thinking of the desolate, snow-buried headlands, and of the bitter nights when the little, one-story cottages of Lost Harbor crouched lower behind the drifts to escape the sweep of the north-east gales; of lighted windows, of red-hot stoves, of delayed steamers fighting their way against heavy seas.

"Yes," said the captain, "winters *are* consid'able severe. Snow gits dre'tful drifted. My mem'ry goes back to one winter"—he smiled—"must 'a' been in '79—or '78—that my brother-'n-law got short o' firewood an' went out an' chopped down a tree. Wa'al, now, 'f you'll believe it, we got a big Janooary thaw, an' when the snow melted that stump was twenty-two foot long!"

We had left Mount Desert astern and were crossing the outer reaches of the bay. Close abeam of us, ploughing out to sea, her square, awkward bow buried in white spray at every plunge and her dirty, patched sails close-hauled, was a small, two-masted coasting schooner. A deck load of yellow-pine lumber carried her paint-scarred hull low in the water. At the wheel stood a stolid figure, pipe in mouth. Slowly, heavily she drew past us. The old skipper and I watched her without a word.

"How about those fellows in winter?" I asked.

The captain shook his head gravely.

"That's the wust on it," he said. "A parcel of old vessels a good many on 'em"—he nodded thoughtfully—"some like I be, only I'm hauled up out o' commission . . . an' when we git a bad blow from th' east'ard a lot on 'em piles up on the rocks.

"One time some years ago—I rec'lect 's though 't was yeste'day—a leetle, two-hunderd-ton schooner come ashore below thar'"—he waved his arm to the southward—"a pitch-black night, snowin', an' th' wind a livin' gale."

He shivered unconsciously at the memory.

"The life-savers sighted her at dark makin' bad weather of it. Her skipper

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done his best t' git her by the wind, but she was loaded deep with lumber an' she kep' drivin' off t' le'ward. She struck broadside on an' laid thar' with the big seas poundin' her. The life-savin' crew shot a line to her, an' jes' then her masts went an' th' line all fouled up with the wreckage. They tried ag'in, but the crew couldn't reach it. The deck lo'd had fetched loose an' the lumber was comin' ashore."

He paused, living over the recollection.

"It was nip an' tuck," he went on. "Didn't seem 's though no bo't could live in them seas with that lumber stavin' round, but suthin' had to be done. We see the men hangin' on t' th' deck-house, an' the captain he called for volunteers. Ev'ry man stepped out. . . . Three times 't was that bo't was swep' back, but 't last they got her out . . . didn't seem to make no headway, lumber thrashin' so an' breakers an'—wa'al, when they fetched alongside, the deck-house had broke loose an' swep' overboard, men hangin' on. They held the bo't up till they yanked them men aboard, ev'ry one, an' got 'em ashore."

He paused.

"And you saw that?" I asked.

"I pulled an oar in the bo't," he answered simply.

The captain's cigar had gone out. He was staring unseeingly across the bay.

"The' was another time, though," he continued, speaking almost to himself, "when the *Martin F. Eldridge* come ashore . . . an' we couldn't do nothin'."

He paused helplessly.

"'Twas a wicked night, fall o' the year . . . an' cold. It had been blowin' a gale for three days an' had kicked up a master heavy sea. 'Long jes' afore midnight the patrol he heared a fog-horn, faint, an' when he run toward it, the fog thinned a leetle an' he see the masts of a schooner. Jes' that, an' then it shut down thick ag'in. He burned a Coston light to signalize 'em, an' tel'phoned t' the station. . . . 'Twas a long haul through that deep sand, only seven on 'em . . . they got a line aboard 't last, but the crew couldn't seem to haul it in. We was ready, but 'twa'n't possible to la'nch th' life-bo't, breakers comin' in mountain-high. . . . We could see lights dim from the cabin winders, an' her sails was slattin'—we could hear 'em above the roar o' the surf. But the' wa'n't no sign o' life. . . . We built a big fire on the beach an' waited—the' wa'n't nothin' else *to* do."

He was silent a moment.

"Bimeby them cabin lights went out . . . an' then 'long 'bout three in th' mornin' we heared a crash an' one ongodly scream—we jedged her masts hed gone . . . an' the' wa'n't nothin' more . . . "

He sighed.

"We done all anybody *could* do . . . next mornin' her name board come ashore . . . an' later on we found a woman, dressed complete, with a blanket kind o' tied 'round her 's if . . . an' bimeby a man . . . the' wa'n't nobody else ever found . . . we couldn't hev done no more . . . "

The lights of Portland were gleaming across Casco Bay one evening a couple of days later when the steamer came steadily in. Standing on the forward deck I heard more and more distinctly the noise of the streets and the rattle of trolley-cars. Great warehouses and tall chimneys lifted black against the yellow evening sky, smudged with the smoke of a city. There ahead was the real world of work and achievement.

Far behind me, down the coast, lay the open sea, the long stretches of gray islands, and the blue mountain of Mount Desert. Next summer, and the year after, they would still be there . . . waiting. And I was glad that it was so.

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THE SCARLET IBIS

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

THE boy stopped sharply in the portage, and swung about and glanced inquiringly at Josef. Light as the sound was, quickly as the boy had heard it, Josef had heard first. He stood rooted in the path, a line of lean strength, in vague-colored clothes, his black locks tumbling from under his battered felt-hat, a scarlet bandanna in the belt at his slim waist pricking the dim light with an explosion of color. His extraordinary eyes, very light blue, very large, with pupils dilated over the irises, as animals' eyes dilate, snapped electrically; his glance searched the woods to this side and that.

The boy had been trained under Josef and knew his ways; he stood stock-still as the guide listened, as he sent that concentrated glance ahead into the confused masses of shadow and brightness and foliage and water of the Canadian forest. It flashed, that blue search-light, straight through tangled branches and across bulks of emerald velvet which were moss-covered bowlders; it went on deep into the inscrutable forest—Josef's glance. And the boy knew that he was seeing things in those mysterious depths, and reading them as wild creatures see and read the woodland, as the boy himself, trained woodsman though he was, might never hope to do. With that, the tense pose relaxed, the wonderful eyes came back from their exploring and—gentle, friendly, shy—met the boy's eyes. Josef smiled.

"M'sieur Jack hears the m'sieur talking?" he asked in French.

Used as he was to his guide, the boy was surprised. "What m'sieur? What do you mean, Josef?"

Josef waved a careless hand. "There is a m'sieur and a guide. The landing-net dropped, just now. It was that which one heard. They fish in the little river, around the next turn, at the Rémous des Jurons—Profanity Pool—one will see in a moment. The m'sieur, *par exemple*, is large—a heavy man."

This in quick, disjointed sentences, as Josef talked—much the same way as he sprang from one rock to another in a river crossing, feeling his way, assuring himself of a footing before he tried the next. Josef was shy even with his own young m'sieur whom he had guided for seven years, since M'sieur Jack was a lad in knickerbockers. It was of his nature to talk in a hurrying low voice, in short phrases, meeting one's glance with the gentleness of the brilliant, great, light eyes, guardedly, ready to spring back into the cave of his reserve as an alarmed wild creature might hide in its den. Yet he loved to show M'sieur Jack this gift of his, this almost second sight in the woods. It gratified him now when the boy spoke.

"How in thunder do you know all that?" he demanded. "I'm not so blamed slow, and yet I can't hear any one talking."

Josef held up his hand dramatically, very Frenchly. "Listen—*écoutez!*"

Jack listened, Josef smiling at him broadly, alert, vivid. The little river ran at their left, brown-pooled, foam-splashed, tumbling over rocks, blurring all sounds. Overhead, in the tall, white birches, in the lower spruce trees, the wind rustled, and brushed with a feathery music the edges of the tinkling water noises. It seemed, as one walked along the portage—the old, old Indian trail—all beautiful peace and stillness; but when one stopped to listen there was a whole orchestra of soft instruments playing, and any one sound was hard to disentangle. Jack threw his whole soul into the effort before he made out, through the talking water and the wind sounds, an intermittent note which he could place as a man's speech some distance away.

"I hear it," he cried out.

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Josef smiled indulgently; he liked to teach woodscraft to his young m'sieur; also M'sieur Jack was a good scholar; there was no other m'sieur of the club, young or old, to whom he would give the bow of his canoe in going through a difficult rapids; he had done that with M'sieur Jack. Yes, and also M'sieur Jack could tell if a male or female beaver had gnawed the chips around a birch trunk by the tooth marks in the wood; Josef had taught him that. And M'sieur Jack was also "capable" to portage a canoe like a guide, tossing the heavy boat to his shoulders unaided and swinging off down a trail as silently, as swiftly as an Indian; and he could tie up a *pacqueton*—and make camp in a rain—and skin a moose; these things and others M'sieur Jack could do, and Josef was proud of him. But M'sieur Jack could not see into the woods like Josef and he was not as quick at hearing sounds—of that also Josef was proud. So he smiled and waited for the question sure to come. "What the dickens makes you think he's a big man—*un homme pesant?*" asked Jack promptly.

They were moving forward along the trail, Jack leading, and throwing his sentences in an undertone, as instinct teaches one to speak in the woods, over his shoulder to Josef. And for answer Josef flung out his muscular arm in its faded blue calico sleeve, and pointed ahead. Jack stumbled on a root as he followed the pointing hand, and, recovering, caught sight of a tan-colored sweater far in front, even now barely in range of sight, hung on a tree by the path.

"It is not warm to-day, *par exemple;* a m'sieur who is not somewhat fat would not feel the walking in this portage—so as to take off that," Josef reasoned softly, in jerks.

"Did you see that—away back there? Well, I'll be—" staccatoed the lad, and Josef grinned with pleased vanity. "Josef, you're a wizard," the boy went on. "But never mind, my son, you'll get fooled some time. I'll bet he didn't drop the landing-net. I'll bet it was his leader-box or his cigarette-case. No landing-net. *A bas*, landing-nets! You'll see!"

And Jack kicked at a rotten stump and sent it crashing in slow ruin, as if the vitality in him were overflowing through his long legs. So the two, the boy born into a broad life which faced from babyhood the open door of opportunity, and the boy scarcely five years older, born to a narrow existence, walled about with a high, undoored wall of unending labor—these two swung on brotherly, through the peace and morning freshness of the forest, and in the levelling reality of nature were equals.

The river sang. One saw it—out of the corner of the eye as one walked—brown in the pools, white where it tumbled over the rocks; the rocks speckled it with their thousand gray hummocks; grasses grew on them; a kingfisher fled scolding across the water and on downstream; in the trail—the portage—it was all shimmering misty greens, with white sharp ranks of birch trees; the wind murmured and blew against one's face. Through such things the two stalwart lads walked on and were happy. The unconcerned gray stones of the rapids, which had looked exactly the same on the morning when Pharaoh's daughter had found little Moses in the bulrushes, would look exactly the same, likely, two thousand years from now—for world-making is a long business and the Laurentian hills are the grandfathers of the planet, and stones reel off twenty centuries with small aging—these immemorial nobodies of an obscure little Canadian river had seen nothing pass by in their long still lives blither or more alive than the two lads, gentleman and peasant, with their "morning faces" and their loping pace of athletes.

Around a turn shortly they halted as by one brain order. Something moving. In Broadway a man in rapid motion is lost in a sea of men in rapid motion; in the woods a man lifts a slow finger and is so conspicuous that the mountains seem to shout a startled "Look!" The man at the edge of Profanity Pool leaned forward and lunged at his flies, hanging tangled around his rod; he said "Damn!" The two boys, whom his movement had brought to a stand-still, unseen, motionless in the shade of the narrow portage, shook with silent laughter.

With that Jack stepped forward, breaking a twig purposely, and came out on the rocks. The man looked up and saw him, a bright-faced, tall lad, claret and brown

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as to complexion, clean-limbed and strong as to build. Something in him drew a smile to the man's face—it was not unlikely to be so.

"*Bon jour*," Jack said with a haul at his cap, and stuffing it into his pocket further; and then "Good-morning, sir. Any luck?"

The man stared at him. "Didn't you hear what I said?" he inquired.

And Jack, pausing one second, went off into a shout of deep laughter which set the mountain echoes ringing, and Josef, discreet in the background, stepped back a pace so that the strange m'sieur might not see him laughing also. When M'sieur Jack laughed it was impossible to keep as serious as one should.

Squatting in the shadows beyond the m'sieur was something shading off into rocks and foliage; a face stared over the bushes of the "*thé sauvage*"—the Indian tea shrub with its dim pink flowers. So hidden, so motionless was the man that Jack did not see him for the first instant—but Josef had seen him; there had been a brief half nod of recognition on both sides before the messieurs had spoken. Jack caught sight of him.

"It is you, Adelard Martel?" he demanded; Jack was likely to know most of the guides in the club. "Why haven't you got a big fish for your m'sieur? They are here," he threw at him cheerfully.

But the man did not answer with a smile, as most people answered Jack Vance. The dark, furtive eyes shot a resentful glance at the large man who still struggled with his fishing tackle. "M'sieur —is not lucky," he brought out with the broad, soft accent of a habitant, and looked down sulkily, displeased, and then flashed up an angry glance. "There was a big one—*b'en gros*—three minutes ago. He rose to the fly. One would have had him grabbed—*poigné*—in a second. But *v'là*, M'sieur slipped and fell backward and knocked me the landing-net out of my hand, and the big one saved himself—*se sauvait. Comme ça*"—with a swift gesture of disgust.

"The landing-net?" The boy turned and looked at Josef and laughed, and Josef's big light eyes flashed satisfaction.

The strange m'sieur broke in with a nod toward his guide. "Something wrong with that fellow," he commented. "He seems angry that I can't catch fish."

Jack leaned over and swept in one of the curly, bobbing snells of the m'sieur's leader as he answered. "May I help you?" he asked with friendliness of a brother craftsman. "It's the dickens of a job to do this alone. Adelard ought"—and he stopped and shook his head fatherly at the sullen-faced guide. "He's sore as a crab because you haven't had luck," he explained. "They're all that way. It's a personal question—if their messieurs are lucky, you see. He'll be another person when you take a five-pounder."

The big man lowered the butt of his rod suddenly, thereby mixing up all the whirls of catgut which Jack had skilfully untangled; he looked at the boy with a heart-broken expression; he looked as if he were going to cry.

"But I can't," he said sorrowfully. "I don't know how to fish. And I want to so much. It's my first vacation in six years, and I haven't got but a week. I thought it was easy to fish, that anybody could do it. And I don't know how to tie the leader on, and the reel falls out of the—the reel plate or something. And if I touch the automatic spring it all snaps up before I can wink, and the leader runs down the rod through the rings and it's the very devil. I hit a rock and broke a tip the first thing and had to put in another. It took me half an hour to put the stuff together and then that happened. And the flies tangle—all the time. And my guide despises me! I thought fishing was fun!"

The man's voice was a wail in the last sentences. Something in the boy's friendly youthfulness had made it possible to pour out this tale of woe where with another wayfarer the unlucky fisherman would have kept his bitter counsel. His instinct was not wrong. The thought shot into Jack's mind that here was a poor man, probably not able to afford vacations, who had put his hard-earned money into one and was failing to get the good of it. Like a young knight to a maiden in distress Jack rushed to the rescue.

"Now that's just too darned bad," he brought out heartily. "But you know, sir, it's easy enough to set it all straight. Fishing *is* fun—almost the best fun going.

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I don't want to butt in, but—you see I've been at this sort of thing all my days"—one thought involuntarily of Methuselah—"and I can't help knowing the trick. I'm not a crack exactly, but—well, it's second nature to me, and I'd simply love to show you if you wouldn't think me fresh to offer."

"Fresh!" the older man repeated. "If you'll give me a few points I'd bless you. But you're off on a trip yourself—I can't take your time to"—and the boy cut in there with joyful assurances which there was no mistaking as to his pleasure in helping.

"We're just on a casual two days' tramp, Josef and I," he explained. "Nothing to do so's you'd notice it. We left the canoe and the pack down at the lake and dashed up here for a fish or so." By this he had the stranger's rod in hand, a Leonard rod, the boy knew at a glance, about four ounces in weight, the last word in expense and perfection of rods. "Gosh, he blew himself!" was the inward comment Jack made. Josef was somehow present at the psychological distance from the butt, as the boy held it in his hand, and while he set the reel more firmly into the plate and pushed the nickel ring down strongly, Josef's delicate, coarse finger-tips were untwisting the three bright flies from an extraordinarily thorough tangle. Adelard Martel watched sulkily out of the Indian tea bushes; the large m'sieur watched, wondering. With that the lines were free, and Jack swung the butt about into Josef's ready hand, and suddenly had the junction of leader and fish-line in his mouth and was chewing at it with energy.

"Tied wrong," he commented thickly, and then had it out and drew the softened strings from their knot. "If you don't mind, sir, I'll show you how to put a leader into a snell." He held the loop of transparent cord in his left hand and poised the green line above it. "Like this—down you go inside—up you go outside—across you go—then down outside, up—and pull her tight. There you are!" He slid the cross-loop down, and with a jerk it was all undone. "Just as easy to take out as to put in, you see. Want to do it yourself, sir?" And the man, as enchanted as a small boy, fumbled a bit and learned the knot. "Now we're off," Jack announced, glancing backward to assure his recover, and sent a skilful line into Profanity Pool.

Perhaps no harder place to fish was in the club. The pool, a black hole in the river, was thirty odd feet long and varied in width from twenty to five feet, irregularly. At the right a large log stretched over the water lengthwise, and under its shadow lurked the big trout. Also under it were snags where, once hooked, the fish ran to hide, and catch the line about the wood, and tear loose. One must keep a fish away from this log at all hazards. Yet across from it were sharp rocks apt to cut fish-line.

"The hole is chuck full of Scyllas and Charybdises, all right," Jack remarked, pointing out the geography to his pupil. "I reckon Profanity Pool isn't a misnomer. Lots of cuss words spilled into this water, they do say."

He cast, varying his line, varying his direction, with easy skill, over the dark, wild water, all the time telling how and why.

"With the forearm, you know, sir. Don't put your shoulder into it. And stop a second on your recover, when the line's back of you. Don't monkey with it too fast—give it time to straighten out; and don't slap the water with the flies. That scares 'em. Let the tail fly touch first, and just as it's touching lift the tip of the rod a scrap—see!" He illustrated with finished delicacy. "Then it goes down softly. Hi!"

A liquid swash, a break of white foam, an upward snap of the wrist—a trout was on.

"That's too blamed bad—I didn't mean to take anything," he murmured regretfully, but he played it all the same, and in three or four minutes Josef had landed it and held it up wordlessly—a *Salmo Fontinalis* of a pound and a half, with scarlet fins and gold and silver spotted stomach. The stranger was tingling with excitement.

"That's something like!" he brought out, and then meekly, anxiously, "May I fish now?"

And Jack, smiling his old young smile, put the rod into the man's hand and held the hand carefully for a few trial casts. Then "Let her go," he commanded, and the large m'sieur, trembling with eager-

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ness, was fishing. Jack, standing by with his hands in his trousers pockets, his whole soul on the performance, criticised with frankness. "Now that's rotten, sir. Don't recover that nervous way; that's what tangles 'em. Just—sort of—rhythmic; back slow—pause—cast; lift the tip a scrap as you touch; just a shiver of the wrist does it. Now—tip up—don't sag the line; draw the flies along, and wiggle 'em alluringly as they come; don't let 'em go under—bad, bad! You can't fool fish if you drown your flies. Oh, well—the tail fly may sink a bit if you're after big ones"—and so the illustrated lecture went on, Jack thoroughly enjoying himself in the rôle of instructor. "Ginger!" he brought out suddenly in an interval, "my brother would throw a fit if he saw me teaching fishing. He's a shark at it, you know. He's forgotten more than I ever knew. "Josef"—turning on the guide—"*M'sieur va s'amuser de moi en proffeseur de la pêche, n'est-ce pas?*" And Josef, showing his teeth in a short grin, answered promptly, "*Oui, M'sieur*," and attended to business.

The large m'sieur was learning fast. One saw that he had not missed a word of the boy's lesson or the reason for any point of piscatorial finesse. He made mistakes certainly, and was awkward, as is any beginner at the wonderful world-old game which has to get into the nerves and the blood before one plays it well ever. Yet he took hold as a trained mind takes hold of whatever problem, with a certain ability and sureness.

"I rather think you must do some things very well, sir," Jack remarked encouragingly, after a bout of unflinching reprimand as to some vicious tendencies of the scholar. "You caught that idea about not getting the line too close, at once. You must be used to doing things well."

The stranger lifted his keen, clear blue eyes a second and shot a glance at the boy. "Possibly one thing," he answered briefly, and cast again.

Half a dozen small trout lay on the rocks, strung on a forked willow branch, the vivid, pointed leaves crisp on one side of it, cut by the resentful Adelard, now charmed by the turn of events and eager to be included in them. But the big trout did not rise.

"Bad time of day," Jack explained. "Hole's fussed up, too. Have to let it get quiet before the sockdologers will take notice." He turned to the older man with a certain brotherly manner of his, a manner which lacked in no point of respect, but was yet simply unconscious of any difference of age—a manner which made older men like the lad and like themselves better too. "If I were you," advised Jack, "I'd stop now and come back early tomorrow morning, by gray light, and have a try at them. Maybe you'd get an old he-one then."

A short lecture followed on the taking down of rods, and the etiquette of winding a leader about one's hat, so that the pull is always from the last fly.

"Where are you going now?" asked the large m'sieur as he and Adelard stood, their *butin* packed, ready to move on.

Jack laughed and looked at Josef, who laughed also and shrugged his shoulders. "We don't know exactly," the boy said. "We're just 'loungin' 'round and sufferin',' like Brer Fox. I rather think we'll ramble upstream and take the new trail the guardian cut last winter to Lac Cru. I've never been there. And then come back and put up our tent on your lake for the night, if you don't mind, sir. It's down there now, with the canoe, at the mouth of this little river," and he stamped a boot caressingly into the brown water, as one pats an animal in speaking of it.

"Put up with me overnight," suggested the m'sieur. "I've plenty of room; it would be a great pleasure. Then you needn't bother with your tent or your kit."

The clear eyes met the man's with frank, pleased surprise; Jack never got used to the astonishing goodness of people in wanting him about. "Why, we'll do that with bells on, if you'd really like us, sir," he agreed heartily.

Ten minutes later the two lads were swinging again through the shifting mystery of the portage, following the narrowing river farther and farther upstream, while the large m'sieur and Adelard, now in a pleasanter humor, progressed downstream to the lake and the camp.

About six o'clock that evening the large m'sieur, whose name, incidentally, was Bradlee, spread a gray camp blanket on the pine needles in front of his immense walled tent, and stretched it with care to

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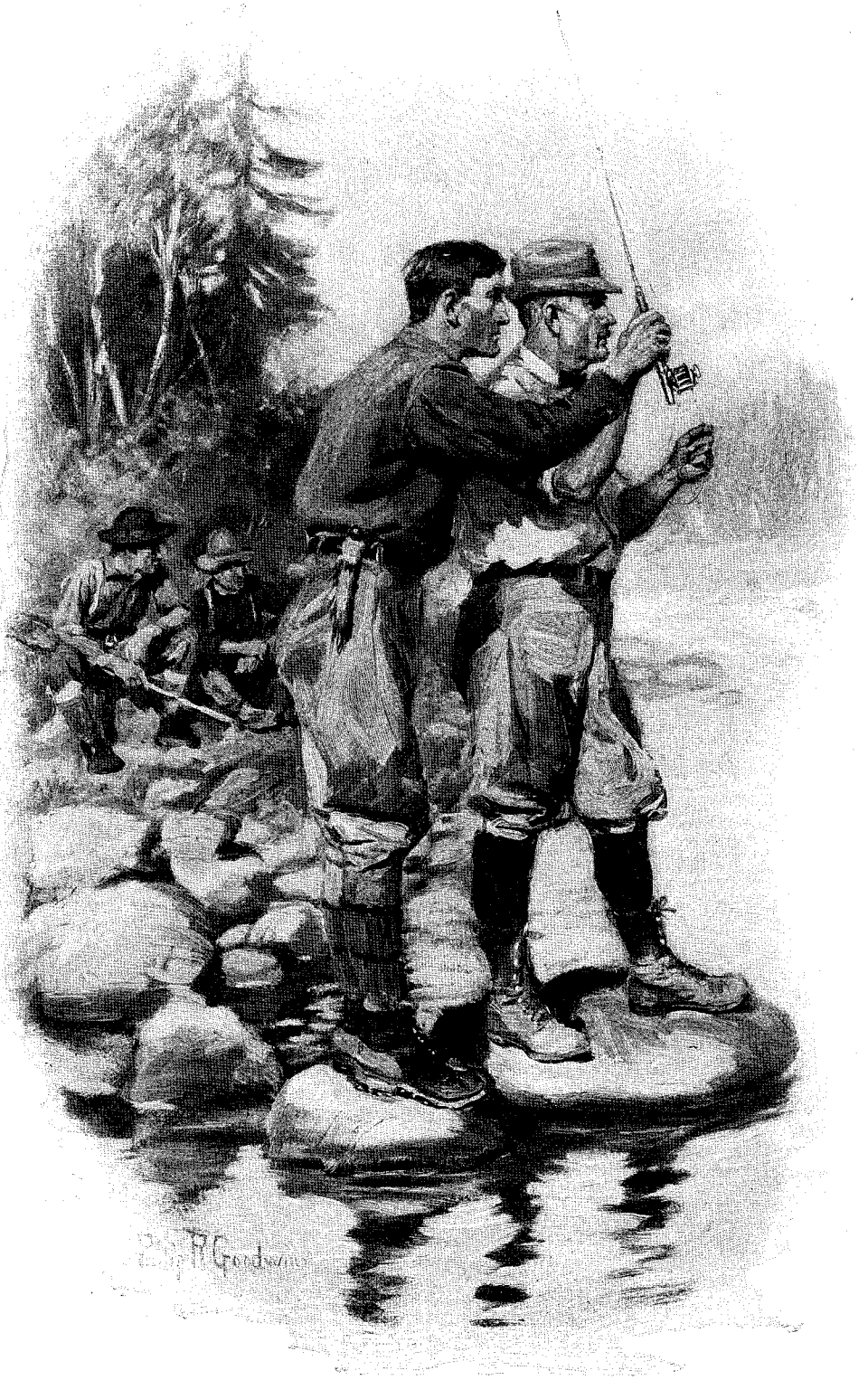

Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

Jack put the rod into the man's hand and held the hand carefully for a few trial casts.—Page 207.

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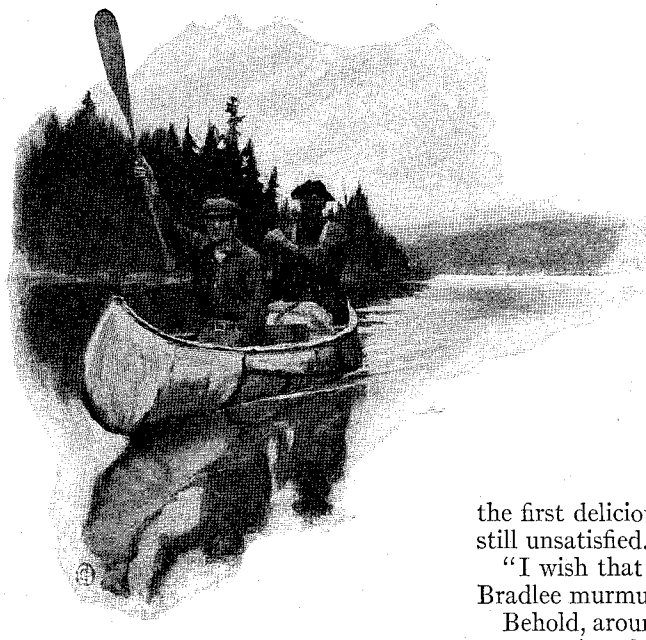

Now Jack missed a stroke and shot his paddle high in the air in salute.

the foot or a peculiarly luxurious stump—a stump of the right shape and angle and consistency to make a good back for a man to loll against. There is a large difference in the comfort of stumps. Mr. Bradlee sighed an unbroken sigh of satisfaction as he felt his weight settle rightly into curves of stump and of pine needles and knew that his confidence in both had not betrayed him. It was the only manner of Morris-chair he had about, and it seemed of importance. He had been tramping all the afternoon, and he was tired and wanted luxury; he found it on the gray blanket, with his back against the spruce stump; luxury, it is said, is a matter of contrast; this man's scale of such things possibly began at a different point in New York—here in Canada, after a day's heavy labor in portage and canoe, after coming back grimy and sweating and black-fly-bitten and footsore—after those things, a plunge in the lake and dry flannel clothes and a gray blanket and a stump realized luxury. So he sighed contentedly and shifted his leg to feel how comfortably the muscles ached in repose, as he drew his crowning happiness out of his pocket, that long brown happiness called a cigar. Yet he was conscious as he lit it, and pulled the first delicious puff, that he was still unsatisfied.

"I wish that cub would come," Bradlee murmured half aloud.

Behold, around the corner of the spruce point which guarded the bay, dark on the silvery water, a canoe shot forward, swift, silent. Bradlee with one long pull took his cigar from his mouth and held it as he watched. It was a picture to remember—the blue sky with pink and copper cotton-batting clouds; below that the band of dark woods, sunlight gone from them, crowding to the lake; below that the gray shimmer of water and the dark bulk of the canoe, and the double paddle flash of the stroke of the two powerful lads under which the canoe leaped toward him out of the hills. The indescribable intoxication of the Canadian mountain air was about him, immense, pervading; he heard the beat of the paddles and the long swish of the water after each bound of the canoe; now Jack missed a stroke and shot his paddle high in the air in salute, but did not break the infinite quiet with a spoken word.

"Most boys would have howled their heads off at sight; this one respects the sanctuaries," thought the man.

With that the springing boat was close and he got up and stood at the water's edge and the bow crushed, with a soothing sound which canoe people know, up the wet sand. Jack arose, stretched his legs, and stepped out, tall and dirty and happy; bareheaded, bare-armed, the gray flannel shirt décolleté around his strong neck, his

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face streaked with mother earth, and with blood of murdered black flies, but bright with that peace which shines from faces which nature has smoothed for a while.

"Glad to see you, young man; hope you have an appetite," spoke Bradlee cordially, and felt the place all at once illumined by a buoyant presence.

"*Have* I?" responded Jack. "Just you watch me, sir."

Shortly, on the sand by the lake edge, under a wide-branched pine tree, the table was spread, with trout still sizzling in the frying-pan and flapjacks and maple sugar and thin fried potatoes and other delicacies of camp, which Adelard and his confrère, Louis, brought in relays, laughing joyfully at the enormous hunger of the young m'sieur. Then, while the guides ate their dinner, while the night settled down like some mammoth bird into its nest over the lonely miles of mountains and the quiet stretch of lake, the man and the boy sat by the bubbling birch fire and "smelled wood smoke at twilight," and talked fishing. Jack was very great at expounding, and it was seldom he had such a chance; he made the most of it. The older man listened as to the Law and Gospel; it was a memorable evening. The Bradlee fishing tackle was had out and looked over.

"You've got some splendid things," Jack announced in his uncompromising young voice, and regretted to himself the unnecessary extravagance of a poor man. "But the trouble is, there's a lot that's—excuse me for saying it—trash. I reckon you just went to a shop and bought what they told you, didn't you?"

"Exactly."

"Too bad." Jack's wise head shook sorrowfully. "Wish I could have been along. I could have saved you hunks of money. An automatic reel's a crime, too, you know. Not sportsmanlike. However—you'll know yourself next time."

"Thanks to you," said Bradlee humbly.

"Oh, gee, no," protested Jack. "You'll just learn, doing it. Let's see about that cast for to-morrow morning. Now, I'd admire to have a Parmachene Belle—that's good in these waters."

The fine, big, new fly-book was opened, and the man flapped a thick leaf or two and nervously drew out a brown fly. Jack had been teaching him the names.

Bradlee pointed out a patch of scarlet with his forefinger. "I want that one," he stated.—Page 212.

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"Oh no!" the boy threw at him. "That's a Reuben Wood. Hard to remember till you get used to them, isn't it, though? Here is your Parmachene—see, with the ugly-colored red feather? Put her on for a hand-fly, wouldn't you, sir?"

Bradlee obeyed with pathetic promptness, fumbling a bit, but getting fly and snell together ultimately.

"That's—all—right!" approved the boy. "Now—let's see. A Silver Doctor—this fellow? Don't you think? I've had great luck with that fly. It's a pretty decent fly." The owner of the fly-book took his orders and annexed the Silver Doctor to the leader.

"Now—tail-fly. That's important. Let—me—see."

But the willing horse suddenly took the bit in his mouth. Bradlee pointed out a patch of scarlet with his forefinger. "I want that one," he stated.

The boy laughed. "The Scarlet Ibis?" he inquired, like a kind but pitying father. "That wouldn't do, I'm afraid. That's too—crude, you see. That's good for very dark days and very wild waters, where no one has ever fished and they're not educated. I'm afraid they'd know better than a Scarlet Ibis at Profanity Pool."

But the man, so docile up to now, acquired a setness about the mouth. "I want the Scarlet Ibis. I like the name of it, and red is the color I like, and I have an idea it will bring me luck."

There was something in the large m'sieur, when he spoke in this way, which made one see that he was accustomed to manage things; this was different from the meek scholar of the kindergarten class in fishing. Jack yielded at once and with cordiality.

"Of course, if you've got a hunch," he agreed with his young elderly benevolence. "Maybe it will bring you luck."

And the large m'sieur, smiling inwardly, felt that he had been allowed the Scarlet Ibis by an indulgent superior, yet liked the lad no less.

When the thick mists that had blanketed the lake all night were blowing in streamers along the shore and curving to the alders in the damp morning wind; when the forest was a black mass below but dividing above into spires of spruce trees under the mystical glow which fast loosed the night-bound shadows; when the grasses in the little beaver meadows were stiff with cold, wet silver, the man and the boy, leaving the guides in camp, started upstream to Profanity Pool. It was hard to follow the portage at first, so dark it was; a hush was through the woods; no breeze stirred here away from the lake; no little beast rustled; no bird fluttered; the underworld was fast asleep. One felt like a knight of Arthur adventuring into a Merlin-guarded forest.

Even when the two fishermen reached the pool it was dark enough to make the footing uncertain as one crossed from rock to rock, to the sand-bar where the Indian tea bushes grew, their small old-rose-colored blossoms frosted with dew, and over them in the dim light the same mysterious stillness, as if the night's sleep were not yet ended. Also it was very cold; the chill crept through sweaters and flannel shirts, through flesh and blood and into the bones and the marrow, as they sat down to put the rod together. Instinctively they spoke in low voices, not to waken the drowsy forest. Then arrows of sunlight shot and caught in the tops of the spruces and crept ever downward. One could see the quiet pool now, and the dark, wet log lying lengthwise, and the brown water; not a stir of life on that level surface, yet under it the great trout must be waking.

The large m'sieur, casting, with his whole heart in his forearm, suddenly was aware of a small tentative resistance somewhere on the leader threading a shimmering way across the pool. Like an electric connection his wrist thrilled in response and the delicate mechanism answered again with a light jerk.

"Steady," spoke Jack's deep authoritative voice. "Something's after it—don't jerk. It's a big one. Recover—don't get flustered—slow. That's a peach. Draw the fly slowly—it's dark yet—let the tail-fly go under a little—not too quick—he's after it—let him take hold. *Strike!*"

With an appalling suddenness Bradlee was aware of a mighty pull of unseen live strength applied to the gossamer structure of his rod and line, and his wrist flew up antiphonally with a good-will which luckily did not break everything concerned. The fish had taken the fly under water, as a

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big one will; he was on—Bradlee had hooked him. But there was small time to dwell on that point, for the fight had begun without preliminaries. Straight for his finger on the spring—for he was learning fast—and the line was snapping back in handfuls—yet there was slack for at least two seconds and it was pure chance

"It's the Scarlet Ibis!"—Page 215.

the log ran the invisible streak of force, and Jack cried out in horror:

"Keep him away—don't let him get under."

The large m'sieur's lips curled back from his teeth, and his eyes gleamed savagely, as he lifted the tip and held the struggling fish on the very edge of the danger zone. The boy, following every pulse throb, murmured "Good work," and with that there was a sound as of a mighty garment ripping and the trout was off headlong to the foot of the pool.

"Give him line—quick," the boy thundered.

And Bradlee, lowering the rod a bit, let the line run out—and behold the trout turned suddenly in his tracks and rushed back. Only luck saved him on that manœuvre; before Jack had cried breathlessly "Reel up," the man had the tip lifted and that the fish did not shake loose. There was a space of quiet after this—dangerous quiet. The big trout was "sulking." Somewhere down in the bottom he lay, planning fight in his cloudy fish brain, and it was equally dangerous to let him go on and to stir him up. He might be burrowing under a rock with a sharp edge which would cut the leader; he might rise at an inopportune touch and get free with one unexpected effort; everything was dangerous.

"Just wait," Jack advised. Two minutes of masterly inactivity and then, out of patience, enraged, the enemy rose to the top and flung himself this way and that, tearing, rushing, shaking his head from side to side in a very hopeful effort to shake out the fly. Fisherman's luck certainly carried the large m'sieur through that peril, for the most expert rodsman

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can do little but hope and hold on to his tackle in such tornadoes. The fit wore past, however, and was succeeded by a determined attempt, in a series of rushes, to get under the big log. Jack stood close at Bradlee's side and counselled him through the sharpness of this battle, and Bradlee's keen mind bent to the execution of his orders with all there was in it. Add to this that the trout was uncommonly well hooked inside the throat, and one sees that the event was not impossible. The time came at length when it was evident that the prey was tiring. The rushes were shorter and executed with less vim, and the great back came up to the surface at times and flopped over limply.

"Gee!" commented Jack, "it's the best fight I've seen in moons. He's a sockdologer, sure Mike! All of four pounds, sir—look at him—did you see him then?"

With that there was a sharp revival of energy and a dash to the end of the pool, and a double back, repeating the manœuvre with which operations had begun. The last ten minutes of playing a fish have a peculiar danger in the relaxing effort of the fisherman. Not only does the creature struggle less vigorously and so throw one off guard, but the strain has told and one is tired, and then, often, comes an unexpected strong rush which proves successful—the fish is gone.

The large m'sieur, ignorant of what to expect, did not presume, did not relax, and was not taken off his guard. The boy glanced at the set face many times with benignant approval, as the man, silent, intent, fought the flagging fight as earnestly, as watchfully, as at its beginning.

"Them's um," Jack endorsed proceedings, as the big fish flopped listlessly at the surface, and the fisherman yet held his line delicately taut, yet led the live weight at its end this way and that. "Them's um. Don't take your eye off him or he'll fool you yet," and finished with a manner of squeal. "Holy mackerel, but he's a he-one—I'll bet he's close on five."

At which premature gloating the trout rose for one last fling and shook his mighty head and slashed with his tail and threw his strong flexible body in a hundred directions at once, whipping the brown water into foam. The boy, crouching with the landing-net at the water's edge, followed the infinitely quick scintillations with his eyes; the man, lifting, lowering his rod, keeping the line not too tight, not too loose, followed them, as mere human muscles might, with his playing wrist; with that the long, shining body, brown and gold and silver and pink and scarlet and spotted, stopped struggling, floated limply half out of water, and the large m'sieur, flushed, anxious, drew him slowly inshore. Jack, with the net deep in the pool four feet to the right of the defeated king of it, waited till he was close—yet not too close—till a clock in his brain sounded the psychological second, and then—swoop; the net rushed through the brown water, deep under the trout and up with a sure curve. There was a mad flopping and struggling, but the big fellow was caught in the meshes and Jack lifted him out, both fists gripping the handle of the heavy-weighted net, and held him so at arm's length high in air.

"Gosh!" said Jack.

The large m'sieur did not say anything, but he lowered the butt of his rod with hands that shook, and brought out a sigh that appeared to wander up in stages from his boots. His face radiated a solemn happiness several flights farther down than words; his eyes were glued to the landing-net with its freight of glory. He sat down on the rocks with his boots casually trailing in the water and sighed profoundly again.

"I caught him," he stated.

"Sure," agreed Jack. "You took him, that's as certain as the Pyramids. What's more, you did it in style. The way you played that fish, sir, was good enough for anybody. You may not have experience," Jack allowed candidly, "but I'll be hanged if you haven't got promise. You're a wonder, sir—a plain wonder."

By now Jack was squatting before the net, laid on a flat stone; his hunting-knife was out of its leather-fringed caribou-skin sheath, and he had it in his right hand, the dull side of the blade down, while with his left he gathered the net tighter around the still flopping great trout. The wet, dull nose, the staring eyes were uppermost. Jack gave a sharp rap on the back of the neck two or three times repeated, and the king of Profanity

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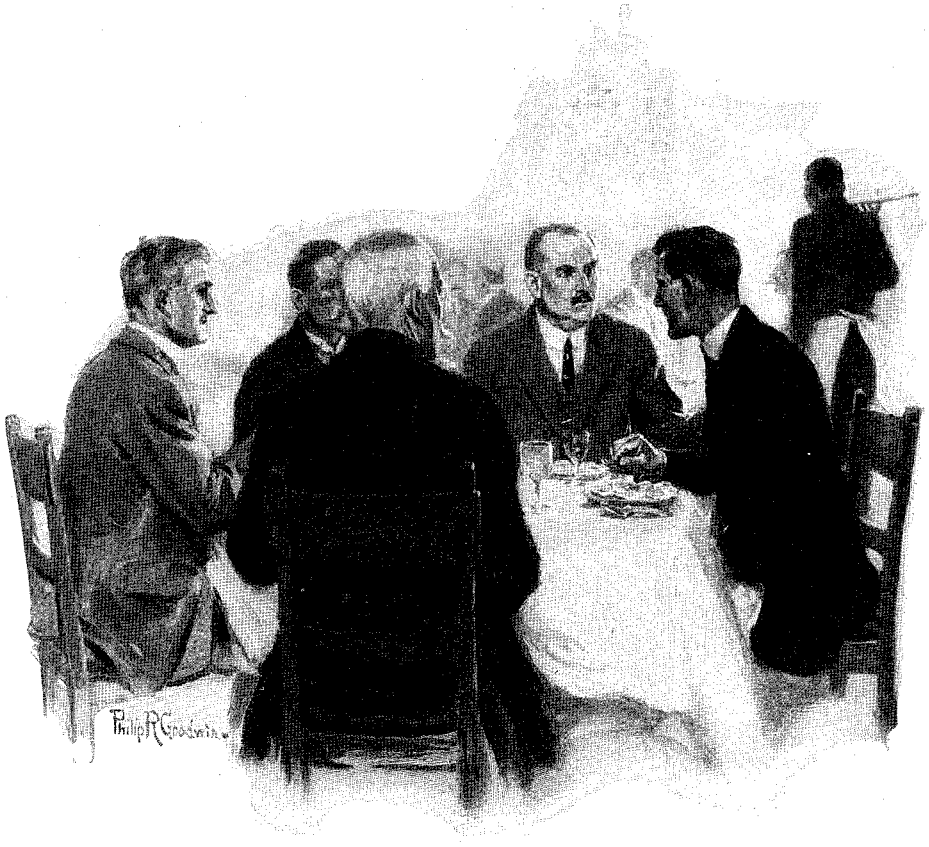
Pool, with a long shiver, was still. Then with big-handed dexterity he drew back the meshes and pulled him out, a splendid, shining creature twenty-two inches long.

Three months later, on a day in November, a tall young man in good clothes, with a clean face and a hat, swung along a street uptown in New York City. The



"State the situation now, Izaak Walton," he commanded.—Page 217.

The large m'sieur, watching the boy's expert work, made a sudden movement. "What fly is he on?" he threw at Jack.

Jack carefully withdrawing the net from its twists and double twists around the tail, around the leader and the flies, bent swiftly, examining. There was the Parmachene Belle, tied in a yard or two of wet net-meshes; there was the Silver Doctor, having run in a half-second a complicated course through a system of the same and caught itself in the snell of the Parmachene. That was all. The lad gave a whoop that set echoes ringing in the dark hills about Profanity Pool and the gully of the little river.

"Gosh!" shouted Jack, while the large m'sieur grinned triumphantly, "it's the Scarlet Ibis!"

setting and the costume were changed, yet a person who might have met the bareheaded, gray-shirted, earth-streaked woodsman and his guide in the Canadian forest in August might still have known this correct city character as Jack Vance. The freedom of the woods had not yet left his buoyant heels, nor the breeziness of the hills his physiognomy; by these signs he was the same. But his mind was working harder than it had on that morning when he and Josef had found the large m'sieur fishing by Profanity Pool; his eyes were absent-minded and intense; if one might have listened to his thoughts as his long pace lifted them and him over the pavement, it might be that some such sentence as this would have come to the light:

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"Now how in thunder am I to tell if that's interstate commerce or if it isn't?" Jack was thinking.

With the same whole-heartedness that he had put into his fishing, into his woodscraft, the boy had now flung himself into the study of the law at that hot-house for starting the delicate green sprouts which are to grow into trees of justice, the Harvard Law School. He was in New York for what he would have described as a "bat" of some days, yet his work fermented in his brain in his holiday. He was finding law, as one mostly finds things done with all one's might, a joy and delight. Yet for all the fun of it he was badly puzzled just now, and anxious as well as eager. After exhausting the sources of information he needed more light.

"If I only knew a man who had a practical hold on it," his mind went on, throwing out tentacles to search for help, "an older man—a clever man, a man who—" he stopped short; a mind tentacle had touched something in the dimness. Why had there come to him in a flash the familiar feeling of the woods, of fishing, of Josef and the little river and—in a flash again he had arrived. "Profanity Pool! The large m'sieur—Mr. Bradlee! He said he was a railroad man—he said I was to call him up and lunch with him; he said if ever he could help me about anything he'd do it—by the sign of the Scarlet Ibis. Ginger! I'm glad I thought of him. The very chap!"

He dashed into a drug store and rushed to the telephone booth. Here he was—Bradlee—W. R. H.—that was the man. Wall Street—yes. And he took down the receiver and gave a number. It was a bit roundabout getting Mr. Bradlee. It seemed that the approach to him was guarded by an army of clerks and secretaries.

"He must think he's mighty precious," Jack complained to himself.

One must send a name—"Mr. Vance," Jack said simply. So that when at last a voice out of the long wire was speaking, the words "Yes—this is Mr. Bradlee," came with impersonal iciness. But Jack was not given to being snubbed; his theory of the friendliness of mankind prevented that, along with other discomforts. "Oh, hello, Mr. Bradlee," he threw back eagerly. "I hope I'm not butting into business. This is Jack Vance."

"Who?" The chilly tone was a bit impatient.

"Jack Vance—of the Montagnard Club—we went fishing—don't you remember——"

The identification was cut short by a shout at the other end of the telephone in which there was no iciness or impatience at all. "Oh—Jack Vance—why, Great Scott, boy, it's you, is it? I'm delighted to hear your voice. I was thinking about you yesterday and of how you fell down on the fly question. The Scarlet Ibis was crude, was it? What have you got to say about that now?"

Jack's great pealing laughter went down the telephone wires in response. "You certainly pasted me on that, sir," he agreed cheerfully, and then, "I want to know if I can bother you with a question or two about railroads," he began, and explained the situation briefly. He had been assigned to argue a case in one of the moot courts—the mock trials of the students—of the law school; it was his first case; he wanted to win it "the worst way"; he was at a stand-still about a railroad question; he needed the point of view of a practical experience.

"You're a railroad man, aren't you, sir?" Jack asked.

There was a second's hesitation at the other end of the wire, and the answer came as if the speaker were smiling. "Well, yes—I'm called that." And Mr. Bradlee's friendly voice went on: "Tell you what, my son—we can't discuss law over the telephone. Will you come down to lunch to-morrow at the Lawyers' Club?"

"Why, I'd simply love to do it, thank you," Jack agreed joyfully.

"Good. One o'clock. Come to my office. Possibly I may find—somebody who will help me advise you. We've got to win that case if it takes a leg—it's a sort of Scarlet Ibis case, I consider, you see." And with light-hearted laughter again at both ends of the wire the telephone was hung up.

Promptly at one next day a tall young man of fresh color was handed along with distinguished courtesy from one to another of such an array of officials as guards the valuable time of magnates in great offices.

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"Gee!" remarked Jack casually as he landed at last in the private office and the very presence of Mr. Bradlee. "Gee, this is 'some' different from Adelard Martel and the tent, isn't it, Mr. Bradlee?"

On the wall of the office, in a frame behind a bulging glass, hung one of the ugliest and one of the most satisfactory personal possessions which earth affords, a trophy trout set up by experts. Its weight, five and three-quarter pounds, was marked clearly in a corner, above the date, August 7, 19—. Hooked in the grim black mouth gleamed a red fly. This work of art was examined, criticised, and appreciated by the visitor before he took his way with his host through the swarming life of downtown to the great Equitable Building which held the famous club restaurant.

Three men were waiting in the reading-room as the two went in, three grizzled, important personages, who rose up and greeted Jack's large m'sieur as one entitled to consideration.

"I want to present Mr. Vance to you," said Bradlee. "Mr. Howell—Judge Carroll—Mr. Fitzhugh."

And Jack, gripping the hands held out with his friendly, bone-breaking handclasp, failed to see the wonder at his youth on the men's faces, for the wonder in his own mind that the large m'sieur had found him worthy to meet these bully old chaps, who were quite evidently somebodys. Somebodys—who? He wondered further. Shortly he found out.

"I asked you three here," Bradlee began, waving a comprehensive oyster fork, "to meet Mr. Vance, for a purpose."

A bar of red crept up the clear brown of the boy's cheeks. He had not realized that these dignified persons had come to meet him! He would have described himself as "rattled."

Bradlee went on: "It will advance the purpose if I mention who you all are. Jack, Mr. Howell is the president of the I. S. I. & O. Z. D.; Judge Carroll, whom I luckily caught in town for the day, is on the Interstate Commerce Commission; and Mr. Fitzhugh is general counsel of four railways in the West and South. If anybody knows what you want to find out, these gentlemen do."

"Holy mackerel!" said Jack simply, and flushed scarlet having said it, and murmured etiquettically something about "Certainly am mighty grateful." But the four, at the awe in the tone, at the untrammelled expletive, at something winning and indescribable in the lad's embarrassment, broke into sudden laughter, and Bradlee, well pleased, knew that the charm which he had felt in the youngster was working. With that he was telling, what most men like to hear, a fish story—the story of the Scarlet Ibis. Plenty of raps for his autocratic ways the boy got as the large m'sieur told the tale, and once or twice the deep-toned young laughter rang out in a shout which made people all over the dining-room turn and stare and smile. Jack did not see that, but the elder men saw, and laughed too, and loved the boy for it, as older men do love youth and unconsciousness and joy of living.

"So you see," Mr. Bradlee finished, "Izaak Walton Vance slipped up on the fly and the humble scholar guessed right. But the lad gave me the best time I've had for twenty years, bar none, and he taught me how to fish—I consider that worth anywhere from ten to forty million. So I'm his debtor to a large amount, and I want you three gentlemen to help me to pay an instalment on my debt. I want you to help the boy win his case in his moot court up at the Harvard Law School. That's what you're here for."

"Speaking for myself, it will be a pleasure if I can help Mr. Vance," Fitzhugh enunciated with elaborate Southern courtesy. "And speaking for people in general, they certainly are likely to do what Billion Bradlee asks."

The lad swung about and flashed a startled look at his host. "Are you—" he began and stopped.

Bradlee frowned slightly. "You've heard my nickname, I see," he said. "You didn't place me before?"

"Place you—well, I just didn't, sir," Jack smiled broadly. "You know, I thought you were so darned extravagant about that Leonard rod." And Bradlee smiled too, pleased with the comrade-like confidence. He laid a fatherly hand on Jack's arm.

"State the situation now, Izaak Walton," he commanded.

So Jack, stammering a bit at first, for-

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getting himself soon, and launching out into a perfectly regardless wealth of law language which flowed quaintly from his young mouth, set forth his case. There was a small railroad, it appeared, running twelve miles, from Skaneateles to Skaneateles Junction, wholly within the State. At Skaneateles the road joins the New York Central. A train was made up at Skaneateles, consisting of engine, tender, caboose, four local freight cars, and one freight car billed through to Chicago, via New York Central and Lake Shore. A brakeman on this train was injured between Skaneateles and Skaneateles Junction by the negligence of the railroad company, but also because of his own negligence.

"You see," finished Jack, addressing the great railway magnates and the interstate commerce commissioner as man to man, "the question to be settled is whether that small road is engaged in interstate commerce, so that the brakeman may recover in an action against it in spite of his contributory negligence."

Billion Bradlee, whose nod shook Wall Street; Judge Carroll, who, with his associates, decided every day vast questions of national commerce, and the two powerful railway men listened with careful attention. The four pair of keen eyes were fixed on the boy's face. The boy went on. His whole personality was focussed now on his argument, and though in the vague margin of consciousness there might have been a knowledge of the incongruity between such an audience and a case in a law school moot court, yet the glow of his intense interest in his affair reduced such thoughts to a dim fringe. The boy went on, unembarrassed, throwing his free power into his statement.

"You see, sir—you see, Judge Carroll, the act of 1898 speaks of 'common carriers by railroads, while engaged in commerce between any of the States,' being liable to any employee for injuries while 'employed by such carrier in such commerce.' The fact of contributory negligence does not bar a recovery in such actions."

Conway Fitzhugh, who handled railroads in three States, spoke consideringly. "It's an interesting question. I believe it has never been decided," he said, and the president of the I. S. I. & O. Z. D. followed him up quickly.

"Possibly there has been no final test case. But if such a position as Mr. Vance sets forth is maintained—if the brakeman could recover—then there is no such thing as the domestic trade of a State. Congress may take the entire control of the commerce of the country."

Bradlee, leaning back in his chair, laid down his knife and fork, and the perfectly cooked bird on his plate was left untasted. His keen blue glance swept across the table to Jack's face. Jack, bright-eyed, flushed, slashed off a manful bit of partridge and stowed it away before he answered.

"There's that view of it, sir, of course," he answered the mighty Howell respectfully but firmly—and Bradlee chuckled. He remembered a fishing lesson up a little lost river and the odd sensation of being talked to as a novice. He wondered how Howell would take these fearless tactics. The lad went on: "But there's a good deal of authority on the other side. 'The Constitution gives Congress plenary power to regulate interstate commerce,' you see—doesn't it, Judge Carroll? I think that's a quotation from one of your opinions, sir. And you may use the analogy of the Safety Appliance act—under that it has been held that a railroad wholly within a State, not even touching the boundary line, may be engaged in interstate traffic. Then there was an example—let's see—what was that?—it was a perfect peach," mused Jack, and the four dignitaries waited, regarded him seriously. "Oh, yes—I know," he flashed at them joyfully. "You'll remember this of course, Judge Carroll. The Senate was monkeying with the question—I mean to say, the question arose in the Senate. Senator Bacon supposed a case—he said, take a purely local train from Richmond to Alexandria. Clearly that train would not be engaged in interstate commerce. A trainman injured must sue under the Virginia law. Now suppose a man at Orange Court House puts on a box of cigars consigned to Baltimore—does that immediately change the character of the train? After that may a trainman injured sue under the United States act? Senator Dolliver seemed to believe he could."

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With that there was a battle of the gods. Even Bradlee dropped his spectator's attitude and descended into the arena, for the point was one which held a vital interest for each of the four and the lad had opened the ball with a dance of distinguished authorities. Moreover, he had the literature of the question at his fingers' ends, and his shining spear, bright and new, flashed back and forth in the thick of the fray so readily, so accurately, that no thought of difference in age entered the minds of the older men any more than it did his own. It was suggestive of certain remarks of Kipling's calling attention to the fact that

> "There is neither East nor West nor border nor breed nor birth
> When two strong men meet face to face though they come from the ends of the earth."

So the four captains of industry, men at the very crest of international careers, and the lad not yet at the beginning of his career, bringing only his eager brain and hard-won young knowledge and tremendous impulse of his enthusiasm, debated together as equals and gave and took pleasure and strength. And the boy soaked in experience and ideas at every delighted pore. Till at last the lunch was over, and Jack, due at an engagement, had to leave before the grandees, and stood up to say good-by. In his manly, boyish way he expressed his appreciation of their help, and as he towered above them all in his young vigor and bright good looks, each one felt, perhaps, that he had unconsciously given as much as he had gotten, and that an impulse of generous new life had swept like a rushing wind into the world-worn minds from his contact.

"I can't begin to thank you, sir," he said, his hand in his host's and Bradlee's arm across his shoulder half-caressingly. "I can't possibly tell you how I've enjoyed it. It's been simply great. I—I've never had such a bully time in my life," he exploded, and the others laughed quiet little laughs of older men, but their eyes were very friendly as they looked at him.

"We shall be interested to hear if you win your case," the mighty autocrat Howell said. "Bradlee must let us know."

"Send me a telegram, Jack," ordered Bradlee.

"I sure will," promised Jack heartily, "if you'd like it, sir," and, flushed and radiant and smiling, was gone.

About four o'clock the door in Jim Fletcher's room uptown—where a club of three law students held their meetings for study, and where the confrère from Cambridge was expected this afternoon to battle with them over a special question—opened and three bent heads lifted from a table littered with papers and legal-looking volumes to regard Jack Vance.

"Come in," Fletcher threw at him. "You're late. We're half through. What are you grinning about?"

Jack shut the door inside with an air of reserved electricity which arrested the workers at the table. He came and stood over them and they all stared up at him; there appeared to be something to wait for.

"Gee!" spoke Jack at last. "Guess whom I've been lunching with."

Carl Harrison drew a law book toward him. "Don't care," he stated with disapproval. "Get to work, Jack; we've got a tough one on to-day." But Joe Lewis and Jim were interested.

"What's up?" Joe asked. "Get it out of your system, Johnny. Who?"

Jack stuck a thumb in each waistcoat pocket and looked "chesty." "Oh," he flung at them casually with his lips pursed and his eyes dancing. "Nothing uncommon. I simply lunched at the Lawyers' Club downtown with four of me pals—Billion Bradlee—W. R. H., you know, the railroad king, and Judge Carroll of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the president of the I. S. I. & O. Z. D., Mr. Howell, and Conway Fitzhugh, the Southern railway magnate—just us five, that's all. We had some business to talk over."

And Jack, grinning consumedly, agitating his fingers from the thumb fulcrums, posing his slim figure as near as might be to resemble a bay-windowed alderman, grinned more and watched the effect.

"Come off," responded Jim Fletcher.

"Stop your monkey-shines," said Carl.

But Joe Lewis asked curiously, "What do you mean, Jack? Give us straight dope."

And with that Jack, chuckling very much, told the tale, to the wonder and

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amusement and awe of the three lads. And then, with a dizzying shift from boyishness to the stress of the battle of life, the shouts of laughter and light-hearted chaffing stopped short, and the four bent, grave and responsible, over the law books, and the work of the day went on.

And the days went on and the Harvard Law School and its events went on, varying from mere recitations to trials in the moot courts, till a Thursday came, three weeks after the luncheon at the Lawyers' Club. There was an important meeting that day in the impressive offices of W. R. H. Bradlee. People had travelled from long distances to that meeting; there was a man there from Texas, and Hugh Arkendale had come from San Francisco on purpose, and Conway Fitzhugh had left his home in New Orleans two days before for it. Bradlee, opening the meeting, was making a short speech setting forth its purpose and importance. He had just begun when a rap came at the door. Every one looked up in astonishment; these men were as unaccustomed to being interrupted in their councils as the gods of Olympus.

"Come," thundered Bradlee in a terrible voice, and an alarmed clerk slid hurriedly in and held out a telegram.

"Orders"—he murmured—"any message from"—and the name was a gurgle and the clerk bolted.

Billion Bradlee flopped the paper open, and then, as if a bar of rollicking sunlight had broken into the dull atmosphere, his face lit up, as he read it, with a smile, a most unfitting smile. His clear, keen blue eyes flashed about the company a second, and then, like a boy, quite unlike a great financier plying his mighty trade, he tossed the yellow scrap to Fitzhugh.

"Good news," he spoke—he was shaking a bit with inward laughter, it seemed. "Read that, Conway."

The bald-headed general counsel of four railways put on his glasses, while the rest of the august company watched him and waited curiously. With careful, deliberate enunciation, in a business-like tone and manner, the general counsel read aloud—a picked company of the most important men in America listening—these somewhat bewildering words:

"Landed my trout Scarlet Ibis top of the heap glory be won every blamed thing sure am grateful to you and high mucky-mucks kindly pass on thanks and accept most. J. C. VANCE."

There was a momentary astonishment on the face of Conway Fitzhugh as he stared over the yellow paper at Bradlee; the varied expressions of surprise on the dozen faces of the other men were a psychological assortment; Fitzhugh suddenly arrived with a jostle of quick laughter.

"Oh—that boy!" he said, and handed the telegram back across the table. "That delightful boy—I'm glad he won his case. Give him my congratulations."

"A youngster—a friend of mine—and of Fitzhugh's—" Bradlee explained vaguely to no one in particular, but the smile and the look of clean pleasure were still there, and every one felt at once as if a draught of sweet air had found its way into the room and had refreshed them.

"Now, gentlemen," said W. R. H. Bradlee, "as I was saying——"

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IN THE WAKE OF WILLIAM TELL

By Marion Hill

Illustrations by Worth Brehm

THE longer Kenneth went to school the surer he became of the fact that his dear mother knew nothing at all, or next to it. This was a saddening discovery for a loving little boy to make of a nice lady.

And, except for her poverty of mind, she *was* nice—quite a credit to him, never arraying herself in shawls and invading the startled class room to talk loudly to the teacher either for or against him, which was the sort of nervous parent some boys suffered from; but always stayed at home where ladies belonged and wore pretty and perfumy dresses.

As loyal as he was loving, Kenneth hated to humiliate her by correcting her, but sometimes she left him no escape. As now.

"Why don't you do your ciphering on your slate?" she asked.

"What's ciphering?" he counter-questioned hopefully. This might prove a loop-hole. She looked so intelligent sitting there sewing in the sunny, flower-potted window of her room!

"Arithmetic."

Kenneth twisted uncomfortably. The issue was upon him.

"We do number-work," was his gentle accusation.

Instead of flinching under this censure, she bit off a thread end very unconcernedly. Those thread ends added to his worry. Was she lined inside like a bird's nest?

"Number-work, then," she admitted, smiling. She was so disarmingly pretty when she smiled that she could have stopped right there with honors. Instead, she added dementedly, "Just another name for the same things—addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division."

Cobwebs of ignorance for the broom of his knowledge to sweep down.

"It's put-togethers," he elucidated. "And take-aways. And timeses. And goes-intos."

Was she glad to be taught? Her appearance gave no sign. She merely kept on poling the needle into unseen button and miraculously hitting the holes, too. So Kenneth made ready to glide downstairs to Minna in the kitchen—he smelled gingerbread—but he administered a parting bit of information at the sewing-room door:

"And only the babies use slates. We use pads." He then went.

Minna greeted him with unction and cake as usual. She was Irish and acquisitive. No need to tell Minna anything.

"Aha, Kenneth!" was her happy roar as, with arms akimbo, she beamed on him while he ate as if he were doing something very clever indeed. "Is it home you are already? Ate, then. For there's nothing that empties a boy's stummick quicker nor filling his head with lessons does. Don't I know that!"

It seemed she did, for slice followed slice. Under the warm, thick soothingness of gingerbread, Kenneth forgot his mother's ignorance—till next time. When this is what she said:

"Won't you bring home your copybook some night, for me to see?"

Copybook! My goodness!

Kenneth patiently explained in words of one syllable that copybooks were the banished relics of a faulty past, that they had perished with the mastodon and cave man, that nowadays a little boy used specimen sheets, and that specimen sheets never went home, but were kept at the principal's office, except when a particularly nice one was pinned up on the class-room door to be an honor and example to all within. And at this his cheek glowed modestly.

She was at least intuitive, asking joyously, "Is yours pinned up?"

"Yes," he admitted, growing hotter and gladder.

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Privately, he couldn't help but be pleased that there was *one* good writer in their family, for her penmanship was certainly painful, causing him chills in the spine whenever he had to carry a note to school. For her t's were never crossed, and the dots to her i's spattered just anywhere.

Later along, she called language, composition.

Worse and more of it, she insisted upon helping him with his examples yet didn't know enough to write sum, rem, prod, and quo after the results! What these labels meant was all a doubt to Kenneth. He was sure only of one thing—you had to have them. If you did a "goes-into" without tacking a "quo" to the answer you might just as well not have gone-into at all, for you were marked wrong. To times without a prod was equally disastrous. And take-aways without rems had been known to mean ten minutes after school.

Yet his mother said the things weren't really needed. H'm. Let any one try to tell that to Miss Cutler, the keeper in!

With a lady abroad making life dangerous by featuring quo's, and a lady at home making life equally dangerous by disparaging them, no wonder Kenneth looked forward to the time when he would have a man teacher and get rid of damsels in the class room. Yet, let him pause to consider—would it be pleasant to lose Viola Lane?

This poignant thought came to him one day in school when Viola had been more than ordinarily entertaining, spelling worse and wriggling harder than ever before. She sat across the aisle from him, and one charm of her was that she could do more unnecessary things in five minutes than all the rest of the class put together. In lessons, she was a "low" girl, not "high"; but in prettiness of face and garments, Viola was "high" enough to suit anybody, even a fastidious soul like Kenneth. Viola was so small that her outside garment wasn't much more than a ribbon frilled to a band with sleeves on it, yet it gave Viola as much concern when seating herself as a little dog's tail when it goes to lie down and has to turn around twenty times first. Neatness rather than scholarship was Viola's fad, and during a recitation she never did anything very much but skim to the waste-basket with scraps of paper.

Miss Cutler said Viola Lane "wore her out."

If true, this spoke volumes in Viola's favor, for anybody who could wear out Miss Cutler was not only a wonder but a blessing.

Miss Cutler was a heavy weight for a class to bear up under, always talking about nobility and honor and truth.

Not that the emoluments of honor were to be sneezed at. Fridays, the child whose name was "on the roll" got out ten minutes ahead of time. To gather his book and pencil and then to glide glowingly away to freedom with ninety-eight admiring eyes upon his sailor collar was the pride of Kenneth's careful life; for his name was always on the roll.

A wonderfully eye-filling thing, this Roll of Honor, occupying one whole corner of the black-board, and being represented by a drawing of a kind of a sheet on a pole surmounted by the American eagle. The fine affair had been sketched by Billy Quigg, class Michael Angelo, aged eight. Billy had done it with skill and seven different colored chalks. The eagle looked a bit like a chicken getting over a fit of epilepsy, and the writhing ribbon in his mouth bearing the legend *E Pluribus Unum* had every appearance of a worm he feared to swallow until entirely well; yet the whole general effect was inspiring.

Kenneth Underwood—that's what it said. To see how much room he took up always gave Kenneth a thrill of happy horror. And to be pointed out to whispering visitors as the owner of the name always gave him a thrill of horrible happiness.

But the mechanics of honor as practised daily in the class gave him, and everybody else, horror alone without the element of happiness either before or after.

Just now they were being told about Androclus and the lion. To be *told* tales was soothing. Sitting idly in one's seat and being filled up with language, instead of standing wretchedly in the aisle and unloading one's self of it, was to be borne. The unbearable part was this:

"Now repeat the story in your own words," at which blood-curdling conclu-

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sion Miss Cutler stabbed her finger at one victim after another, who had to get up at once and put his foot in it.

Androclus *and* the lion both being gentlemen, the he's gambolled through the retold narra ive very mixingly. A listener had to know the story from A to Izzard in order to tell which of the characters was at work.

"And he growled and lashed his tail which softened his heart," finished Kenneth, weak but sparring bravely. "So, when he roared, he struck his brow and asked himself, 'Shall this poor beast suffer?' When he growled again. Then he with his own hands pulled out the thorn. This made him lick his paw and thank him with his gently moving tail. So he smiled. Then he crouched at his feet. And he said, 'Oh, beast, thou art kinder than is man.'"

Kenneth sat down shattered. Could there be any torture worse than "reproducing orally"? There could. There was.

While the last martyr was trickling forth he's, Miss Cutler tore folds of writing paper into sinister neat squares. Gloomily every desk was cleared except for a pen, and all too soon an eye-smiting white square reposed on the top of each, like a storm signal. Which it turned out to be.

"Write the story," ordered Miss Cutler heartlessly. Then, in icy response to the awful appeal for help which showed in every eye, "Why, start with your title. Put down 'Androclus and the Lion.' And"—more icily still—"remember your capitals and periods."

Why theirs? Why not hers? She was the one who fought about capitals and periods, not they. Moreover, this was a case where capitals and periods were not the trouble. Spelling was the trouble. "Lion" was bad enough to stumble over without coming a cropper like "Androclus."

With his half-hundred suffering mates, Kenneth clutched his pen and bent perspiringly over the paper.

Viola Lane was the first to straighten up. She was charmingly rapid with the pen. She could scratch it along at a great rate. Her proficiency as a speedist had once led her to being permitted to go to the board to drill spectacularly on M's, copying for the class this message: "Many Men of Many Minds." And before Miss Cutler could reach the spot, Viola had succeeded in putting down six times "Many Meny of Man Mings." Viola loved the gymnastics of penmanship rather than the mentality back of it, so no wonder Kenneth wavered his lashes at her doubtfully in the present crisis.

Quick and sociable as a wren, Viola tipped her paper up for him to see. Her achievement was:

Andorkle an Line.

This being a confidence of Viola's, Kenneth respected it. He had no time to do much else about it, for Billy Quigg was performing. In addition to the artistic temperament, Billy had the trick of giggling merrily when in agony. When Billy giggled it was almost time for a doctor.

"Ker-chick, ker-chick," he now went in despair.

"Twenty minutes after school," prescribed Miss Cutler medicinally.

Kenneth sympathetically sped a shy, long-lashed glance at Billy's paper to find out what had frightened him. He found it. This:

Andy Roggles Andy Loin.

Poor Billy! But Kenneth had no further time to bestow on the misfortunes of others. His own were pressing him too hard. Trying to keep sane and rely on analogies he wrote down:

Androclus and the Lirn.

Naturally dubious about the man, he felt solid about the beast. For if L-I-R-N did not spell lion, then nothing did. The story part was easy. Even at that, Kenneth made the statement that the lion "waged his tale," and he wasn't talking editorially, either. Given leisure, Kenneth could spell both wagged and tail. But a pen in a hurry can do some fearful things, all by itself, too.

After the papers were taken up and recess mercifully arrived, Sandy McGann filled the yard with vociferations about the recent outrage. Sandy was, fortunately, a more desirable boy than he looked and sounded. All his life on his knees to fate, begging not for his deserts, but merely to be let alone, Sandy was frayed at the edges and owned a voice which was simply a wail.

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"Fellers, tell me," he implored, his falsetto cutting gashes into the ears, "where did they git them softy sort of beast? Know that big yaller li-urn out to the park zoo? Sposen I tried pickin' thorns from *him*. *Say, I can see us*. Him a-wavin' gently of his tail? No. Me a-sailin' tru de air chawed to bits? Yuss. Not enough lef' of me to catterize. An' there ain't no other kind of li-urn. I don't b'lieve none o' her dope. Do you know what I call it? I call it punk."

Which last word put difficulties in the way of Kenneth's repeating Sandy's wisdom at home. Kenneth was never allowed to say punk unless it came around on the Fourth of July and cost five cents. Having a cash value apparently cured punk of its curse. To his father and mother, at the tea-table, where he always held forth on the day's scholastic doings, Kenneth apologized for punk in its poverty.

His mother looked depressed.

"I told Sandy it was a bad word," extenuated Kenneth.

His father looked cheered. Lots of things that worry mothers, cheer fathers.

"What did Sandy say to thank you for that?"

"Said 'Bloo-ey, bloo-ey, don't be so desprit,'" reported Kenneth faithfully but a-squirm.

"Are we not risking a great deal in sending our little lad to a public school?" said Kenneth's mother.

"If it turns him out a Lincoln or a Grant we ought to be able to stand the disgrace," answered his father.

"And Sandy knows more goes-intos than anybody else," contributed Kenneth, a fair-play patriot already.

The outcome of this supper conversation was the spread of heroic anecdote to the home, for Kenneth's mother opened book-covers of an evening and through them led him to enchanted lands of chivalry. To become a hero was the hope of Kenneth's throbbing little heart.

At school Miss Cutler had dug up the best yet—William Tell—who was not only a good shot, and easy to spell, but a short talker.

"To kill thee, tyrant, hadst I slain my son."

Who could beat it?

Kenneth pondered by the hour over Tell's excellencies. The many-sidedness of them! Fancy being able to think of a word like "hadst" all at once, after he had already used beauties like "thee" and "tyrant," with "slain" yet ahead! And how sure he was of "kill"! After he had previously muffed things to the bitter extent of "slaying" a son from whom he had merely wanted to knock an apple, wouldn't you think he'd have been afraid of reversing affairs again and merely knocking an apple off of Gessler instead of putting an end to him? But no. Kill.

"To kill thee, tyrant, hadst I slain my son."

How brilliant its brevity was! If Kenneth had had to reply to the question about the hidden arrow, *what* could have been forthcoming but this rigmarole:

"I thought I'd better put an extra arrow into my blouse before I tried to hit the apple off of my little boy's head, so's if I'd accidentally killed my little boy, I'd have had another arrow handy to fire at you, you fierce, bad, wicked man, you."

Why Gessler would be asleep and snoring! With words as with arrows, Tell was a crack shot, and no mistake. Kenneth so adored him that Sandy McGann's tirade actually *hurt*.

"Say, fellers, does she take us for dippies?" he howled, "she" in that tone of voice being Miss Cutler, and howling being more than ever necessary, so great was the seethe and surge in the boys' yard. "Tryin' to tell us that back talks work. Does they? Look a here. Sposen I have a spit ball in me pockut, an' she goes tru 'em, the way she does, an' finds it, an' says, 'For what is this?' an' I says, 'To paste thee, teacher, hast thou keep me in.' *Then what?* Bouquets to me? Me a-marchin' out to music? Can you *see* it? I gits keep in, don't I? An hour more? Yuss."

Kenneth refused to imbibe this heresy. He might not know as many goes-intos as Sandy, but he was a firmer believer in the ideal. If heroism was once a thing of beauty and honor, so was it to-day; if heroes then walked a path of blossoms and laurels, so walked they now. Oh, for a chance to be a hero and prove it!

That opportunity was stalking grimly toward him, he mercifully did not know.

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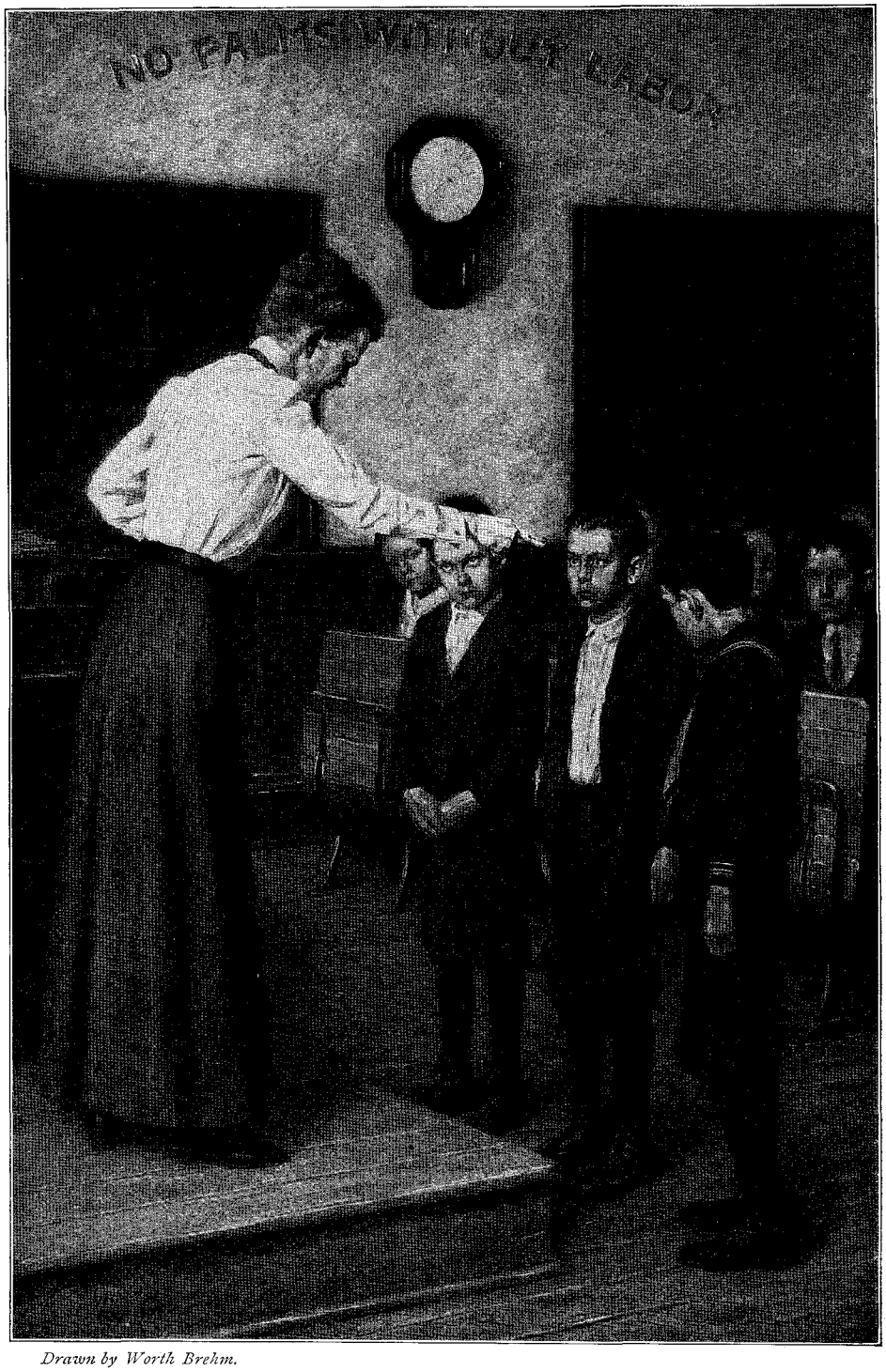

Drawn by Worth Brehm.

"Let me hear if you have anything to say for yourselves. What have *you* ?"—Page 228.

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The yard teacher rang her bell. Its intention, and result, was to have the bubbling mass of boys stand still and fold their arms—all attentively dead except for their respirations. In the astonishing hush which ensued, the little girls in the adjoining yard, a high board fence between, could be heard still revelling in life, laughter, and cackle. Jackstones whacked, skipping-ropes thumped. Kenneth had to wrench his mind off this unseen roistering in order to pay strict heed to the yard teacher.

"Boys," she announced pleasantly but with stabs of warning, "I must leave the yard to consult with the principal. I expect you to behave better than if I were still here watching you. Remember, I leave you on your honor."

She tapped the bell again to unlimber them, then disappeared.

On his honor or off it was all the same to Kenneth, whose righteous mind never harbored any design except only to be good; but he was delighted with the effects of "on honor" in the others, for the yard suddenly became raving pandemonium, very cheerful and uplifting. Plainly, boys could do much funnier things on their honor than off it. And when Sandy McGann and Billy Quigg "shinnied" up the board fence and became witty over the top to the little girls on the other side, Kenneth adventurously joined them. Because they were his friends. His was a starry-souled Damon and Pythias act of devotion. Nobody could pretend that a hopping mess of little girls was a sight worth scraping one's knees for or straining one's seams. Would a small person tug and puff merely to see things that would soon enough be in the class room with one, wriggling under one's nose, upsetting one's ink, borrowing one's sharp pencil?

Kenneth Underwood.

Once safely balanced on his ribs, however, Kenneth found that his pains paid. How delightfully queer and stumpy little girls looked when viewed from aloft! How blue and pink and prettily rag-baggy they were when bunched! How superior to them, and airy, a person felt on a fence! And who was this iridescent mosquito staring up at Sandy and Billy? Viola Lane.

"You'll catch it!" was her rather Sibyllic utterance. She appeared immensely glad about it, too, till she happened to see Kenneth. Then her Satanic glitter faded. "*You'd* better get down," she suggested curtly.

"Why?" asked Kenneth. He was now more than ever comfortable.

"Because," she said, by way of full explanation.

"Why?" he repeated. The monosyllable was a masterly thing, being both reply and remark.

When a question wasn't lessons, Viola never missed.

"Because it's against the rules," she warned.

"Oh, then I will," said Kenneth, shocked in his feelings.

Simultaneously, too, he was shocked on the calf of his unseen, dangling little leg. The returned yard teacher had rapped it with the handle of her bell. Next, Billy ker-chicked. Lastly, Sandy yelped "Say!" The dismounting signal was doubtless on march.

Descending from a fence takes less time than ascending, but scrapes more. The three startled aviators faced their rapper.

"And I left you on your honor!" she said in a voice which spanked.

Sandy and Billy at once dropped their heads and smelled their neckties. But Kenneth looked trustfully up, glad to have a reassuring thing to say.

"I never got off my honor, even on the fence," he mentioned truly.

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"Ker-chick!" burst from Billy with tragic hopelessness.

"Disobedience. Impertinence. Levity," said the yard teacher, and with these three dictionary words on her lips, she led them to the region of culprits, which was a row of tacks all off by itself. Passing them, the rest of the yard marched back to the class room. It was odd and awful to be out of this, to be standing in mental pillory, toeing the tacks of ostracism.

Culprits had to fold their arms, moreover. Kenneth's were so chubby and short that they hardly clasped his chest even in the best of times. And this was one of the worst. In line with his two slouching companions, he stood straight and bravely, but his legs had that soft-boiled, inadequate feeling that they had in dreams when wild animals were coming, and a good sensible run refused to occur.

Billy Quigg.

"Bloo-ey!" bluffed Sandy. "Who's skeered?"

"I am," said Kenneth. How could he say otherwise? He was.

"Wot yer skeered of?"

"I don't know," confessed Kenneth. Which was just the trouble. During the brief moment that they were alone in the silent, cavernous yard, Sandy and Billy grew blithely loquacious.

"If Miss Cutler tries any monkey-work with me, know what I'll do?" asked Billy sternly—Billy, usually so meek!

Sandy McGann.

"Naw. Wot?" queried Sandy with interest.

"Grab my cap and beat it. What'll you do?"

Sandy ruminated senatorially. "Tell her to quit gettin' gay an' go on wid her school," was his majestic sentence. He had the elements of the politician about him even then. "Wot'll you do?" was his boss-like demand of Kenneth.

"Why, I don't know," said Kenneth faintly. Do? Was he expected to "do"? Wasn't he suffering enough merely by being done unto?

Here a smugly virtuous classmate tiptoed toward them and beckoned them to follow him back to the room. They were soon there, but not safely in their desks. They were lined fatefully up in front of Miss Cutler's platform which, frankly, was ten sizes too small for the state of "mad" she was in. Their conduct—this she hurled at them—had bankrupted the credit of the class, had blackened its fame, had outraged their classmates, had insulted their aspiring teacher.

The tirade was so long and fierce that Kenneth's polite attention, reaching saturation point, soon peacefully wandered. There was Viola Lane, for instance.

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She had taken out her ink-well, had artfully introduced a bottle of water under the hole and into it was "planting" a cabbagy pink rose. To have a real live rose tilting head-first into the aisle was a scheme both new and good. No wonder Viola was occupied with it. The rest of the children had eyes and ears for no other enjoyment than the witch burning that was going on up in front. Viola apparently was deaf and blind to the crackle and glare of the flames.

"Now, before I punish you severely as you deserve," concluded Miss Cutler ferociously to the three criminals, "let me hear if you have anything to say for yourselves. What have *you?*" her finger menaced Sandy McGann's brains like a revolver ready to go off.

"Nuthin'," mumbled the boss abstemiously.

"Thought not. *You.*" Billy's artistic storehouse was threatened next.

Billy went palely to his doom in merry delirium. "Ker-chick! *Ker*-chick! Ker-*chick!*"

"It will be a little less funny presently. *You.*"

So close to Kenneth's soft brown bang came the loaded pistol that his eyes all but crossed trying to look at it respectfully.

"I did not know it was breaking rules to climb the fence," he said, speaking, as he thought, the truth to set him free. Fear had died. Back of Kenneth was a race of men who believed in the gentle justice of woman.

"When I'm through with you, you *will* know," said this one.

Why, he manifestly knew already. What need to be "through," with him? And, at this slow-coming thought, his small hands gripped the air and his chin hardened—his word had covertly been given the lie.

"*And Kenneth Underwood didn't!*" This unexpected championship hurtled through the air like a bomb. It came hotly from Viola Lane, who stood fearlessly in the aisle, her small mouth buttoned smaller than ever, her big eyes opened bigger than ever.

"I need no assistance from a child who hasn't learned her three table," said Miss Cutler. "Sit down."

Viola sat down. Her three table was frightful. Three times nothing's three—that's as far as she knew with any certainty.

Kenneth grew quietly to see through and dislike Miss Cutler, for Miss Cutler evidently did not need the assistance of a child who *had* learned her three table. Miss Cutler merely wanted to be impolite.

Nor was Miss Cutler a lady. What she proceeded to do to Sandy and poor Billy proved this. Pity for them, shame for her, kept Kenneth from anticipating. And then came his turn. At the end he felt himself hauled through the atmosphere by his immaculate little coat collar and dangled derisively in front of the Roll of Honor.

"A pretty specimen to be *there!*" clarioned Miss Cutler. With a swoop of the board eraser she wiped his name from sight. Then she let go of him. "Now take your seat."

While recovering his footing, he saw much devastation about himself—his brown suit abused, his silk tie loosened, his anchor-shield askew, his arm chevron twisted, his modest little undershirt horribly showing from under one crushed cuff—he hardly knew himself. Was he *Kenneth?*—loved of his mother, hugged of his father, petted of Minna? His heart suddenly swelled to man's size. Conquering dizziness and faintness, he started for the door.

"Come back! I said take your seat!"

"I am going home," said Kenneth. "To my—my—*mother.*"

The tender word nearly undid him. The silence in the startled room pounded in his ears like engines. Miss Cutler started for him. Almost anything might have happened. But the child who didn't know her three table knew something better. She hopped capably to the fore, tweaked Kenneth's blouse straight, thrust his anchor into his palpitating bosom, poked his undershirt to proper retirement—all in the twinkling of an eye—and rammed Kenneth safely behind his desk. Then she whisked her skirts sideways to her perfect maidenly satisfaction and subsided into her own. And spelling began.

Not that the afternoon's proceedings mattered to Kenneth. He had quietly

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"Coming back day after to-morrow?"—Page 230.

done with the whole thing. He felt like a visitor—a rather sick one, too. Miss Cutler told him once to take a drink of water. She seemed solicitous about him. Well, it was too late for that. He was no longer a member of her class. When dismissal time came, Kenneth trod the streets with his entire belongings humped up under one arm, even his ruler. When a person's ruler goes home it is moving day indeed.

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"Why, you aren't comin' back!" interpreted Sandy, worship in his tones.

"No," said Kenneth. "William Tell couldn't stand it. And I can't, either."

He was the centre of an admiring circle. Even the girls hung around.

"Whist I had your spunk," said pale Billy tributively.

"Stick it out," implored Sandy. "Don't be no welcher. Stick."

"Stick" was the only intelligible elegance in this speech; so Kenneth replied to it.

"I intend to," he promised, pride and gentleness making his voice tremble. As if William Tell could turn coward and kneel to Gessler's cap after all!

"Coming back day after to-morrow?" asked Viola. Her dot of a face was a study in mysticism. She evidently wanted a certain reply and wanted it badly, but gave no sign. Gladly would he have given her what she wanted if he only knew. There was nothing for it but the truth.

"No," he said. And—wonderful!—the truth turned out to be her need.

"That's the talk," she said triumphantly. "Here." At the word, she shoved the rose into his embarrassed hand and skipped away.

Kenneth went home with a retinue—one carried his books, one his ruler, another his pencils, leaving him nothing but the cabbagy rose. All fought shy of *that*. Except that it was a sacramental kind of cabbage, there'd have been jeers. A girl has no business to bedeck you florally.

When he got into the house he found his mother gone. Why, he couldn't forever walk around jabbing a rose into space! What to do with it? An inheritance from his dear father came to his rescue—he would be helped out *and* be a bestower—all in one beautiful scoop. So he donated the rose to Minna.

"The gintlemanly little boy ye arre!" she roared gratefully, and presented him with a slab of spice cake as wide as a geography.

His honest hand drew back.

"I did not want the rose," he confessed.

"Ye didn't? Oi does!" As the bellow was undiminished in happiness, he ate the cake.

In the drastic fun of making cookies with her all afternoon, he quite forgot the hero situation till school time next morning.

When his mother glanced meaningly at the clock, his remembering heart gave a leap of pride and glee.

"I'm not going," he explained. "I'm being a hero instead."

Then, bit by bit, he told the whole blushing, wretched story. The amusement on his mother's face faded. When he came to the account of his punishment, her eyes blazed through tears.

"*Oh!*" she cried sobbingly; then dropped to her knees on the floor beside him and wrapped her arms protectingly around him.

"It's all right now," he consoled, patting her on the shoulder. "It made a hero out of me, and I'm never going back."

Without getting up from the floor, she clasped her hands in her lap and thought things out. It was dreadful to see tear-marks on her face. Yet it was a trifle worse to see a smile gradually come. When a big person smiles at your trouble, you're done for.

"Little son," she said at length, "run off to school, dear. For you must go back. I'm sorry you were punished. But you broke a rule, you know. Forget it all now, and run off."

Forget it? Be a traitor? Did she know his whole world was banking on his fidelity?

"Why, William Tell wouldn't; couldn't," he stammered, pleading desperately. The words were poor, but they were all he could muster.

Yet she seemed to understand, and again thought deeply. Then:

"Kenneth," her eyes smiling levelly into his, "what *is* heroism?"

What was it? Why, in anecdotes, if it was anything at all it was doing exactly as you pleased. But she gave him no chance to say so; she quickly made up an answer of her own.

"Heroism, Kenneth, is doing the hardest thing in the world because it is right. Your hardest thing, just now, is going back to school. Not the staying, but the going, will prove you a hero. So go."

It had a decently noble sound and he reached for his cap and books. Next, Reason, that murderer of dreams, gave him a setback.

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"But they'll *call* me a coward!" The ringing words were prophecy.

She knew it, too. Her smiling glance wavered. Were the tears again shining? "My little boy, my little boy," she whispered. Had he stumped her? If so, victory. But—no. It is not so easy to stump a mother. Rather, they won't *stay* stumped.

"Kenneth," she announced, so conclusively that his heart died; "unless the boys do call you a coward—"

"—and the girls;" he flung in passionately. (Viola, Viola!)

"—the going back *won't* be the hardest thing in the world. When they call you a coward, my baby, then you *are* a hero. Remember it!"

Oh, what use to argue! What had she *ever* known about school?

She put his cap upon his downcast head. He laggingly took his books. The ruler quite made faces at him. No wonder it jeered. So this dingy, slinking, crawling set-out was heroism! Who would have thought it? What about the flags? the music? the applause? Evidently such things never came around till long, long afterward.

There was something in this last idea which held a crumb of comfort. He tried to impart it. But he had not much time. He was already at the door, waving goodby to his mother—still on the floor.

"I guess a hero's got to be—" He paused. How slippery an idea becomes when its author tries to tie it down in words!

"—has to be—what, dear?" encouraged his mother, her face brighter. She happily stood up.

"*Dead*," explained Kenneth, cheering.

THE TRIAL AT RAVELLO

By Alice Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED PEGRAM

THE Benedicts were at Amalfi when they got the letter from Ferdie which set them all by the ears. They were sitting in the Cappuccini cloister eating bread and honey and drinking tea at five in the afternoon: Gregory Benedict, the head of the family, a compact man of a modest portliness and a disposition to yield you the right of way in any matter not concerning his particular business; Mrs. Benedict, of an equal age and a complete set of carefully arranged ideals; Helen, a tall daughter with a surprised and inquiring expression of countenance; and Benedict's sister, known as Aunt Harriet. She, this aunt, who stood to the family and indeed to herself as one decreed to be an aunt and little more, was not yet fifty; but she had taught in a country seminary too fixed in its inherited traditions ever to become a college, and her standards of beauty and conduct were those of a day when women in like responsible positions wore dresses prematurely middle-aged, and perhaps did their own hemstitching. Aunt Harriet was really extremely handsome, except that she lacked the bravado which is inevitable to all but the purest beauty. She had no audacity to set her off. When her brown eyes sought you they said: "Please excuse me. I am not intrusive. I really have a purpose in looking. I am going to make a remark." Of any calculated commerce of glances and the repertory known in literature under "flashing," "glancing," "sparkling," she had the vaguest knowledge by hearsay. Her wonderfully white teeth disclosed themselves only when something accredited as humorous dared them to display. And her clothes, like the clothes of all female Benedicts, were made by a dressmaker of high ideals but inadequate equipment, who needed the work; they were, as Ferdie, Helen's married sister, had confided to her husband, after three months' travel and

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the moulting of like raiment, "sights." But they were flagrantly honest clothes. They looked like what they were, the covering of a highly self-respecting family of inherited modesty of station, living outside a country town so that father might be near his manufacturing plant. It was six months before that Aunt Laura, Mr. Benedict's aunt, had died and left him her very considerable fortune, and it had seemed best then to fulfil the breathless purpose of years and go abroad for the summer. They had never contemplated going save as a body. They were a very united family. But Ferdie, named Fernandina, in regular descent from an ancestor whose father had been wrecked on the coast of Africa, had gone three months before them with her husband, who was general superintendent of the Benedict factory. It had meant a good deal to Benedict to give him up at that time, but Ferdie had been so passionately set upon it that the ordinary ways of withstanding her had been exhausted about the time she developed nerves. This was her unimagined trump-card, and the family had played all they had. So Ferdie had gone, and here was the letter to say that she and Preble would meet them at Ravello, and they could talk over things there. She thought it best to give them an idea, so that they might be considering it. She wanted to leave Preble. She meant to live abroad. It would be perfectly easy on what father could allow her (it never occurred to her that Aunt Laura's money did not belong to all the family equally, and it certainly did not occur to the family as they read). She supposed they'd noticed that she and Preble weren't suited to each other. She realized now that she'd always known it, though coming over here had made it so apparent that she simply found there was but one thing to do.

She walked back again to the *pension* in a trance of acquiescence.—Page 234.

This letter it was that turned the Benedicts homesick in the face of Italy. It robbed the honey of its tang, and made the enchantment of that shore as idle as a painted screen. Mrs. Benedict, after a half-cup of tea, had taken the letter again out of her bag and read it for the fifth time. It was not a long one. She really knew it by heart. There had been no discussion of it, but now she addressed a question as directly to her husband as if he and she had been alone.

"I never noticed she and Preble didn't get on all right, did you?"

He shook his head. He could scarcely trust himself with a subject so shockingly alien to business. These crude avowals of incompatibility were what, with a fastidiousness of which

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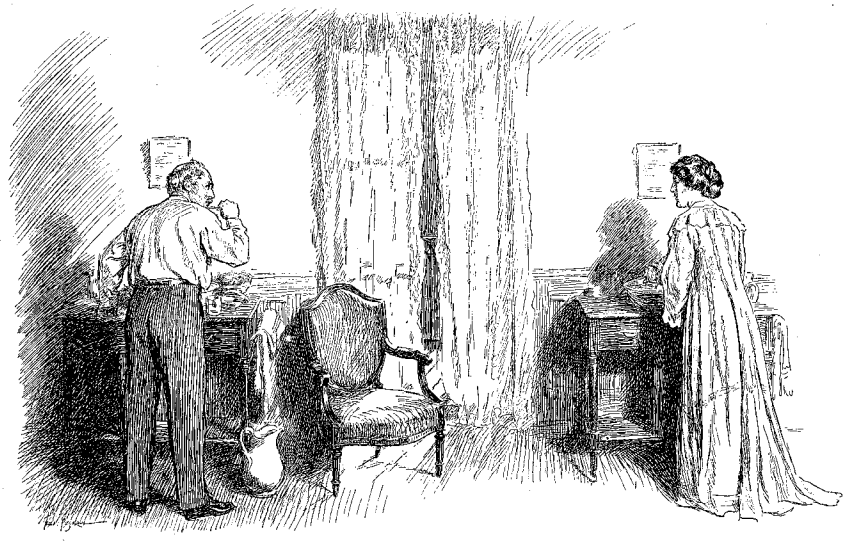

"Guess we'd better take her along with us," he had said.—Page 236.

he had almost been ashamed, as too finicking, he had always wished the girls wouldn't read in the morning paper. And yet he had been too finicking even to forbid their being read.

"Preble's a queer Dick," said Helen. "He never has anything to say for himself."

She offered it impetuously, her cheeks flushing, as if it were difficult to confide even so small an instance of emotional bias to her elders. This was an old-fashioned family. They had the most intimate confidences in regard to the renewal of rugs and the desirability of transplanting the phlox, and they did pass letters about at the breakfast-table. They would have said they had no secrets from one another, and now that Ferdie had winged them equally with this arrow cunningly contrived to pin them all in a bunch, they hung there, with no power beyond a sympathetic flutter.

Aunt Harriet spoke now, with a like impetuous appearance of not daring to hesitate lest she find herself choked by custom.

"I understand what Ferdie means. I understand perfectly."

Mrs. Benedict turned upon her in an extremity of surprise, took up her lorgnon, and then dropped it with an apparent recollection that this was only Harriet and supplementary lenses needn't help. Mr. Benedict, too, turned, and with more purpose. His plump person bumped slightly in its chair, as if it said, "Is this really Harriet speaking?" But all he could say was to inquire of Harriet, with a species of hostility, as if to ask also how a mere aunt could be so clever when the authors of Ferdie's being found themselves mired——

"You do, do you?"

Aunt Harriet had flushed a deep, becoming red. She knew, in the depths of her memory, why she could speak up for Ferdie and the miscalculated forces of nature. Aunt Harriet had her secret, not more than three weeks old. It went back to a night in Naples when she had run out of the *pension* bareheaded to post a letter. Immediately she was outside the court, the brazen spell of the city had assailed her, and she had fled on, with a green letter-box, such as she knew at home, for her objective, but really with something crying out inside her, bidding her speed and speed, and never stop until she came on illimitable joy whereof this pageant was the herald. And as she paused to look up at the Bertolini, in its fire-fly sea of lights, she felt an arm about her waist. It did not feel startling, although no arm save that of a worshipping school-girl had ever lain there before. It was as familiar as her belt, and Harriet turned, with a pleased expectancy, and saw beside her an Italian officer. His

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expression suited the act he had just performed. It was audacious, yet humbly adoring, and Aunt Harriet found it exactly right. She did turn about, her letter still in her hand, and he turned with her, and thus encircled she walked back again to the *pension* in a trance of acquiescence. At the door she paused, and the arm fell from her waist. There was a step on the stone-paved court within: the porter, Harriet, and perhaps her officer also, knew. He fell back a little into the shadow, brought his heels together, and made her an enchanting bow. Aunt Harriet went in, her letter still in her hand. She had forgotten that the porter might post it, and indeed it was never posted, for it was to one of her pupils, and Aunt Harriet, with a vague besetment that it had somehow shared in the profligacy of her adventure, tore it up as unworthy to invade the maiden precincts of the young. But that progress had told her what flames might be burning under the inherited tradition of New England snows. Aunt Harriet knew in her soul that the gold-laced swain had but spent an idle moment in the assault of her waist, and yet something in her told her a veil of high meaning had dropped on it from the romance of

She almost running to the summer-house . . . and he stalking gauntly in her wake.—Page 236.

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the world. He would never see her again; she never wanted to see him again—and yet somewhere, said that voice of lying paradox, he was seeking her, somewhere, in a fuller paradise than Italy, they would meet. So it was out of a more extended experience than any Benedict, she believed, had ever enjoyed that she faced her brother, whom she respected illimitably both as man and brother, and returned:

"Yes. I know all about it. I think Ferdie's probably right."

Gregory continued looking at her and, quite unaided by any natural facility, accomplished the feat of becoming pop-eyed.

"Well," said he, "by George!"

"But, Harriet," said Mrs. Benedict, also regarding her from a high degree of amazement, "you don't mean you're prepared for it? Has Ferdie ever brought this up before?"

"No," said Aunt Harriet defiantly, "but I'm not surprised."

They were all three looking at her, she knew, with unvarying degrees of perplexity, at which she was, again, not surprised. They could not see the Italian officer in the background.

"Well," said Mrs. Benedict, "of course we shall all stand by Ferdie."

"God!" said Gregory, the solemn adjuration as unexpected to him as to the others. "I guess we shall."

Of the accompanying shock that Preble, whom he had considered worthy of marrying a Benedict, had been found wanting by one of the most precious Benedicts of the clan, he could not speak. It was all very well to stand by Ferdie. That was nature. But that a chap he had believed in as he had in Preble, liked him, indeed, too much to need to say anything about it, that Preble should in some unpardonable fashion kick over the traces, shook the foundations of his house. Preble's side of it was too awful to be spoken of, except perhaps by Helen, who hadn't the experience to know what she was talking about anyway, and was as likely as not to judge a man for the cut of his hair.

Thereupon they abandoned the sight of the siren coast to such as might have free minds for looking at it, and went off to pack—all but Aunt Harriet, who sat in her dream by the railing and watched the fishermen, vaguely like Peter and Paul in the Bible picture, hauling their nets. Once a splendid figure ran up the steps to the Cappuccini, and she drew back with a flood of certainty that this was he and he mustn't see her. And then her saner mind assured her that it was not he, and that if it were, this all-revealing daylight would hide her, in her middle-aged honesty, from him who had found her under the spell of night, and she leaned forward again and saw he was a man as old as herself and not Young Love at all.

Where shirt-waists needed perennially pulling down.—Page 242.

That night they were at Ravello, established at the very top, all rather lightheaded with the sudden lift from sea level, but Gregory and his wife keeping their minds strictly upon the business of standing by Ferdie.

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"Guess we'd better take her along with us," he had said as they were brushing their teeth with a rhythmic unanimity at neighboring stands, while the moon of Italy silently bade them take heed of the heart which alone shall rule.

"Mm," said Mrs. Benedict. "I never realized how much attached I was to Preble; but if Ferdie wants to get rid of him, you can depend there's a reason for it."

And it was on the first day at Ravello that Ferdie and Preble were upon them, she almost running to the summer-house at the end of the terrace to find them, and he stalking gauntly in her wake. As he approached them and they escaped from the pretty assault of Ferdie's caresses to greet him for this one of the last times when they meant to accept him at all, they saw, as with a common vision, how he had changed. Preble strikingly resembled the younger pictures of Abraham Lincoln. He had the same large-featured benevolence of gaze, and he had also one characteristic of the later Lincoln portraits: that look of most pathetic weariness. His face did not lighten in the least in greeting them, though he had, as Mrs. Benedict thought rather indignantly at noting his flaccidness, only the pleasantest recollections of them. And having shaken hands in a bony, perfunctory fashion, he turned about and left them, with a remark about seeing to the luggage. But Ferdie was with them, and they exclaimed over the wonder of her. Ferdie had changed. She was the plain one of the family, small without slenderness, and with no one feature to be thankful for. But, since they had seen her, Ferdie had attained distinction. She had in her hand that marvellous and priceless gift to earth's daughters who mean to inherit: she believed in herself. A number of artists had gone to the support of her in this arduous adventure. Ferdie had rather thin hair of no particular distinction, but it had been waved and twisted and turned until her small head was a

She lighted Preble's cigar for him very prettily.—Page 242

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It almost looked as if she were protecting him.—Page 245.

marvel of modish prettiness. She had no better features than are needed for conducting the acts of seeing, smelling, and their sister offices in a wholesome manner; but the slight expression of arrogance she had attained seemed to bring them into a harmonious agreement. Her clothes were just such as Aunt Harriet and Helen, on the way through Europe, had found in Regent Street windows, and despairingly regarded. And now this apotheosis of the old Ferdie who had worn flannel shirtwaists at home and even made a rhubarb pie with lattice work on top, for Preble's degustation, produced a vanity box, took a serious look at the state of her countenance, and here, in open conclave, rubbed a powder paper over her nose. But she didn't omit speaking while these rites were being accomplished.

"He hasn't gone to look after the luggage. We left it in our rooms. I told him I was going to begin upon you the minute I saw you. He hates talk more than ever. He says he wishes he was deaf and dumb."

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"Well," said Mrs. Benedict, "that's a good deal for Preble to say."

"I suppose he is tired of it," said Ferdie, with a bright alertness, pulling her veil down over her face and settling it with some of those mysterious mouth contortions women adopt toward veils. "You see, I've had to talk so much. I've had to do a lot of it at night, because we've been sight-seeing by day, and of course he's tired. I am, I'm sure, tired as a dog."

But her air of gay equipment, of being equal to any situation, gave her the lie. A creature so ready for life, it said, so familiar with its outermost supremacies, could hardly yield to so crude a thing as physical weariness. She challenged them all round, admiring face after admiring face.

"Well," she said, "you got my letter. I told you what I meant to do."

Her mother bowed in a solemn manner, as if she felt a crown being fitted to her head; but Gregory Benedict asserted, from a ponderous sobriety:

"We stand by you, Ferdie. I'd have sworn by Preb as I would by myself. But it's no use going over that now. I'm for having the fellow drop off right here and our staying on a spell. Then we'll put for home."

"Oh, but you see," said Ferdie, with the same air of holding the interview in her hands and tossing it about as suited the game, "I don't want to put for home. I want to stay over here."

"Why, Ferdie," said her mother, and in spite of careful habit she lapsed into a phrasing of her less-cultured yesterdays, "you don't want to stay longer than father wants you should."

Ferdie's eyes were shining. What with her new accoutrements and her triumph, she looked very pretty.

"The fact is," said she, "I've written a story."

"Short story?" Helen came pelting in. Her eyes, too, were shining. She had never imagined such doings in the house of Benedict. They might even, some time, by infection, get to her.

"Yes," said Ferdie. "And the *Torch Bearer* has taken it and asked for another. So you see I've simply got to give myself to my work."

"You don't feel as if you could do it after you got home?" her mother suggested.

"It isn't that I can't write after I get home," said Ferdie, with a perfect air of exploiting everything time and travel could do for her. "It's simply that I've got to live over here and be—be different." Here she stumbled from her height of perfect poise, but they all understood her better so.

"The seat's been taken," said she.—Page 245.

"What does Preb say?" her father inquired, as if he couldn't yet visualize the rock of shipwreck and wanted the testimony of a man who had really struck it.

"Oh, he said he'd stand for it as far as he could," said Ferdie. "But I can't call on him. He doesn't care for one of the things I care for—not one. Pictures, music—imagine Preb caring one snap."

"No," said Mrs. Benedict musingly, "I

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don't know as I ever heard Preble express any interest in music. That's why I always thought 'twas so good in him to let you have those lessons in town that winter." Inadvertently she was shifting to the side of the defence. "You know that was the time of the strike, and we couldn't even keep one girl, and Preb got up and made your coffee so you could take the early train."

"They're lovers, making love."—Page 245.

"Yes," said Ferdie, with assurance, "of course I had to save my hands. I practised awfully hard that winter. I may take lessons over here."

They sat staring at her, Gregory in a fever of perplexity because, as yet, he had nothing sufficiently tangible to go on, and the three women breathless with appreciation of Ferdie as they saw her. Gregory, too, was duly influenced by her marvellous equipment; but he failed to translate it into plumes and cloth. He thought only how glad he was to see her, and how much nicer even than usual she seemed—which, indeed, was the effect of her bravado and her hat. But the three women studied her clothes with ravishment. They were not so dull as to fail to see that here was accomplished that simplicity which is the last word of art. And the way she wore them! Ferdie was no prettier than she was before, and if the eye turned to follow her it was because she was a matter of line and contour, of silk and lace, a last cry of fashion, but a shriek of audacity, too. She was not so much modish as grotesque, but the grotesqueness voiced an audacity that bespoke some big pretension in the background. Surely Ferdie couldn't look like this, couldn't sit up like beauty enthroned and punctuate her talk with neat little gestures, if she weren't, in some fashion, more important than the Ferdie they had left. And the clothes spoke for her. Every wave of her hair stamped her right to be as she was. "Look at me," they said. And because they said it in such a complacent, mandatory tone, it was evident that Ferdie was worth their championship. Aunt Harriet was the one who seemed to be seeking out the real Ferdie within her clothes. Her expression said she didn't care how shiny you made your hair with unguents pretending to be nature's own, and she didn't care how graciously the sun lay on the crests of it, nor how cannily the veil fitted over them. She was used to girls, and she could pluck out the heart of their mysteries.

"Ferdie," said she, in her school-ma'am voice.

Ferdie sat up a trifle straighter, if that might be, and gave her veil another little reconciling adjustment with the lips.

"Ferdie," said Aunt Harriet, "there's somebody else in this. You've met some man over here."

"Harriet!" breathed Mrs. Benedict, in a pained invocation of propriety.

Helen regarded the heaven about her and felt, not as if she were inexpressibly confused, as she must have been at Salem Field, if anybody had mentioned illicit love, but rightly curious. A sail was being dropped on the blue water below. It seemed like a fairy sail on a fairy boat, or at least a sail woven from the unreality of the stage. It couldn't have done so insignificant a thing as to bring a fisherman, or if it had, he would break into an aria and his entire purpose would have to do, not with fish, but with emotions that are eternally beautiful and so eternally right.

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But all this Helen did not think in any explicit way, being a simple maiden with no imaginative equipment; she merely had a sense of ineffable acquiescence in whatever this ecstatic scene brought about, and she was not in the least shocked to hear Ferdie accused of erring love.

Gregory Benedict, who was not troubling himself acutely about Italian scenery, was the only one who, in the face of it, could keep his head. He looked at Aunt Harriet after her projectile had been launched, and ejaculated:

"What the devil, Hat!"

This last he had not called her since she had begun to teach, but Aunt Harriet was not moved by its curtness. There were some things, she concluded, that brother didn't know. No Italian officer had ever laid an arm about his waist. But Ferdie, unabashed, was looking straight at Aunt Harriet, glance for glance.

"I don't wonder you ask," she said. "Of course it's the most natural thing in the world. But there's nothing in it. I'm not leaving Preble for another man. I'm simply leaving him because we're not congenial. I'm very fond of Preb."

Gregory was frowning a little now, but with perplexity.

"We've got to go into this matter of Preb," he began. "Shouldn't you rather I'd see him by himself and get it out of him?"

"Get what out of him?" asked Ferdie. She had the air of wondering whether there were any more to be got out of him than she had got already, and if that were so of being ready to make a new essay.

"Why, whatever there is," said Gregory testily. He hated to be made to speak before Helen. "What you accuse him of."

Ferdie gave a little laugh, as nicely calculated as her clothes.

"Why, bless you," said she, "I don't accuse Preble of anything. He's a dear old boy. I just want to leave him, that's all."

Gregory sat staring at her, again with that effect of straining eyes. Then he shook his head.

"You're shielding him," he told her. "It's very creditable to you, Ferdie. But you just answer me a question or two. Before we started, Preble cabled me to sell out some stock of his and send him the money. You didn't have a very big letter of credit, you two, but 'twas all you could afford. Now what'd Preble get into over here that made him cable for more?"

"Oh, that was all right," said Ferdie, with a carelessness not at all elaborated. "We simply had to have it. You have to, you know."

"But you hadn't been over here six weeks," Gregory pursued. "You couldn't have spent your letter of credit if you travelled as you'd ought to, as we're travelling, for instance."

"Well!" said Ferdie. Her eyebrows went up, and she glanced about at the other women with an affectionate acceptance of them as they were, but still from a perfect comprehension of how droll they looked. "Mother and Helen haven't had any clothes—not a thing."

"We planned it that way, you know, dear," said Mrs. Benedict. "It's saved us time for our sight-seeing, and, besides, there won't be any complications with the custom-house."

"Well, I sha'n't be complicated with the custom-house," said Ferdie. "I'm not going back. I've spent under eighteen hundred dollars, and I think I've really done pretty well."

"You've spent eighteen hundred dollars in clothes?" said Gregory. He grasped the railing beside him as if he felt an impulse to jump down the declivity.

"Why, that isn't much, father," said Ferdie. "If you could see the things they showed me!"

"Do you mean to tell me Preb footed that bill without a murmur, and simply cabled home for more?" pursued her father, still with his desperate clutch on the rail.

"Why, he had to," said Ferdie patiently. "I had to have the clothes, and they certainly had to be paid for. You wouldn't have had me go about in a shirt-waist made in Salem Field, would you?"

Helen looked down at her own silk waist not so much in dissatisfaction as a surprised certainty of perhaps never having met it socially before. Mrs. Benedict was speaking timidly but with a certain coldness:

"I don't wonder your father's surprised at the price of things, my dear, but I can't

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help thinking if you find Preble so hard to live with, it's on account of other things you don't want to speak about. Helen, I wish you'd get my blue shawl out of the top of my trunk. Here's the key. Now, Ferdie, you tell. I've been trying to think over cases where there was dissatisfaction. There's Romola. But Tito was very different from Preble. And there was Rosamond Vincy. But 'twas her conduct more than his. I don't seem to remember in Thackeray——"

"O mother," said Ferdie, "that's all reading club. This is entirely different. I just tell you I want father to give me some money, so I can stay over here and let Preble go home. It's as simple as a b c."

But Mrs. Benedict went back to her precedents.

"I don't see what we could do better, dear, than take the best books we know," said she. "And George Eliot has always been praised for her lifelike characters."

"There! there, mother!" said Gregory. "Ferdie, as near as I can make out, you've no case against Preble. You simply want to shake him."

Mrs. Benedict gave a murmur, but Ferdie, to whom slang was not tabu, assented cordially.

"You want to stay over here and study music and write stories and spend eighteen hundred dollars in clothes whenever you feel inclined."

"I shouldn't have to spend anything for a long time," Ferdie corrected him. "I've got a very good outfit now."

"It's lunch time," said Aunt Harriet, dropping her eye-glass on the little hook attached to her silk waist. "You'd better go in and take off your hat, Ferdie."

"I sha'n't need to take off my hat," said Ferdie. "But I'll wake Preb."

Preble appeared with her at luncheon, gaunt and taciturn. Benedict made some gruff confidences to him on the news from the factory; but there was an air of uneasiness over them, all except Ferdie. The veil of silence didn't seem to touch her at all, or if it did she had been able to lift a corner of it and peer out with an almost pert self-sufficiency. There were other people at the table, a party motoring through and carrying the very air of worldly equipment that Ferdie had been mysteriously able to filch. They talked to Ferdie as of their own kind, and she answered them with a sophistication that left even Aunt Harriet gasping. She told them the Vandewaters were at Spa and Aunt Clara's rheumatism was much improved, and when Helen, in an unquenchable curiosity, asked her afterward how she knew the Vandewaters, she said she had seen them at the hotel at Spa and the old lady had talked with her about her rheumatism.

"Well!" said Helen, "I thought, from the way you spoke, you really knew the Vandewaters."

"Well," said Ferdie, "of course you have to talk to people about what they know. You'll have to pin that waist down, Nell."

But it was not only Aunt Clara Vandewater's rheumatism of which she had cognizance. She knew what was being played in Paris, and even the mysterious names at the Comédie. She had a little gossip about what Bernhardt—whose name she pronounced in a way to veil its identity from the denizens of Salem Field—had said to Mrs. Kendall.

"How in blazes does she manage it?" Aunt Harriet found herself saying to Helen that night when they were braiding their hair in the moonlight of Ravello.

"Why, Aunt Harriet, you said 'blazes!'" Helen switched off the topic to exclaim.

"Did I?" said Aunt Harriet dreamily. "Well, it's a word I never used before. I dare say I sha'n't again."

But she didn't mention that just now it didn't seem necessary to cavil at words; she had no prejudice, so they were telling enough. What were they? Symbols. And this was Life. But she thought, as she lay awake in the moon-rays that seemed to her the true effulgence of Diana's axles, that it wasn't so difficult to understand how Ferdie had managed it. Ferdie was studying the world now as if it were a guide-book to sophistication. With a mind quickened under this sun and moon, she was snatching at every straw to build her nest of knowingness.

The next day they found Ferdie had been up early and gone to walk by herself. She came, vivacious and breathless, to breakfast, drawing off long gloves.

"I left Preb asleep," she explained.

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"He didn't get any sleep the first part of the night. We talked. But I wasn't going to miss this morning air. Don't you know that essay, 'The dewy chrism of the day'? I wasn't going to lose that."

"You might have waked me," said Helen, much aggrieved, "and let me have it, too."

To this Ferdie didn't reply. She was sweetly good-natured to Preble, to the waiters, to the family. She had found that out, too: that the mantle of the socially equipped is an impregnable composure and ability to make things go. The family didn't know how to take her. She was excellent company, if you were willing to strain up to her height of cognizance, but she made them a little afraid. Helen, who regarded her from the bog of a sisterhood which had had no such social boost and where shirt-waists needed perennially pulling down, yielded to a malicious desire to hear what Preble thought of her, he who had been by while the statue was in process of moulding. She hadn't been sprung upon him as she had on them, full-armed from the head of Jove.

But Ferdie was not hiding her nest. She left them in no doubt of an intention to settle her future without delay.

"Let's go out to that lovely seat," she said, including them all. "Then we can talk things over. Come along, Preb."

Gregory had wanted a word with Preble by himself, but that was not to be accorded him, and he lighted his cigar frowningly and paced along in the rear. Ferdie was vivacity itself. No wonder, Helen thought, still aggrieved, when she was the one for whom the banners were going to fly and the shouting to be raised. She was the centre of the picture. She looked as if she always meant to be. Some of us were going home to wear flannel waists again, and, in the discouragement of our state, perhaps insufficiently to pin them down. No woman of the three had forgiven Ferdie her clothes. They were in no condition to forgive from the slough of antithetical abasement where they found themselves.

"Well," said Ferdie. She lighted Preble's cigar for him very prettily, took a little silver case from her bag, and was about to open it, but seemed to think better of it and returned it to the bag. But Aunt Harriet knew what was in the case. She had once dealt with a pupil detected in smoking cigarettes, a circumstance that looked now as remote as "battles long ago." It seemed at this moment a matter of indifference whether Ferdie smoked or whether she didn't. Only it would be a pity to shock Ferdie's mother, which was, she supposed, why Ferdie had wisely abandoned the indulgence. But Ferdie was speaking.

"It's no use going over it all again. Preble and I just agree to separate, that's all. And of course I want you to know it, so it will be perfectly aboveboard and easy. And I want to stay over here, and of course dad 'll make it easy for me. I don't need to ask you that, do I, dad?"

She had never called him dad before, and Gregory didn't object to an innovation in the way of names; but he failed to reply with the efficacy she had looked for. Indeed, he didn't reply at all. He had caught a glimpse of Preble's face, not only the face, but the man back of the man's mere appearance, and, unimaginative though he was, it shocked him. It was really the shock he might have had if he had seen Preble drop dead. He drew his breath sharply between his teeth, and Helen, who was "father's girl," and always guessing him out under his silences, said quickly, "What is it?" But Gregory had hold of himself now, though he still avoided looking at Preble. Having once seen the bleeding body of a man's happiness, he found it too terrible ever to encounter again. Gregory had seldom realized anything with the vividness of this sight of Preble's misery. The pageant of life, in its uneven values, was displayed before him. Ferdie, he saw, had darted ahead. She was at the first of the series of worldly goals. Old Preble lounged about the starting-post, and here she was, breathless but triumphant. She had learned to play the game more deftly than he. Poor old Preble! he never would play just this game. Gregory felt as if he himself were judge and jury in one. His predilections were swinging round to the defendant. If the judge side of him had to charge the jury side just at this moment, he felt that, in reviewing the evidence, he should have to lay stress on everything Preble had done to help Ferdie out in her

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clutchings at a more rarefied life, while they were at Salem Field, and what he was ready to do now. He heard a rustle of mother's dress as she rose and reseated herself, and the thought came over him, to the accompaniment of a shudder and an actual crawling of the flesh, "Suppose mother had proposed leaving him, 'way back when they were both as young as Preble and Ferdie, just because she had been hungry for more life than he could give her, more silks, more rustling things and excitements and talk about Vandewaters?" His house of life, a solid structure with a tower and a mansard roof, seemed to be toppling down about him as he thought it. He felt like giving Preble a hand, and saying, "Hang on to me, old man. I'll see you through." And what was this Harriet was saying?

"You'd better consider that this is Italy. You won't feel the same when you get home."

Ferdie took out her vanity box and powdered her nose. She appeared to find some moral support in the act.

"Nobody feels the same in Italy," Harriet was boldly asserting. "I don't know how it would be if we stayed longer. But the first taste of it's like getting drunk."

"Harriet!" breathed Mrs. Benedict. Then she drew her lips in primly. "I can only say," she announced, in the manner of one to whom the task has fallen of leading the last hope, "that I have felt no temptation to become intoxicated. Nor has Helen. Nor have I seen any indication of it in my husband." She seemed intentionally to leave out Aunt Harriet: a kind of purgatory by exclusion.

Aunt Harriet was not to be halted.

"I've had serious thoughts myself," she said, "of drawing out my savings and staying here till they're gone. When you're here it seems the only thing to do. But everybody can't live in Italy. Somebody's got to stay in Salem Field, or the world won't balance."

It became evident that Aunt Harriet was the counsel for the defence. Preble turned a dull eye upon her. She seemed to be advising Ferdie to stay with him, and so she must be on his side. But Ferdie was answering brightly:

"Good for you, Aunt Harriet. You stay over here with me and we'll take an apartment in Rome."

"Oh, no," said Aunt Harriet grimly. "I'm going back to teach school. I'm going to take Italy in my pocket and pull it out and look at it."

"There! there!" said Gregory. "Don't get off the key, Harriet. We've got to talk this thing out."

"So," said Aunt Harriet to Ferdie, quite unmoved by any side issue of interruption, "I feel as if you'd make a mistake if you give up Preble for anything so far away from what you've been born to as—as this." She threw a comprehensive wave of the hand at the heaven of slope and sea below them. "You must remember, if it doesn't turn out as you think and you get rid of Preble and Preble gets rid of you" —here both Ferdie and Preble gave a little passionate murmur, which might mean one thing or another—"after you've once got a divorce, you can't go back on it."

"My stars, Aunt Harriet, I didn't say a divorce!" cried Ferdie. Her whole face was flaming, and she thrust the vanity box into her little bag as if she had to thrust at something. "I said a separation."

Preble threw his cigar over the parapet, got up and put his hands in his pockets, and stared at the sky.

"Why, of course you won't do such a contemptible thing as to separate from Preble," said Aunt Harriet, with the severity of the teacher who sets a disciplinary task of irregular verbs. "Send him back to Salem Field to fight it out alone? You've got to let him get a divorce, and not raise a finger, so he can marry again and make himself a home while he's young enough to enjoy it."

The Benedict family sat staring at Aunt Harriet as if she were its uncomprehended sibyl. Preble stared at the sky. What he thought no one could tell from his back. He seemed to be turning it on the entire Benedict family. There was no doubt that Aunt Harriet, by force of audacity, it might be, had made a hit. Gregory was the head of the family, assuredly the judge, but Aunt Harriet was taking the argument out of his hands. It was she who was charging the jury.

"Oh, come, Harriet," said he, "you don't know what you're talking about." But he said it weakly.

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"As to your writing," said Aunt Harriet inexorably, addressing herself to Ferdie, "if you've got it in you, you can write about Salem Field."

"I don't want to write about Salem Field," said Ferdie. "Do you suppose I mean to tag on behind writing dialect stories, like—" She paused rather scornfully, and then two angry tears came into her eyes. "I'm not so awfully young," said Ferdie. "I may look it, and I intend to look it. You can do almost anything with yourself now, if you keep up with things. And I want to live as other people do."

"What people?" asked Aunt Harriet, and the Benedict consciousness trembled because a fibre of it was being wrenched to the bar.

"Like everybody that lives at all," said Ferdie. "You don't know the kind of novels I want to do. I want to do them like Marion Crawford and Henry James —and others. Father and Preble haven't even heard of 'em."

"Look here, Ferdie," said Aunt Harriet. She rose and stretched out her hands toward the sky with an unconscious magnificence. For a moment she held them so, and then, with an equal majesty, let them relax and fall. "I've taught literature, and I can tell you you couldn't do the kind of thing you want to if you should live here for the next twenty years. Some women could. You can't. You're not that kind. But——"

They were all watching her, really hanging on her words. She seemed to hold the entire Benedict family in her grasp. "I tell you what," said Aunt Harriet. She forgot the Benedicts. She remembered young love and Naples. "If I could be putting out to sea down there with somebody I liked, I'd rather do it than teach English literature or write like Henry James. And you can go down there and take a boat. You can go with Preble. Preble just worships the ground you tread on. You do all the writing you want to. But don't you think you've got to have the scene set for it, and you've got to live in Italy, and you've got to throw over your folks—because you're not a big enough woman, Ferdie, to go walking over things like that."

Ferdie surprised them. She began to sob.

"You don't know, Aunt Harriet," said she. "You don't know how big I can be."

"I don't care," said Aunt Harriet, "how big you are if you're throwing over a man you've made your home with when you haven't got a shadow of complaint against him."

"Preble's been a good husband to you," said Gregory, to his own amaze. He had no idea that his attitude had shifted or that he wasn't standing by Ferdie. "I don't say I won't do anything in reason in the way of money. I never 've stinted you girls and I never shall. But when it comes to your saying Preble ain't up to the scratch, and that sort of thing, I don't stand for it, Ferdie."

"I do feel," murmured Mrs. Benedict, "that Preble's done everything in the world for you a husband could."

"Seems to me," said Helen—no one expected her to speak, but she dashed in with the alertness of a sisterly certainty that Ferdie might need taking down a peg—"seems to me, everything we've brought out shows how Preble's got down in the dust every single time and let Ferdie just walk over him."

Ferdie looked from one to another of them in a panic-struck surprise. No Benedict had ever, in her experience, turned against another Benedict. At that instant Preble threw himself round and faced them. Gregory, in one brief look at him, saw how crumpled his face was, and how savage a misery dwelt in the eyes, and had to look away again. He had never seen a man cry.

"Now," said Preble, "I'll speak. Ferdie's going to have whatever she wants, and she's going to take it from me, and when I can't give it to her I'll say I ain't man enough to live and put a bullet through my head. If she's going to stay over here, I can sell the home place and board. I don't want any place without Ferdie. It's going to be enough for me to know she's living the way she wants to live. You don't any of you understand Ferdie."

Like Aunt Harriet, he looked very big against the sky, a colossal figure made for protection, on which the lesser waves of life could dash leaving him unscarred—a little worn, perhaps, after a good deal of it, but never overthrown. The group be-

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fore him dissolved, broke up, and shifted. Helen frankly put her handkerchief to her face and cried. Gregory blew his nose violently, and his wife murmured, "There!" Aunt Harriet stood at the rim of the world made by the edge of the terrace, another heroic figure that might, with Preble, know the meaning of life through nearness to the larger calls of earth. But Ferdie had run to Preble like a child, and stood by him holding his big hand. It almost looked as if she were protecting him, perhaps by her silken touch from the ache that even giants may feel in giant hearts. They turned together, he and she, and went off along the terrace, Ferdie still holding his hand until, in a moment, Aunt Harriet saw him put his arm about her waist and draw her to him. In a moment too, without a conclusive word, the other Benedicts dispersed to their letters or their guide-books. All that day they didn't have a glimpse of Preble and Ferdie. But at night when they made their moonlit way along the terrace, Helen, in advance, turned back to them.

"The seat's been taken," said she. "They're lovers, making love." Italy and moonlight were upon her, too, and it seemed as if she couldn't repeat the word enough. "Lovers!"

Then some one laughed: a girl's laugh, Ferdie's. A man's laugh answered it: Preble's.

"Come on," called Ferdie. "Come on, Family. We've got it all settled. We're going to stay three months more than we intended, and then we're going home together."

Then they all sat down and talked plans, and Preble, Ferdie's head on his shoulder, told a story he'd heard the day before in a smoking-room. It was a stupid story, but Ferdie led the laughter. Mother Benedict, from her demesne of matrimonial experience, realized that Ferdie, from some of those mysterious forces that prevail in matrimony, again considered her husband "about right." Gregory gave himself up to his cigar with an untainted satisfaction, and Helen, the warmth of virginal youth throbbing at her breast, wondered what made Ferdie get up such a row if she really meant to stick to Preble after all. But Aunt Harriet, standing in the moonlight, the shower of it on her face and shoulders like a silver rain, thought back to the morning when she had made her plea for the defendant. The plea had been well directed, the verdict was benign. And yet, if Ferdie had left her husband and gone forth emotionally unloosed, Aunt Harriet wondered, with a throb of wildest envy, what she would have found in Italy.

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BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

By G. E. Woodberry

I RODE in the dark of the spirit
  A marvellous, marvellous way;
The faiths that the races inherit
  Behind in the sunset lay;
Dome, mosque, and temple huddled
  Bade farewell to the day;
But I rode into the leagues of the dark,
There was no light but my hoof-beats' spark
  That sprang from that marvellous way.

Behind were the coffined gods in their shroud
  Of jungle, desert, and mound,
The mighty man-bones and the mummies proud
  Stark in their caves underground;
And the planet that sepulchres god and man,
  Bore me in the cone of its dark profound
To the ultimate clash in stellar space,
The way of the dead, god-making race
  Whirled with its dead gods round.

And my heart, as the night grew colder,
  Drew near to the heart of my steed;
I had pillowed my head on his shoulder
  Long years in the sand and the reed;
Long ago he was foaled of the Muses,
  And sired of the heroes' deed;
And he came unto me by the fountain
Of the old Hellenic mountain,
  And of heaven is his breed.

So my heart grew near to the heart of my horse,
  Who was wiser, far wiser than I;
Yet wherever I leaned in my spirit's course,
  He swayed, and questioned not why;
And this was because he was born above,
  A child of the beautiful sky;
And now we were come to the kingdoms black,
And nevermore should we journey back
  To the land where dead men lie.

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Now whether or not in that grewsome air
  My soul was seized by the dread *cafard*,
Terror of deserts, I cannot swear;
  But I rode straight into an orbèd star,
Where only reigned the spirit of good,
  And only the holy and virtuous are;
And my horse's eyes sent forth sun-rays,
And in my own was a noon-tide gaze
  That mastered that splendid star.

The madness of deserts, if so it be,
  Burned in my brain, and I saw
The multitudinous progeny
  Of the talon and the claw;
And Mammon in all their palaces
  Gaped with a golden maw;
And we rode far off from the glittering roofs,
And the horse, as he passed, with his heaven-shod hoofs
  Broke the tables of their law.

And we came to a city adjacent thereby,
  For the twain to one Empire belong;
Black over it hung a terrible cry
  From eternal years of wrong;
And the land, it was full of gallows and prisons
  And the horrible deeds of the strong;
And we fled; but the flash of my horse's feet
Broke open the jails in every street,
  And lightning burned there long.

We were past the good and the evil,
  In the spirit's uttermost dark;
He is neither god nor devil
  For whom my heart-beats hark;
And I leaned my cheek to my horse's neck,
  And I sang to his ear in the dark:—
"There is neither good nor evil,
"There is neither god nor devil,
  And our way lies on through the dark.

"Once I saw by a throne
  A burning angel who cried,—
'I will suffer all woes that man's spirit has known,'
  And he plunged in the turbid tide;
And wherever he sank with that heart of love,
  He rose up purified;

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Glowed brighter his limbs and his beautiful face,
And he went not back to the heavenly place,
  And he drew all men to his side.

"I have never heard it or learnt it,
  It is in me like my soul,
And the sights of this world have burnt it
  In me to a living coal,—
The soul of man is a masterless thing
  And bides not another's control;
And gypsy-broods of bandit-loins
Shall teach what the lawless life enjoins
  Upon the lawless soul.

"When we dare neither to loose nor to bind,
  However to us things appear;
When whatsoever in others we find,
  We shall feel neither shame nor fear;
When we learn that to love the lowliest
  We must first salute him our peer;
When the basest is most our brother,
And we neither look down on nor up to another,—
  The end of our ride shall be near."

A wind arose from the dreadful past,
  And the sand smoked on the knoll;
I saw, blown by the bolts of the blast,
  The shreds of the Judgment scroll;
I heard the death-spasms of Justice old
  Under the seas and the mountains roll;
Then the horse who had borne me through all disaster,
Turned blazing eyes upon me his master,
  For the thoughts I sing are his soul.

And I sang in his ear,—" 'Tis the old world dying
  Whose death-cries through heaven are rolled;
Through the souls of men a flame is flying
  That shall a new firmament mould;
And the uncreated light in man's spirit
  Shall sun, moon, and stars unfold";
Then the horse snuffed the dark with his nostrils bright,
And he strode, and he stretched, and he neighed to the light
  That shall beam at the word to be told.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

A Plea for Anonymous Letters

IT is a pity that the anonymous letter, by a long alliance with libel and blackmail, has sunk out of reach of the respectable. A force which might have been used for good has thus been lost to the community. There is no reason why the anonymous letter should not have become as necessary a part of our social, as the anonymous book review has of our literary life. Criticism, admittedly helpful to the artist, is even more desirable in the field of manners and morals; yet few individuals in maturity, except those in public life, are subjected to this salutary process; although it is a commonplace that the older we grow the more we need it. In youth, under our present mild system, discipline is primarily criticism; and here no false reticence on the part of school-master or parent prevents children from knowing whenever they have committed a breach of taste or of the ten commandments. For the first fifteen years of their lives they live in the eye of a public, small, but conscientiously determined to express the minutest comment. But as we grow older, the voice of admonition grows fainter and fainter; and its tones have entirely died away by the time we reach the age when our mistakes may have the most serious consequences. Many of the faults of old age are doubtless due to this condition. One of the first uses most of us make of independence is to repel all hostile criticism, to secure ourselves for the future against one touch of that moulding process which has made us what we are. We become reticent, not to say, secretive; refuse to discuss our opinions and actions with those who disagree with us; and, in extreme cases, withdraw from those friendships in which the faintest critical flavor may be detected. "I don't know why it is," we say sadly, "but So-and-So and I are no longer as congenial as we used to be."

Many of us, it is true, can count among our nearest and dearest some people of sufficient candor, courage, and skill to convey even a disagreeable truth—who, for the sake of the love they bear us will risk not only a painful interview, but a possible breach. But unhappily not only are our nearest and dearest the last people to see us as we really are, but their utterances cannot always achieve the terrible finality of those of an utter stranger.

And that is where the anonymous letter would be useful. Any well-disposed outsider, who could not be expected to engage in a personal controversy, might yet be willing for the sake of the public good, to offer a dispassionate statement of opinion like this:

LETTER TO A YOUNG BUSINESS MAN

"My Dear Horace: It has been generally observed that during the last eighteen months you have not spoken commendingly of, nor appeared in public with, anyone whose income was less than $50,000 a year. While the desire to provide for your wife and children is entirely admirable, you must learn to distinguish between your social taste and your business necessities."

Or again:

TO A WIFE AND MOTHER

"Domesticity, my dear Mrs. Blank, like culture and happiness, cannot be pursued directly as an end in itself. By concentrating your attention exclusively upon your husband and children, you are providing them with but a dull companion. You cannot impoverish your own existence without depleting theirs. Since you have destroyed your own power of taking an interest in anything outside the home circle, you are beginning to resent their doing so. I do not say to you love them less; but love them because they are lovable, and less because they are yours."

TO A GENTLE EGOIST

"My Dear Clorinda: You are kind, but you wear your kindness as an ornament, and so while it dazzles the world, it will never win you the love of the recipient. You are concerned, not with the necessities of the beggar, but with the splendor of the benevolent gesture. The admiration of the onlookers is your full reward. Talk not therefore of ingratitude."

To some people there may seem something too overt in the actual sending of such

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letters. Perhaps, therefore, it would be better to establish a central bureau, where, three or four times a year, we could go—just as we are expected periodically to balance our check-books—and carry away the complaints that have been filed against us.

Fancy how helpful it would be to some of our worst social tyrants—the university prig, the spoilt beauty, the domestic autocrat—to meet, while hurrying away from such a bureau with their pockets full of unpalatable truths, the humble victims of their tyranny tripping home empty handed.

The Army Post

AT first glance, life at the modern army post presents all its old, familiar characteristics. There is the same picturesqueness, the same air of cheerful animation. The day is punctuated by bugle calls, the band comes out and plays, groups of children disport themselves on the well-kept walks, young women play tennis and older women play bridge, while everywhere men in uniform are coming and going, afoot or on horseback, the enlisted man stalking stiffly along about his business, the officer calling out a friendly greeting or perhaps stopping for a moment's talk. There is about the place an air of good comradeship and wholesome out-of-door life. It does not take long, however, to find out that we are much busier than we seem to be, and much more serious.

There is a traditional idea of an army officer as a good fighter, to be sure, but, in time of peace, an idle sort of fellow, somewhat given to drink; and an accompanying tradition of his wife as a mere butterfly, leading a merry and irresponsible life of perpetual dancing and flirting. This was never altogether true. The officer's wife, poor soul, has always had her share of hardships, which she has met no less bravely than gayly; and as for the officer himself, while the requirements were formerly less than at present, yet life was not all beer and skittles for him. He did his duty and bore himself well in trying situations, even though he knew that scant appreciation would be his portion. For instance, it has been proverbial that there was no glory in Indian warfare, which required, nevertheless, the highest amount of quick-witted resource and cool courage. In the enforced and irksome leisure of life at a small frontier post, the officer did not by any means always take to drinking and gambling to pass the time. Many a man has taken to books instead, has perhaps learned a language, or made himself an authority on a favorite subject. If not inclined to books, he has very likely become a mighty hunter, or set up a carpenter shop, or even raised chickens, with much study of scientific methods. But of the criticisms which may, from time to time, have been justified, some, at least, are justified no longer. Conditions have changed and in our modern army there are very few interims of idleness. Our officer is at present a hard-worked man whose day is filled from end to end with duties of the most strenuous kind. Aside from the ordinary routine of work, which is much more exacting than formerly, there is no calling outside of the two services in which, after fulfilling the initial requirements for admission to his profession, one is obliged to take so many courses of study and to pass so many examinations; while in the matter of physical exercise, there is so much of it that one wonders how a man can have enough vitality left over to use his mind at all.

In the old days, when a girl came a-visiting at an army post, the beaux were at her beck and call at pretty nearly any time of day. Now they say regretfully how sorry they are not to be able to drop in oftener, but that really, after five or six hours of riding and several more hours of study, they are fit for nothing but to drop into their beds. Or it may be merely the daily routine of regimental duties which almost equally consumes their time. Not but what young men are still young men. The visiting girl enjoys herself, but with more measure than formerly.

As to the young officer's wife, what with the increased cost of living and the unchanged figures on the monthly pay check, she is hard put to it to make ends meet; for it is the exception if she or her husband have, at this period of their lives, any money outside of the pay. Servants are scarce and expensive, and unreliable to boot. It behooves her to be a notable housewife. To add to the difficulties of the ménage, the powers that sit up aloft at head-quarters are distinguished by a certain restlessness in the matter of uniform. No manner of dress is more expensive, and only too often the uniform has not lost its first gloss when changes are ordered, involving a heart-breaking outlay on a new one. The cost

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must be saved somewhere and the wife must, if possible, make her own and the children's clothes—simple ones at that. To the male belongs the gorgeous plumage. Frequently she must be a school-mistress as well as a seamstress; for good schools are not always at hand, children must be educated, and of children there are plenty. Here you see a mother who has learned the kindergarten system and has two hours of kindergarten every day in her nursery, and there you see one who is taking her daughter through all the grades of a modern grammar and high school. Naturally one would not venture to say that every young woman who marries into the army displays all these virtues and talents. Our wives are as various as other men's. But given some natural aptitudes of mind and heart, army life does much to develop them. In civil life a woman in such a case is apt to give up all amusements of her own and develop into a serious, overworked domestic drudge. At an army post she shares in the life of the place. She dances, as does her husband; she plays cards, she makes and receives calls, she never gets out of the habit of hospitality. She lives in an atmosphere of comradeship. Nor is her life without its touch of poetry. The pause, with arrested needle, while the bugle sounds other calls to her than those on the soldier's schedule; the lift of the spirit when the strains of the Star-Spangled Banner and the boom of the gun announce that the day is done; the quickened pulses when, at the review, heads are bared as the colors pass; all these things mean something in her life and in the lives of her husband and children as well. It may be said in passing that the army finds no better material than in the sons of officers. The boy who comes in from a civilian family may sometimes be assailed by misgivings and regrets. He may wonder whether he would not have done better in another career. But the army boy who wants a commission has no doubts at all in the matter. He knows just what he wants, and when he gets it he does his work whole-heartedly.

It is a comparatively simple life that we live in the army. A delightful young woman said to me lately: "When I go home to visit my family I find that all my friends have more money than I have, but I don't see that they have much more fun. The chief aim of their lives seems to be to have things, and as soon as they have got them and put them around their houses, they hurry up to get more. Somehow I have got over caring very much for things. One can get along so happily without them." Well, we are of all kinds, and some of us still care about our things. For those of us whose hearts break with breaking china and whose tempers are rasped by a scratch on cherished mahogany, the discipline of army life is indeed hard. Fortunately the most of us have learned to be philosophical. If we have poor quarters, why, the next change of station may give us good ones. If our pay is almost too small to live on, we have plenty of companions in misery and, if we only live long enough, we shall eventually get more rank and more pay with it; more obligations, too, to be sure, and as the children grow older, increased expenses for them. But we don't borrow trouble.

There is of late, much talk of a changed order of things, and it may be that our government will one of these days find it expedient to put regiments in barracks in cities and, in the words of one of its advisers, "cease to concern itself with the housing of women and children." Then the officers and their families will live in such quarters as their allowances will provide. They will live there according to their poverty; the bond of comradeship will be loosened; the pleasures and distinctive virtues of army life will be things of the past. Then our young officers will perhaps come to the conclusion that they must seek well dowered wives or else remain unmarried. Of course, if the dowry is too large (and who shall regulate its size?) our young man may presently find his duties irksome and resign his commission. Such a thing is not unheard of. Or if, on the other hand, he drifts along without a normal domestic life he is likely to deteriorate, morally or physically. Experienced officers have observed that in many cases a young man's career of usefulness has undoubtedly been prolonged by the fact that he has had a wife to look after his health and comfort. So that in either case, whether he remains unmarried or marries too prosperously, his value is apt to be diminished to the government which has educated him.

Whatever may be the drawbacks of the present system, whatever the reasons for changing it, there will be much to regret in the passing of these unique little communities where still exists a manner of life so simple, so wholesome, and withal so gracious.

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Of Foreign Finery

AN English clergyman whom I once met in Paris told me he meant to spend three months there.

"You are resting?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, working hard. I am polishing my accent."

"You have occasion to speak French in fulfilling your parochial duties?" I inquired, still curious.

"Oh, no, not quite that. In my sermons French expressions will come to me, you know, and it wouldn't be just *comme il faut* not to give them the correct accent, would it now?"

I agreed fully. "A clergyman can't be too careful," I said. My feeble irony was lost upon him.

The friendly English clergyman is not the only one of his nation who thinks he proves his culture in interlarding his English idioms, well or ill pronounced. No doubt there are Americans, too, who share his thought. It is to be hoped that these good people at least say what they mean when they drop into French. People so seldom do. Americans in France are likely to forget that "menu" is only American-French for *carte du jour;* that "nom de plume" means naught in French, but is rendered *nom de guerre;* that "vaudeville" means, not music-hall stunts, but light comedy; that *un grand sérieux* is not a too serious person, but only a very long drink. Many are the pitfalls for the unwary.

Nothing more powerfully impresses one with the silliness of using foreign phrases to express ideas that are native enough in themselves than residence in a foreign city, where one may study the abuse of English by foreigners who are equally affected. The cheapness of this particular affectation was borne in upon me when I gazed at a shop window in Paris one day and read the sign "Extra-Snob Confections pour Hommes." It was a haberdashery—and a very bad one! Especially in the world of sports has English passed current in France, where clubmen have been "clubistes" and "sportsmans," and pedestrians have strolled out for an hour's "footing," and reporters have been "intervieweurs," and summer-men in "smokings" (dinner-jackets) who make love at a minute's warning (or no warning at all) were "flirts"—they, and never the girl in the case. But have we not a lesson to learn from the fact that the French, like the Germans, are today reacting against this foolish borrowing of verbal coinage that is so often only counterfeit? In accounts of ring battles, to be sure, we may still read in French newspapers that *Carpentier a mis* knock-out *Jim Sullivan*—but even the sporting columns are using fewer and fewer English words. Frenchmen and Frenchwomen believe in speaking French. If they can speak German and English too, so much the better; but they are little disposed to speak two languages at once. Can't we learn a lesson from them, I repeat? We are very bad linguists: in this respect I feel myself to be a typical American. But am I a better linguist for making an international scandal of my table-talk?

We all know the experience of the restaurant patron who complained because the bill of fare was printed all in French, but was assured that the cook was Irish. That seems to have mollified him, but it is right there that I make my quarrel. I have no grudge against good French cookery; I do object to a French dinner card for honest Irish cooking. I find the following paragraph in a journal I once kept in Paris:

"To-night I met a drunken man here for the first time. He was quite pleasantly intoxicated, although a porter; and took to speaking the few English words he knew, bawling them out as he marched the boulevard. Sober, he spoke French; drunk, English. The man is a symbolist."

Let us, too, use foreign languages only when we have a good excuse. Should anyone ask us if we never find foreign words requisite to exactitude of expression or vividness of color, we can say with the captain of H. M. S. *Pinafore:* "Well, hardly ever." No reasonable person can wish to root out of his vocabulary that borrowed word, which, better than any native expression, conveys his meaning. *Trust* will remain good French, and *chauffeur* good English, however the words themselves may be mispronounced, and even if the irony of both words (the latter used to mean an armed brigand who held up mail-coaches) is quite wasted. But never can there be a good excuse for sandwiching one's talk with importations used precisely because they *are* imported. Æsop's fable of the crow who stuck peacock feathers in his tail was, I suspect, directed at the Roman matrons who dropped into Greek when they gossiped over their pure Falernian, and chattered about *καθάρσις* between the acts of a first-night.

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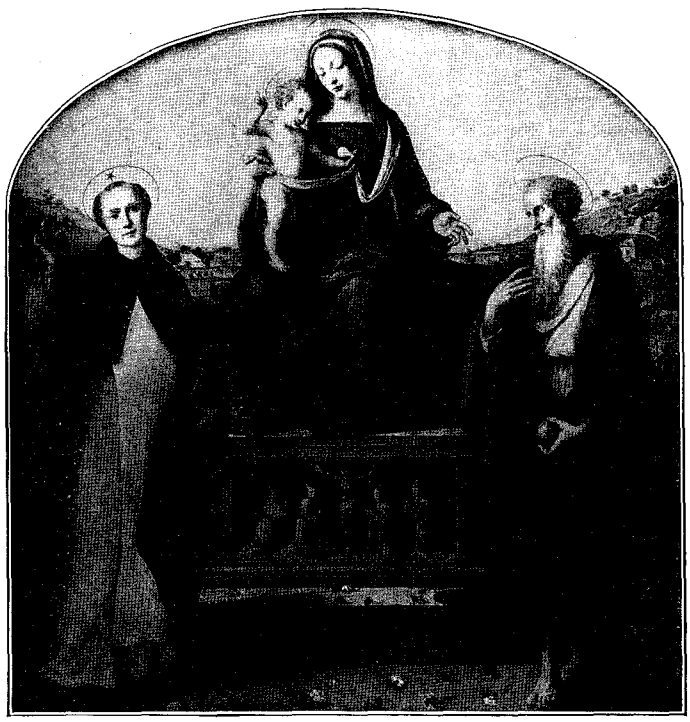
THE FIELD OF ART



The Madonna and Child with St. Jerome and St. Dominic. By Ridolfo Ghirlandajo.
In the Jarves collection, Yale Art School.

THE JARVES COLLECTION OF ITALIAN PICTURES IN THE GALLERIES OF THE YALE ART SCHOOL

IN the general revival of interest concerning American collections, it is odd that such an exceptional collection as that of James Jackson Jarves, in the galleries of the Yale Art School, should have received so little attention. Here, within a short distance from New York, is a remarkable and very interesting collection of early Italian masters known by comparatively few. Mr. Jarves's collection was first exhibited in the Yale School of Fine Arts in 1867, where it has since remained, with, it appears, but little recognition from the American critics. It has been several times mentioned in the *Burlington Magazine* and by various English critics, but Mr. Jarves's own countrymen, for whose benefit this collection was made and preserved, have given it scant meed.

Collected during the owner's long residence in Italy, it stood for several years the severe test of connoisseurship in Florence. It was, unfortunately, brought to this country in the early sixties, a period when appreciation of the beautiful appears to have been painfully lacking. Charles Eliot Norton made an effort to secure its permanent location in Boston, but after one or two exhibitions in New York, which apparently aroused no enthusiasm, it was, at Mr. Jarves's wish, taken to New Haven and was subsequently bought by the Yale Art School.

This does not purport to be a collection of masterpieces. It was Mr. Jarves's intention to get together a series of pictures, that should, by characteristic specimens of the masters and schools, give an excellent opportunity for the study of early Italian art, and in this that prophet without honor has most exceptionally succeeded.

These paintings occupy two of the three rooms devoted to pictures in the Yale Art School and cover a period from the tenth century Byzantine triptych to the Venetian

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painters of the sixteenth century. Rarely, indeed, is such a comprehensive study of Italian art to be found outside of the great European galleries. Many of these paintings have the support of documentary evidence, but aside from any discussion of the authenticity of this or that picture, the collection, as a whole, shows a remarkable knowledge and judgment in selection. It is extraordinary that such a representative collection could have been made at so late a date and most fortunate that it should have been made before the law prohibiting the removal of old masters from Italy.

Many of the Italians can, of course, be seen to advantage only in mural decorations. Any gallery picture can give but a slight idea of their power, and in this respect it is unnecessary to say the Jarves collection cannot be representative. Aside from that, the collection has great historical and educational value. Mr. Jarves knew the painters and loved them, from Margharitone to Guido Reni, and with infinite skill and patience he gathered them together for a newer people who have not had them as a birthright.

To afford to those interested in the subject some idea of the range and extent of this collection, this short résumé of the most illustrative examples is attempted. Beginning with an extraordinary Byzantine work, a crucifixion having the Y-shaped cross, the distinctive peculiarity of the earliest Byzantine representations, from that through several twefth-century triptychs and altar-pieces done in encaustic, the collection proceeds to a crucifixion of Giunta da Pisa and an altar-piece of Margharitone of Arezzo. After Margharitone comes Cimabue, and with him the beginning of the Florentine school. Cimabue studied from the Greeks and retained to the end much of the Byzantine style. However, he greatly improved their dry and formal art, drawing, as was unusual in that age, from living models. The picture here accredited to Cimabue is a panel of the Madonna and Child with St. John the Baptist, St. James, St. Peter, and St. Francis of Assisi in the gray robes in which he was always drawn, before the end of the fourteenth century. It is difficult to believe that, as Boccaccio assures us, the early Florentine really mistook Cimabue's figures for living people, in spite of their great advance from Margharitone's stiff Byzantine manner. It is, moreover, to the fact that he was Giotto's master that Cimabue chiefly owes his fame.

> "Tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido
> Sì che la fama di colui è oscura."

Giotto can be, of course, but imperfectly represented by easel-pictures, but the two specimens in the Jarves collection are interesting studies: An altar-piece of the entombment and a small picture of the crucifixion done in Giotto's early style still markedly Byzantine. From Giotto the school proceeds in an almost unbroken line. It is impossible to mention all of the pictures worthy of notice, so carefully have these links in the early school been chosen, but the two attributed to Giotto's godson, Taddeo Gaddi, two Orcagnas, one of St. Augustine and St. Lucia and another of St. Domenic and St. Agnes from the convent of the Salvi near Florence, a St. Francis receiving the stigmata, by Agnolo Gaddi, the teacher of Antonio Veneziano, who is represented here by "The Deposition from the Cross," a small altar-piece, instanced by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, are especially interesting. Then there is a delightfully primitive votive picture in honor of SS. Cosimo and Damian by Lorenzo di Bicci, where these patron saints of physicians are pictured healing a man with an incurable leg by grafting in its place the startlingly black leg of a Moor. From the gallery of the Prince Conti is a fascinating cassone painting of Gentile da Fabriano, "The Triumph of Love." Here are Venus and Mars, Apollo and Daphne, Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, Charlemagne, Semiramis, "che libito fe'licito in sua legge," and a host of other distinguished personages known to have succumbed to the fatal passion.

Another of Fabriano's is the lovely signed "Madonna of the Roses and Pomegranates." This is mentioned by Crowe and Cavalcaselle as having been injured by restoring, but the repainting has been entirely removed without appreciable injury to the picture. Fra Angelico is represented by the right wing of an altar-piece. St. Zenobia in pontificals, St. Francis Padre Serafico in a brown corded robe, and St. Anthony of Padua holding the flaming heart of fervent piety, and for once untroubled by his importunate ladies. There is a most interesting Masaccio of the infancy of St. John the Baptist. This is be-

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lieved to be from the predella of the chapel of the Carmine in Pisa. The altar-piece of Masaccio's, as mentioned by Vasari, in the Carmine chapel was a Madonna and Child with St. Peter and St. John the Baptist on one side, the Virgin, and St. Nicholas and St. Julian on the other; on the predella beneath were stories from the lives of the cione and to his pupil, Mantegna, a crucifixion with the Virgin and St. John beside the cross. Of Matteo of Sienna, who succeeded Sano as the leader of Sienese painting, there is a Madonna and Child, rich in coloring and decoration. Of Filippino Lippi there is the remarkable picture of "The Penitence of St. Jerome," mentioned by

The Adoration of the Magi. By Luca Signorelli.
In the Jarves collection, Yale Art School.

four saints, and in the centre of these "The Adoration of the Magi." Three of these panels from the predella are now in the Berlin gallery. There are two delightfully quaint cassones of Paolo Uccelli on which he has depicted incidents from the "Æneid," a pictorial feat that gave him unlimited opportunity for displaying his passionately studied art of perspective, to which Vasari remarks "he applied himself perpetually and without any intermission whatsoever." After these comes another cassone of Dello Delli of a tournament in the piazza Santa Croce at Florence, in which figure "many people of importance," distinguishable by their armorial bearings. Sano di Pietro, whose works are so seldom to be found outside of Sienna, is twice represented—by the gradino of an altar-piece, "The Adoration of the Magi," and a "Coronation of the Virgin," wonderful in its pure religious feeling.

A canvas of "The Nativity," transferred from wood to oil, is attributed to Squar- Vasari as hanging in the guardaroba of Cosimo de Medici. The companion picture of this, St. Augustine, that in Vasari's time was in the possession of Bernado Vecchietti, is now in the Uffizi. Then there is a charming annunciation of Benozzo Gozzoli's of lovely pure coloring. The figure of the angel is very like that of Melozzo da Forli's "Angel of the Anunciation" in the Uffizi, and two Pollajuolo's, "The Rape of Dejanira" by Antonio, and an "Annunciation" attributed to Pietro. There is an interesting little picture of Signorelli's taken from the palace of the Archbishop of Cortona, Signorelli's native city. Signorelli is best shown in fresco, but this is an interesting example of his work, although the coloring is crude, as it so often was in his work, and this subject, "The Adoration of the Magi," gave him naturally no opportunity for showing his skill in the handling of nude figures, in which he was one of the first Italian painters to excel. Next comes a portrait of

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the Princess Vitelli by Francia. This is exceptionally lovely in coloring and modelling and has a charming bit of landscape in the background. Perugino is represented by a small oil painting of "The Baptism of Christ," Pinturicchio, his assistant, by a decorated salver of "Love bound by Maidens" from Petrarch's "Triumph of Chastity." Dominico Ghirlandajo is most interestingly and characteristically shown in a fresco on tile, the portrait of a lady strikingly similar to the head of the young Florentine woman in the birth of the Virgin, and presumably his mistress, the sister of Lorenzo Tornabuoni. There is a charming Botticelli, a "Madonna and Child," with the ineffable melancholy grace that was Sandro's peculiar charm. And a Giovanni Bellini of St. Peter done apparently in his earlier style before his work was influenced by the glorious coloring of his pupil Giorgione.

Madonna and Child accompanied by Saints. By Sodoma.
In the Jarves collection, Yale Art School.

Very remarkable in this selection are the two paintings attributed to Giorgione, and it is strange that these two, the portraits of Andrea Gritti and his sisters, and a "Circumcision of Christ," should have escaped the attention of Giorgione enthusiasts. They are undoubtedly interesting examples of the Giorgionesque school. The golden light and the rich, warm coloring are typical of Giorgione, and being so clearly in his manner offer an interesting study. To return to the Florentine school, Filippino Lippi is shown in a St. Sebastian dated 1479 and inscribed with the names of those who ordered the painting. There is a crucifixion of Lorenzodi Credi from a chapel in the Borghese Palace done in tempera. A Pieta of Fra Bartolomeo and an "Angel Gabriel," by his companion, Albertinelli.

A Raphael of the Madonna with St. John and St. Joseph of Arimathea supporting the dead Christ is mentioned in the London *Athenæum* of February 12, 1859, by T. A. Trollope, as being "an interesting early work of Raphael's, painted by him while still with his master, Perugino, from a design of his, but with variations." The original design of Perugino's is in the Albizzi Palace in Florence, and this study from the fresco is supposed to be Raphael's earliest known work, and was taken from a villa of the Chigi family. Attributed to Lo Spagna is a "Madonna and Child" and to Andrea del Sarto, a fresco, again of the "Madonna and Child," which in its transference from wall to canvas has been practically destroyed. Two Sodomas, mentioned by C.C. Black of the South Kensington Museum, are especially interesting studies, a "Madonna and Child" with St. John the Baptist, St. Bernadino, and St. Catherine, and an exceptionally beautiful and characteristic painting of Christ bearing the cross. A sombre portrait of Vittoria Colonna, Vittoria as an elderly dowager, done by Sebastiano del Piombo, is of some interest, and Veronese is represented by a crucifixion, which, however, gives no idea of his decorative value. Few of the Venetian school are included in this collection and those few are, for the most part, rather poor examples. The Guido Reni's, which conclude Mr. Jarves's selection from the six centuries, are a sketch from the Gerini Gallery of St. Joseph holding the Christ-child, and a large canvas of three goddesses disarming cupid.

There are in all one hundred and fifteen pictures in the Jarves collection, and they present an exceptional opportunity in this country for the study of Italian art.

ANNE C. BUNNER.

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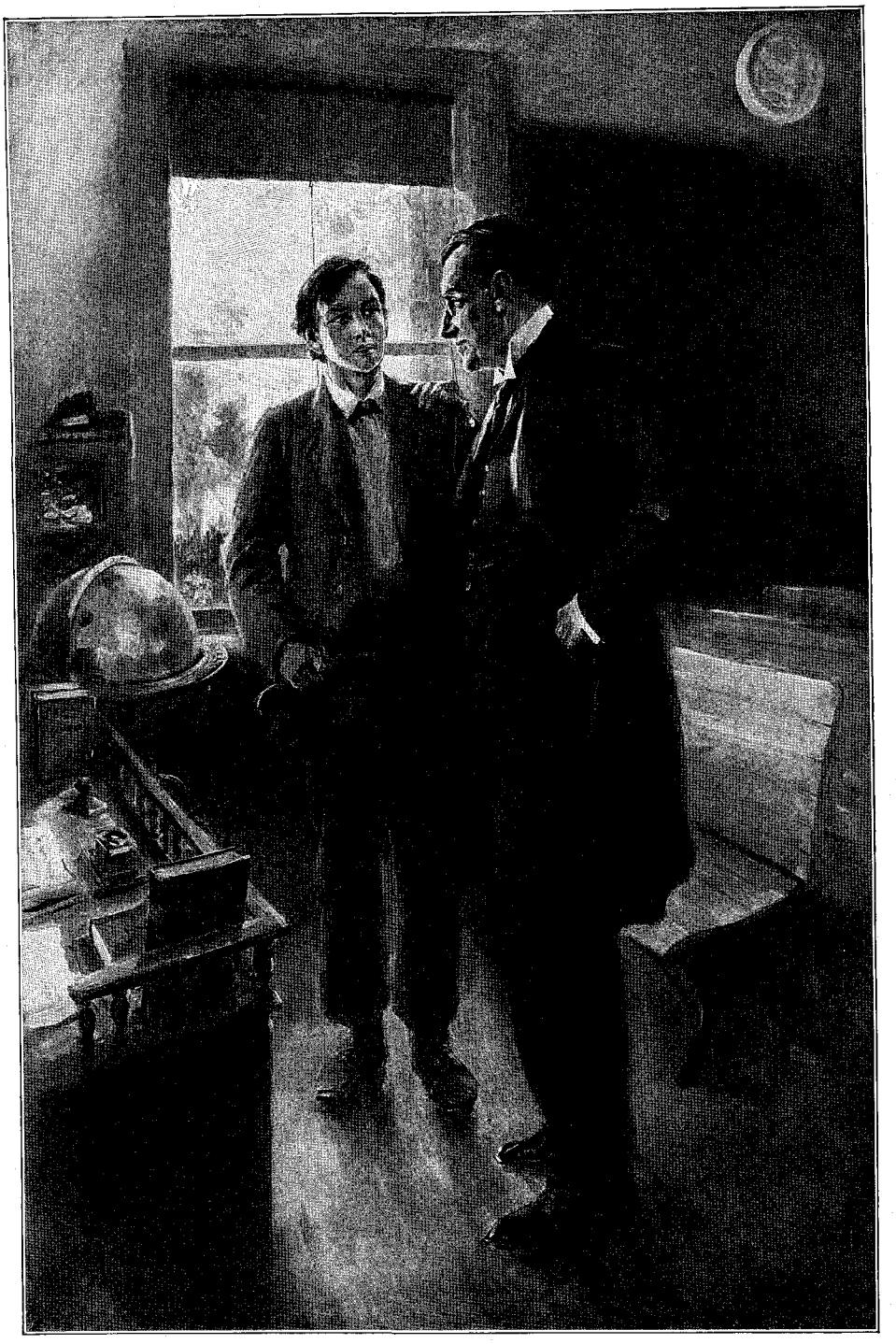

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I WANT TO KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO WITH THAT LAND O' MINE. I AIN'T FORGOT WHAT YOU TOLD ME."

—"The Heart of the Hills," page 347.

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